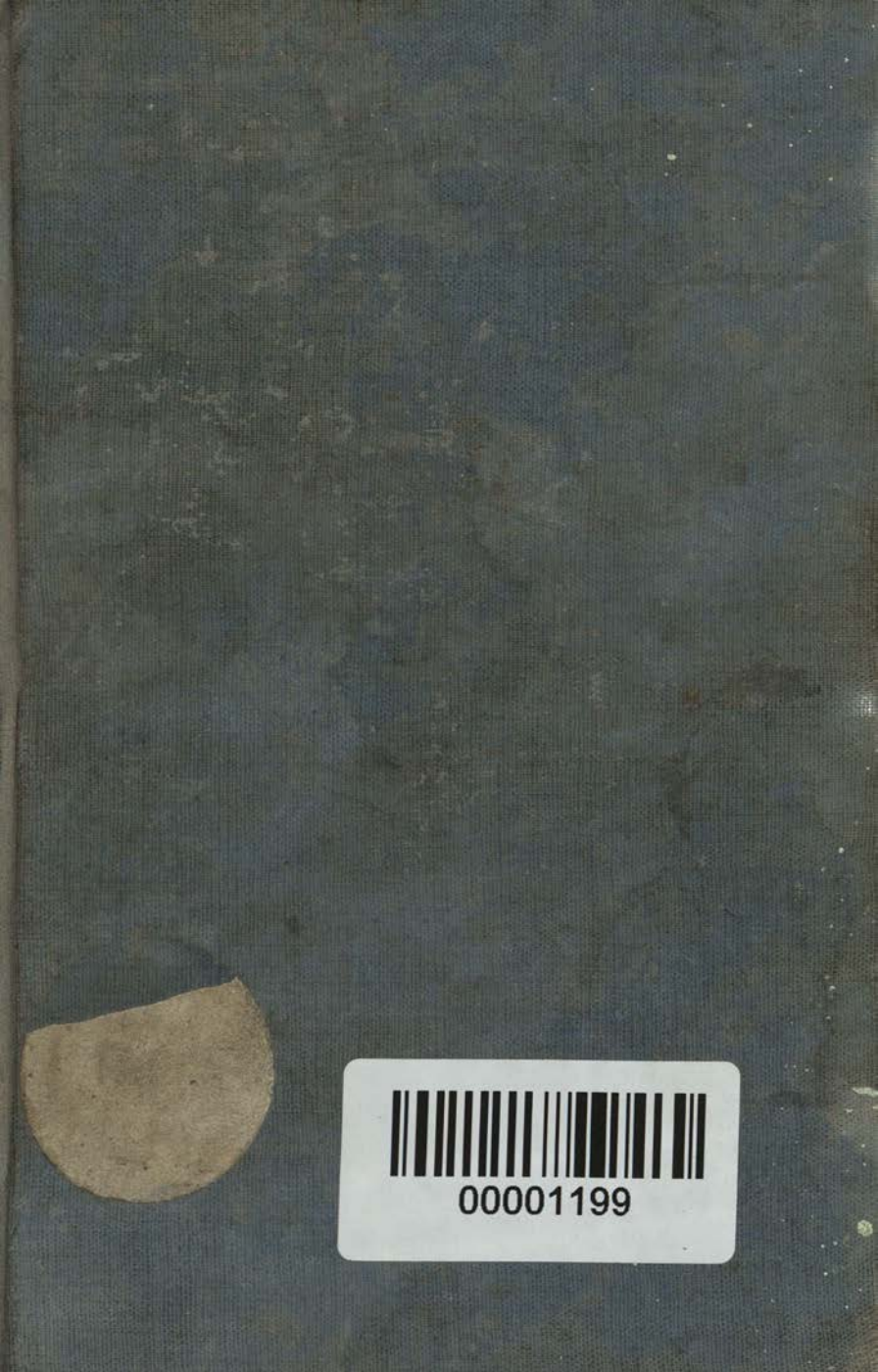

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THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT HALL.

PRECISELY three hundred and forty-eight years, six months and nineteen days have passed away since the Parisians were awakened by the sound of the bells within the triple walls of the city, the university, and the town, ringing a grand peal. Yet the 6th of January, 1842, was not a day of which history has preserved any record. There was nothing remarkable in the event which thus agitated so early in the morning the bells and the inhabitants of Paris. It was neither an assault of the Picards or of the Burgundians ; nor a shrine of a saint carried in procession ; a revolt of scholars in the *Vigne de Laas*, or an entry of their lord the king ; nor a grand trial of prisoners, male and female, at the courts of Justice de Paris. Neither was it any sudden arrival, so frequent in the fifteenth century, of some ambassador and his train, all gorgeous with lace and plumes. Scarcely two days had elapsed since the last cavalcade, which was that of the Flemish envoys commissioned to conclude the marriage treaty between the Dauphin and Margaret of Flanders, and which had made its entry into Paris, to the great annoyance of the Cardinal de Bourbon, who, to please the king, had been obliged to give a gracious reception to that rude train of Flemish burgomasters, and to entertain them at the Hôtel de Bourbon, with one of the rude dramatic exhibitions of the time, while a beating rain drenched the magnificent tapestry at its doors.

Now on the 6th of January, that which set in motion the whole *populaire* of Paris, as old Jean de Troyes phrases it, was the double holiday, united since time immemorial, of the *jour des rois*, or festival of the kings, and the *fête des fous*, or festival of fools.

On that day, then, the last of the Christmas holidays, in 1482, a bonfire was to be made in the Place de Grève, a maypole planted at the Chapelle de Braque, and a mystery performed at the Palais de Justice. Proclamation to that effect had been made the day before, by sound of trumpet, at the crossings of the streets, by the provost's men, dressed in a costume of fine hacqueton, or sleeveless frocks, of violet colored camlet, with large white crosses on the breast.

The people set out in the morning from all quarters of the town, toward one of the three places mentioned, leaving their houses and shops shut up. Each had made his choice, for the bonfire, the maypole, or the mystery. It must be said, however, to the praise of the ancient good sense of the Parisian cockneys, that the greater part of the multitude directed their steps toward the bonfire, which was perfectly seasonable, or toward the mystery, which was to be performed in the Grande Salle, or great hall of the Palais de Justice, well roofed and windowed; judiciously leaving the poor and ill-dressed maypole to shiver alone, under a January sky, in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The people flocked chiefly into the approaches of the Palais de Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors who had arrived some days before, intended to be present at the performance of the mystery and the election of the Fools' Pope, which would also take place in the Grande Salle.

It was a difficult matter, on the day in which our narrative opens, for a person to make his way into that great hall, although it was then reputed to be the largest single apartment in the world—whence its popular designation La Grande Salle, the great hall *par excellence*. It is true that Sauval had not yet measured the great hall of the castle of Montargis. The open space in front of the Palais, was thronged with people, who presented to the occupants of the windows the appearance of a sea, into which five or six streets, like the mouths of so many rivers, were every moment disgorging a fresh flood of human heads. The waves of this multitude, incessantly swelling, broke against the angles of the houses, which projected here and there like so many promontories, into the irregularly-shaped basin of the Palais. In the centre of the high Gothic front of the Palais, the great steps were frequently ascended and descended by a double stream, which,

after being broken by the intermediate *perron* or staircase leading from the basement story, spread in broad waves over its two laternal declivities—the great steps, we say, emitted their stream incessantly, like a cascade into a lake. The shouts, the peals of laughter, and the clattering and tramp of those thousands of feet, made a great noise and clamour. From time to time this noise and clamour was redoubled; the stream which carried the multitude toward the steps of the entrance was checked, disturbed, and thrown into an eddy. This was occasioned by the action of some archer, or the horse of one of the provost's sergeants, prancing about to restore order, which admirable expedient the *prevôté* has handed down to the *connétablie*, the *connétablie* to the *maréchaussée*, and the *maréchaussée* to the gendarmerie of Paris of the present time.

At the doors, casements, and small round attic windows, and on the roofs, swarmed thousands of goodly bourgeois faces, looking calmly and soberly at the Palais or at the crowd, and exhibiting perfect satisfaction; for many of the good people of Paris are quite content with the spectacle of the spectators—nay, even a wall behind which something is going on is to them an object of curiosity and of no small interest.

If it could be given us to mingle, in our imagination among those Parisians of the fifteenth century, and to enter along with them, shoved about, squeezed, and elbowed by the crowd, into that immense hall of the Palais, which was found so small on that 6th of January, 1482, the spectacle would have been both interesting and attractive, for we should have found around us the most striking kind of novelty, that of great antiquity brought suddenly before our observation.

With the reader's permission we will endeavour to retrace, in the idea, the impression which he would have received in crossing with us the threshold of that great hall, amidst that motley throng clad in surcoat, hacqueton, and cotte-hardie.

First of all, our ears are filled with the buzzing of the multitude, then our eyes are dazzled by the objects around us. Over our head is a double vault of Gothic groining, lined with carved wainscoting, painted azure, and sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis. Under our feet, a pavement of black and white marble in alternate squares. A few paces from us, an enormous pillar—then another—and another, making in all, seven pillars in the length of the hall, supporting, in a central line, the internal extremities of the double vaulting. Around the four first pillars are little shops or stalls, all glittering with glass and trinkets·

and around the three last are oaken benches, worn and polished by the breeches of the pleaders and the gowns of the procureurs. Around the hall, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, and between the pillars, we behold the interminable range of the statues of all the French kings, from Pharamond downward; the *rois fainéans*, or do-nothing kings, with their eyes upon the ground and their arms hanging down; the valiant and battling kings, with their faces and hands boldly lifted up to heaven. Then, the long pointed windows, radiant with painted glass of a thousand colours; at the large entrances of the hall are rich doors finely carved; and the whole—vaults, pillars, walls, cornices, and door-cases, wainscoting, doors, and statues—are splendidly illuminated from top to bottom with blue and gold which, already a little tarnished at the period to which we have carried ourselves back, had almost entirely disappeared under dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549, in which the early Parisian antiquary, Du Breuil, still admired it by tradition.

Let the reader now imagine that immense oblong hall, made visible by the wan light of a January day, and entered by a motley and noisy crowd, pouring along by the walls and circling round the pillars; and he will at once have a general idea of the scene, of which we will endeavour to point out more precisely the interesting and curious particulars.

It is certain that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henry IV., there would have been no documents relative to his trial deposited in the archives of the registry of the Palais de Justice, no accomplices interested in causing the disappearance of the said documents, and therefore no incendiaries obliged, for want of any better expedient, to burn the registry for the sake of burning the documents, and to burn the Palais de Justice for the sake of burning the registry—in short, no fire of 1618. The whole Palais would have been still standing, with its old Grande Salle; we might have said to the reader: "You have only to go to Paris and see it;" and so neither we should have been under the necessity of writing, nor he of reading, any description of it whatever, which proves this very novel truth—that great events have incalculable consequences.

It is indeed very possible that Ravaillac's accomplices had nothing at all to do with the fire of 1618. We have two other very plausible explanations of it. The first is, the great fiery star, a foot broad and half a yard high, which, as every Parisian knows, fell from the sky right upon the Palais, on the 7th of March, just after midnight.

The other theory is, this noble quatrain of the old humorist Theophile:

"Certes, ce fut un triste jeu
Quand à Paris dame Justice,
Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice,
Se mit tout le palais en feu."*

* It is well nigh impossible to translate this stanza, as the sense depends on a play of words, the word épice signifying "spice" and also fees.

Whatever may be thought of this triple explanation, political, physical, and poetical, of the conflagration of the Palais de Justice in 1618; the fact of which unfortunately there is no doubt, is the conflagration itself. Owing to that catastrophe, and above all to the divers successive restorations which have made away with what it had spared, there now remains very little of that original residence of the kings of France, of that palace the elder sister of the Louvre, and so ancient even in the time of Philippe-le-Bel, that it was then sought to discover the traces of the magnificent buildings erected there by King Robert, and described by Helgaldus. Nearly all has disappeared. What has become of the chancery chamber? What of the garden, in which Saint Louis administered justice, "clad in a cotte of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, and over it a mantle of black sendal, lying upon carpets with Joinville?" Where is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismund?—that of Charles IV.?—that of Jean-sans-Terre? Where is the staircase from which Charles VI. promulgated his edict of pardon?—the flag-stone on which Marcel, in the presence of the Dauphin, murdered Robert de Clermont and the Marshal de Champagne?—the wicket at which the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn, and through which the bearers of them set out on their return coped and mitred in derision, and thus making the *amende honourable* through all Paris?—and the great hall itself, with its gildings, its azure, its pointed arches, its pillars, its immense vaults all variegated with carving?—and the gilded chamber?—and the stone lion which knelt at its door, with his head bowed down and his tail between his legs, like the lions of Solomon's throne, in the posture of humiliation appropriate to Strength in the presence of Justice?—and the rich doors?—and the beautiful stained glass?—and the carved iron-work, the perfection of which discouraged Biscornette?—and the delicate cabinet-work of Du Hancey? "What has time, what has man done with all those wonders?" asks our author. "What has been given us in exchange for all this, for all that Gaulish history, for all that Gothic art? In art

we have the heavy, lowering arches of M. de Brosse, the awkward architect of the Portail Saint-Gervais; and as for history, we have the gabbling reminiscences of the great pillar, still resounding with the prattle of the Patrus. Here is not much to boast of certainly, but let us go back to the real Grande Salle or the real old Palais."

The two extremities of that vast parallelogram were occupied, the one by the famous marble table of a single piece, so long, so broad, and so thick that, say the old court-rolls in a style which might have given an appetite to Rabelais' Gargantua, "never was there such a slice of marble seen in the world,"—the other by the chapel in which the reigning king, Louis XI., has caused his own figure to be sculptured kneeling before the Virgin, and into which he had conveyed, regardless that he was leaving two niches empty in the file of the royal statues, those of Charlemagne and Saint Louis, two saints whom, as kings of France, he supposed to be very influential in heaven. This chapel, which was still quite new, having scarcely been built six years, was all in that charming taste of delicate architecture, miraculous sculpture, and bold and exquisite carving, which characterizes the close of the Gothic era, and which we find perpetuated through the first half of the sixteenth century in the fantastic fairy-work of the period of the revival. The little pierced *rosace* or rose-shaped window above the entrance of the chapel was, in particular, a masterpiece of grace and lightness; it had almost the airiness of lace. In the middle of the hall, opposite to the great door, an *estrade* or short projecting gallery, covered with gold brocade, fixed against the wall, and a private entrance to which has been contrived by means of a funnel window of the gilded chamber, had been erected for the Flemish envoys and the other personages invited to the performance of the mystery.

It was upon the marble table that, according to custom, this exhibition was to take place. It had been prepared for that purpose early in the morning; and the rich slab of marble, scrawled all over by the heels of the lawyers' clerks, supported a high wooden frame-work, the upper surface of which, visible from every part of the hall, was to form the stage, while its interior, hidden by drapery, was to serve the actors as a dressing-room. A ladder, placed, with great simplicity, outside, established a communication between the stage and the dressing-room, serving alike for entrance and for exit. No character ever so unexpected, no turn of events, no stroke of stage effect, but had to ascend

this ladder. Innocent and venerable infancy of the art and of machinery!

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais, the appointed guardians of all the popular pleasures, whether on holidays or on execution days, stood on duty at the four corners of the marble table.

The piece was not to commence until the twelfth stroke of noon from the great clock of the Palais. This was undoubtedly thought very late for a theatrical performance; but it had been necessary to consult the desires and convenience of the ambassadors.

Now the multitude had been waiting since the early morning. A good many of these worthy people, in the greatness of their curiosity, had stood shivering since daybreak before the great steps of the Palais; some even affirmed that they had lain all night against the great door, to be sure of getting in first. The crowd was growing denser every moment; and, like a body of water overflowing its borders, began to ascend the walls, to squeeze round the pillars, to inundate the architraves, the cornices, the window-cases, every architectural or scriptural projection. The general impatience and uncomfortableness, the freedom allowed by a licentious holiday, the quarrels incessantly produced by the pressure of some sharp elbow or iron heel, and the wearisomeness of long expectation, infused, long before the hour at which the ambassadors were to arrive, a tone of sourness and bitterness into the clamours of this shut-up, squeezed, trodden, and stifled multitude. Nothing was heard but complaints and imprecations against the Flemings—the *prevôt des marchands*—the Cardinal de Bourbon—the bailiff of the Palais—the Lady Marguerite d'Autriche—the sergeants of the wand—the cold—the heat—the bad weather—the Bishop of Paris—the fools' pope—the pillars—the statues—a door shut here—a window open there—all to the great amusement of the tribes of scholars from the University, and of lackeys from all quarters, scattered among the crowd, who mingled with this mass of dissatisfaction all their mischievous tricks and jests, thus goading, as it were, the general ill-humour of the crowd.

Amongst others, there was a group of these merry devils, who, after bursting out the glass of a window, and boldly seated themselves upon the entablature, and from thence cast their looks and their railleries by turns within and without the hall, upon the internal and the external crowd. By their mimic gestures, their peals of laughter, and the jocoseness with which they exchanged

calls with their comrades the whole length of the hall, it was evident enough that those young clerks did not share the weariness and exhaustion of the rest of the assemblage, and that they very well knew how, for their own particular enjoyment, to extract from what was already under their eyes an entertainment which enabled them to wait patiently for the other.

"Upon my soul, it's you, Joannes Frollo de Molendino," shouted one of them to a little light-complexioned fellow, with a pretty, roguish face, clinging to the foliage of one of the capitals; "rightly are you called John of the Mill, for your arms and legs look very much like the sails. How long have you been here?"

"By the devil's mercy," answered Jehan Frollo, commonly called *Du Moulin*, or of the Mill, "above four hours; and I'm in good hopes that they'll be deducted from my time in purgatory. I heard the King of Sicily's eight chanters strike up the first verse of the high mass of seven hours, in the Sainte Chapelle."

"Fine chanters, truly," returned the other, "with voices still sharper than the points of their caps. Before founding a mass in honour of Saint John, it would have been as well if the king had inquired whether Saint John be fond of hearing Latin droned out with a Provencal accent."

"It was all for the sake of employing those cursed chanters of the King of Sicily that he did it," shouted an old woman in the crowd beneath the window. "What think you of a thousand livres parisis for a mass, and charged, too, upon the farm of the salt-water fish of the fish-market of Paris!"

"Peace, old woman!" replied a portly personage, who was stopping his nose at the side of the fish-seller; "it was quite necessary to found a mass. Would you have had the king fall sick again?"

"Bravely spoken, Gilles *Lecornu*, master furrier to the king's wardrobe!" cried the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A burst of laughter from the whole tribe of the scholars greeted the unlucky name of the poor furrier to the king's wardrobe.

"Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!" said some.

"*Cornutus et hirsutus*," answered another.

"To be sure," continued the little imp at the top of the pillar; "what are they laughing at? Is not worthy Gilles Lecornu brother to Maître Jehan Lecornu, provost of the king's household, son of Maître Mahiet Lecornu, first porter of the Bois de Vincennes—citizens of Paris—all married, from father to son?"

This grave appeal redoubled their gaiety. The fat furrier,

"You are going to seek lodgings in the Rue Thibautodé, aren't you, monsieur le recteur?"

Then came the turn of the other dignitaries.

"Down with the beadles and the mace-bearers!"

"Tell me, Robin Poussepain, who's that man there?'

"It's Gilbert de Suilly, *Gilbertus de Soliaco*, chancellor of the college of Autun."

"Here, take my shoe—you're better placed than I am—throw it in his face."

"*Saturnalitias mittimus ecce nuces.*"

"Down with the theologians in their white surplices!"

"Are those the theologians? They look like the six white geese St. Généviève gave to the Town."

"Down with the physicians, the disputations, cardinal, and chaplains!"

"Here goes my cap at yon chancellor—I owe him a grudge."

"True—and he gave my place in the nation of Normandy to little Ascanio Falzaspada, belonging to the province of Bourges, because he's an Italian."

"It's an injustice!" exclaimed all the scholars.

"Ho, there! Maître Joachim de Ladehors! Ho! Louis Dalmille! Ho! Lambert Hoctement!"

"The devil smother the proctor of the nation of Germany, and the chaplains of the Sainte Chapelle, with their grey amices!'

"Hollo! the masters of arts! All the fine black copes; and the fine red copes!"

"That makes the rector a fine tail!"

"It might be a doge going to marry the sea."

"Now, again, Jehan! the canons of St. Généviève!"

"The devil take all the canons together!"

"Abbé Claude Choart! Doctor Claude Choart, are you seeking Marie-la-Giffarde?"

"She's in the Rue de Glatigny."

"She's making the bed for the king of the ribalds."

"She's paying her four deniers."

"How would you have her pay you?"

"Comrades, there goes Maître Simon Sanguin, elector of Picardy, with his wife mounted behind him."

"Courage, Maître Simon!"

"Good-day to you, monsieur l'électeur."

"Good-night, madame l'électrice."

"Now, aren't they happy, to be seeing all that?" said Joannes de Molendino, with a sigh from his perch.

Meanwhile the sworn bookseller to the University, Maître Andry Musnier, whispered in the ear of the king's furrier, Maître Giles Lecornu:

"I tell you, monsieur, the world's at an end. Never were there seen such breakings-out of the scholars! It's the accursed inventions of the age that are ruining everything—the artillery—the serpentines—the bombards—and, above all, the printing-press, that German pest! No more manuscripts—no more books! Printing puts an end to bookselling—the end of all things is surely coming!"

"I see it is, by velvet's coming so much into fashion," sighed the furrier.

At that moment the clock struck twelve.

"Ha!" exclaimed the whole crowd, with one voice of satisfaction. The scholars held their peace, and then there was a shuffling about, a great movement of feet and heads, a general detonation of coughing and blowing of noses, each one striving to place himself to the best advantage to view the spectacle. A deep silence followed, every neck remaining outstretched, and every eye turned toward the marble table—but nothing appeared. The bailiff's four sergeants still kept their posts, as stiff and motionless as if they had been painted statues. All eyes were then turned toward the gallery reserved for the Flemish envoys. The door remained shut, and the gallery empty. The multitude had been waiting since early morning for three things, that is to say, for the hour of noon, for the French embassy, and for the mystery; but only the first of the three had kept its time. This was too bad.

They waited one—two—three—five minutes—a quarter of an hour—but nothing came. The alcove remained solitary; the stage, mute. Meanwhile impatience was succeeded by displeasure. Angry words circulated about, though as yet only in whispers. "The mystery! the mystery!" was uttered in an undertone. The heads of the multitude began to ferment. A storm, which as yet only growled, was agitating the surface of that human sea. It was our friend Jehan du Moulin that elicited the first explosion.

"The mystery! and to the devil with the Flemings!" cried he, with the whole force of his lungs, twisting himself, like a serpent, about his pillar. The multitude clapped their hands. "The mystery! the mystery!" they all shouted, "and let Flanders go to the devil!"

"We must have the mystery at once!" immediately resumed

the scholar; "else, for my part, I would suggest that we hang the bailiff of the Palais by way of play and morality."

"Well said!" exclaimed the people, "and let us begin by hanging the sergeants!"

A great acclamation followed. The four sergeants began to turn pale and look anxiously at each other. The multitude pressed toward them, and they already saw the slight wooden balustrade which separated them from the crowd bending inwards under the great pressure.

The moment was critical. "Down with them!" was shouted on all sides, and at that instant the hangings of the dressing-room which we have described above were lifted up to make way for the advance of a personage, the first sight of whom sufficed to stop the eager multitude, and changed their anger into curiosity as if by enchantment.

"Silence! silence!" was now the cry of the people.

This personage, but little reassured, and trembling in every limb, came forward to the edge of the marble table, making a profusion of bows, and tranquillity being almost restored, he spoke as follows:

"Messieurs les bourgeois, and mademoiselles les bourgeoises; we shall have the honour of declaiming and performing before his eminence the cardinal, a very fine sketch, entitled 'The Good Award of our Lady the Virgin Mary.' I play Jupiter. His eminence is at this moment accompanying the most honourable embassy from monsieur the Duke of Austria, which is just now detained by hearing the harangue of monsieur the rector of the University, at the Baudets gate. As soon as the most eminent cardinal arrives, we shall commence."

It is certain that the intervention of Jupiter was necessary to save the four unhappy sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais. If we had had the happiness of inventing this very true and veritable history, and had consequently been responsible for it before our critics, it is not in this place, at all events, that we should have incurred any citation against us of the classical precept, *nec Deus intersit*, etc. Besides, the costume of Jupiter was a very fine one, and had contributed not a little to calm the irritated assemblage by attracting their attention. Jupiter was clad in a coat of mail covered with black velvet and gilt nails; his head-dress was decorated with silver-gilt buttons; and but for the great beard which covered one-half of his ruddy face—but for the scroll of gilt pasteboard strewed with passequilles and stuck all over with shreds of tinsel, which he carried in his hand, and in which

experienced eyes easily recognized his thunderbolts—and but for his flesh-coloured feet, sandal-bound with ribbons,—he might have borne a comparison, for the severity of his aspect, with a Breton archer of that day.

CHAPTER II.

PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

WHILE Jupiter was delivering his speech however, the satisfaction, and admiration unanimously excited by his costume, were dissipated by his words; and when he arrived at that unlucky conclusion, "as soon as the most eminent cardinal arrives, we shall begin," his voice was drowned in a thunder of hooting.

"Begin directly! The mystery! the mystery directly!" cried the people. And above all the other voices was heard that of Joannes de Molendino, piercing through the general uproar, like the sound of the fife in a charivari at Nimes. "Begin directly!" squeaked the scholar.

"Down with Jupiter and the Cardinal de Bourbon!" vociferated Robin Poussepain and the other young clerks nestling in the window.

"The morality at once!" repeated the crowd immediately; "begin! begin! The sack and the rope for the players and the cardinal!"

Poor Jupiter, all haggard, aghast, pale under his rouge, let fall his thunderbolts, took his bicoquet in his hand; then, bowing and trembling, he stammered out: "His eminence . . . . the ambassadors . . . . the Lady Margaret of Flanders . . . ."—he knew not what to say. The fact was, he was afraid he should be hanged—hanged by the populace for waiting, or hanged by the cardinal for not having waited—on either hand he beheld an abyss.

Happily, some one came forward to extricate him and take the responsibility on himself.

An individual who stood within the balustrade, in the space which it left clear around the marble table, and whom no one had yet perceived, so completely was his long and slender person sheltered from observation by the diameter of the pillar against which he had set his back—this individual, who was tall, thin,

pale, and light complexioned—still young, though wrinkles were already visible in his forehead and his cheeks—with sparkling eyes and a smiling mouth—clad in a garment of black serge, threadbare with age—approached the marble table, and made a sign to the poor sufferer; but the other, in his perturbation, did not observe it.

The new-comer advanced another step forward.

"Jupiter," said he, "my dear Jupiter!" but the other did not hear him.

At last the tall, fair man, losing all patience, shouted in his ear, "Michel Giborne!"

"Who calls me?" said Jupiter, as if startled from a trance.

"I do," answered the other personage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"Begin directly," returned the other, "satisfy the people, and I take upon myself to appease monsieur the bailiff, who will then appease monsieur the cardinal."

Jupiter now took breath. "Messeigneurs les bourgeois," cried he, at the utmost stretch of his lungs, to the multitude who continued to hoot him, "we are going to begin directly."

"*Evoe! Jupiter! plaudite, cives!*" cried the scholars.

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people; that cry being the burden of a canticle sung in the churches at Christmas, in honour of the Nativity, whence, apparently, it was adopted by the populace as a general mark of approbation as long as the season lasted.

Then followed a general clapping of hands, and the hall still shook with the acclamations after Jupiter had withdrawn behind his tapestry.

Meanwhile, the unknown, who had so strangely changed the tempest into a calm, had modestly retired under the penumbra of his pillar, and would no doubt have remained there, invisible, and motionless, and mute as before, if he had not been drawn from it by two young women, who, being in the first line of the spectators, had remarked his colloquy with Michel Giborne-Jupiter.

"Monsieur," said one of them, beckoning him to approach.

"Silence! my dear Liénarde," said her fair neighbour, pretty, blooming, and quite courageous by virtue of her holiday attire—"it is not a clerk, it is a layman. You should not say Monsieur, but *sire*."

"Sire!" said Liénarde.

The unknown approached the balustrade.

"What is your pleasure, mesdemoiselles?" asked he.

"Oh, nothing," said Liénarde, confused. "It's my neighbour

here, Gisquette-la-Gencienne, who wants to speak with you."

"No," rejoined Gisquette, blushing; "it was Liénarde that said 'Monsieur' to you—I only said that she ought to call you *sire*."

The two young girls cast down their eyes. The gentleman, who felt quite disposed to enter into conversation, looked at them, and smiling, said: "You have nothing to say to me, then mesdemoiselles?"

"Oh no, nothing at all," answered Gisquette.

"Nothing," said Liénarde.

The tall, fair young man now made a step as though wishing to retire; but the too curious damsels were not inclined to let him go so soon.

"Sire," said Gisquette, with impetuosity, "then you're acquainted with the soldier who is going to play Our Lady the Virgin in the mystery?"

"You mean the part of Jupiter," returned the unknown.

"Certainly," said Liénarde: "is she stupid? You are acquainted with Jupiter, then?"

"With Michel Giborne," answered the unknown, "yes, madam."

"He has a fierce-looking beard," answered Liénarde.

"Will the language be very fine, what they are all going to say?" asked Gisquette, timidly.

"Yes, indeed, mademoiselle," answered the informant without the slightest hesitation.

"What will it be?" said Liénarde.

"The Judgment of Our Lady the Virgin."

"Ah! that's different," returned Liénarde.

A short silence followed, which was at length broken by the stranger. "It is an entirely new piece," said he, "and has never yet been played."

"Then it's not the same," said Gisquette, "as that which was played two years ago on the day of the entry of monsieur the legate, and in which three beautiful girls performed——"

"The part of sirens," interrupted Liénarde.

Liénarde modestly cast down her eyes. Gisquette looked at her, and did likewise. The other continued, smiling, "It was a very pretty thing to see. But to day it is a morality made on purpose for the Lady of Flanders."

"Will they sing love songs?" asked Gisquette.

"Oh, fie!" said the unknown. "What! in a morality! We must not confound one kind of piece with another."

"That is a pity," rejoined Gisquette, "because on that parti-

cular day there were, at the fountain du Ponceau, savage men and women fighting, and making different motions, singing all the while."

"That which is suitable for a legate," said the stranger dryly, "is not suitable for a princess."

"And near at hand," continued Liénarde, "were musicians playing a number of brass instruments, that gave out wonderful melody."

"And to refresh those present," resumed Gisquette, "the fountain threw out, by its three mouths, wine, milk, and hyppocras, and everybody drank who wished."

"And a little below this fountain," continued Liénarde, "at the Trinity fountain, there was held a Passion which was performed without any speaking."

"Oh, yes, I remember it!" exclaimed Gisquette: "Christ on the cross, and the two thieves on either side!"

Here the young gossips, getting warm in the recollection of the legate's entry, began to talk excitedly.

"And further on, at the Porte-aux-Peintres, there were other characters richly dressed"—

"And do you not remember, at St. Innocent's fountain, that huntsman following a hind, with a great noise of dogs and trumpets?"—

"And then at the abattoir's de Paris, those scaffolds that presented the Bastile of Dieppe"—

"And when the legate was going by, you know, Gisquette, how they gave the assault, and the English had their throats cut"—

"And what fine characters there were against the Châtelet gate, and what superb personages were on the Pont-au-Change, which was all covered over with carpeting from one end to the other."

"And as the legate went over it, they let fly from the bridge hundreds of all kinds of birds. Wasn't that a fine sight, Liénarde?"

"This will be a better to-day," at length interrupted their interlocutor, who seemed to listen to them with impatience.

"You promise us that this mystery shall be a fine representation," said Gisquette.

"Most assuredly," returned he. And then adding with peculiar emphasis, "Mesdemoiselles, 'tis *I* who am the author."

"Really!" said the young women amazed.

"Yes, indeed," answered the poet, bridling up a little—"that

is to say, there are two of us—Jehan Marchand, who has sawn the planks and put together the woodwork of the theatre; and myself, the author. My name is *Pierre Gringoire.*"

The writer of the Cid himself could not have said more proudly, "My name is Pierre Corneille."

Our readers may have conceived that some time must already have elapsed since the moment at which Jupiter retired behind the drapery, and that in which the author of the new morality revealed himself thus abruptly to the simple admiration of Gisquette and Liénarde. It is a noteworthy incident that the multitude, who a few minutes before had been so tumultuous, now waited quietly in anticipation of the player's promise—an evidence of this everlasting truth, still daily experienced in our theatres—that the best means of making the audience wait patiently is, to assure them that the performance will immediately commence.

However, Joannes was not asleep. "Hollo!" he suddenly shouted, amidst the expectation which had succeeded the disturbance. "Jupiter! Madame the Virgin! you crew of the devil's boat! are you making fools of us? The piece! the piece! Begin immediately or we will begin!"

This was sufficient. Music of high and low-keyed instruments now struck up in the apartment under the stage; the hangings were lifted up; and four characters in motley attire, with painted faces, came out, clambered up the steep ladder already mentioned, arrived safe upon the upper platform, and drew up in line before the audience, whom they saluted with a profound obeisance, whereupon the symphony was silent, for the mystery was now really commencing.

The four characters, after receiving abundant payment for their obeisances in the plaudits of the multitude, commenced, amidst a profound silence, the delivery of a prologue, which we willingly spare the reader. However, as still happens in our own time, the audience paid more attention to the dresses they wore than the parts they were enacting—and in truth they did right. They were all four dressed in gowns half yellow and half white, differing from each other only in the nature of the material; the first being of gold and silver brocade, the second of silk, the third of wool, and the fourth of linen. The first character carried in the right hand a sword; the second, two golden keys; the third a pair of scales; and the fourth, a spade: and in order to assist such indolent understandings as might not have seen clearly through the transparency of these

attributes, there might be read in large black letters worked at the bottom of the brocade dress, JE M'APPELLE NOBLESSE (my name is Nobility), at the bottom of the silk dress, JE M'APPELLE CLERGE (my name is Clergy); at the bottom of the woollen dress, JE M'APPELLE MARCHANDISE (my name is Trade); and at the bottom of the linen garment, JE M'APPELLE LABOR (my name is Tillage). The sex of the two male characters, Clergé and Labor, was clearly indicated to every judicious spectator by the comparative shortness of their garments and the fashion of the head-dress; while the two females, besides that their robes were of ampler length, were distinguishable by their hoods.

It would also have argued great perverseness, not to have discovered through the poetic drapery of the prologue, that Labor was married to Marchandise, and Clergé to Noblesse, and that these two happy couples possessed in common a magnificent golden dolphin which they intended to adjudge only to the most beautiful damsel. Accordingly they were going all over the world in search of this beauty; and after successively rejecting the Queen of Golconda, and the Princess of Trebizond, the daughter of the Cham of Tartary, etc., etc.; Labor and Clergé, Noblesse and Marchandise, were come to rest themselves upon the marble table of the Palais de Justice, and deliver at the same time to the worthy auditory as many moral sentences and maxims as might in that day be expended upon the members of the faculty of arts, at the examinations, sophisms, determinances, figures, and acts, at which the masters took their degrees.

So far—so good.

Meanwhile, in all that vast assemblage upon which the four allegorical personages seemed to be striving which could pour out the most copious floods of metaphor, no ear was so attentive, no heart so palpitating, no eye so eager, no neck so outstretched, as were the eye, ear, neck, and heart of the author, the poet, the brave Pierre Gringoire, who a moment before had been unable to forego the satisfaction of telling his name to two pretty girls.

He had returned to a distance of a few paces from them, behind his pillar; and there it was that he listened, looked, and enjoyed. The benevolent plaudits which had greeted the opening of his prologue, were still resounding in his breast; and he was completely absorbed in that species of ecstatic contemplation with which a dramatic author marks his ideas dropping one by one from the lips of the actor, amid the silence of a crowded auditory. Happy Pierre Gringoire!

It is with pain that we relate it—but this first ecstasy was very soon disturbed. Scarcely had the lips of Gringoire approached this intoxicating cup of joy and triumph, before a drop of bitterness was cruelly mingled in it.

A tattered mendicant who, lost among the crowd, could receive no contributions, and who, we may suppose, had not found sufficient indemnity in the pockets of his neighbours, had bethought himself of finding some conspicuous perch from which to attract the attention and the alms of the good people. Accordingly, while the first lines of the prologue were being delivered, he had hoisted himself up by means of the pillars that supported the reserve estrade, to the cornice which ran along the bottom of its balustrade; and there he had seated himself, soliciting the attention and the pity of the multitude by the display of his rags, and of a hideous sore that covered his right arm. However, he did not utter a word.

The silence which he kept allowed the prologue to proceed without any interruption; and no sensible disorder would have occurred but that, as ill luck would have it, the scholar Joannes espied, from his own perch upon one of the great pillars, the beggar and his grimaces. The young wag was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter; and, regardless of the disturbance to the performance, cried out in a tone of gaiety, "Look at that dirty beggar yonder asking for alms!"

Any one that has ever thrown a stone into a pond full of frogs, or fired a gun among a flock of birds, may form an idea of the effect produced by these unseasonable words dropped in the midst of the universal attention fixed upon the heroes of the mystery. Gringoire started as if he had felt an electric shock. The prologue was cut short; and all heads turned tumultuously toward the mendicant; who, far from being disconcerted, found in this incident a good opportunity of making a harvest, and began to cry out with a doleful look, half shutting his eyes, "Charity! if you please."

"Why, on my soul," cried Joannes, "it's Clopin Troillefou. Hollo! friend—so thy sore wasn't comfortable on thy leg, that thou'st put it on thy arm."

So saying he threw, with the dexterity of a monkey, a small white coin into the old greasy hat which the beggar held out with his diseased limb. The beggar received without flinching both the alms and the sarcasm, and continued in a piteous tone, "Charity! if you please."

This episode had considerably distracted the auditory; and a

good many of the spectators, with Robin Poussepain and all the clerks at their head, merrily applauded this whimsical duet which had been struck up thus unexpectedly in the middle of the prologue, between the scholar with his shrill clamorous voice, and the beggar with his imperturbable drone.

Gringoire was grievously dissatisfied. Having recovered from his first stupefaction, he shouted lustily to the four characters on the stage, "Go on!—what do you stop for!—go on; " without even deigning to cast a look of disdain upon the interrupters.

At that moment he felt some one pulling at his coat tails; he turned round, not without some little ill-humour, and had much ado to smile. Nevertheless he found it necessary to do so, for it was the pretty arm of Gisquette-la-Gencienne, which, extended through the balustrade, had thus solicited his attention.

"Monsieur," said the girl, "will they go on?"

"To be sure," answered Gringoire, much shocked at the question.

"Oh, then, sire," she resumed, "would you just have the courtesy to explain to me——"

"What they are going to say?" interrupted Gringoire. "Well —listen."

"No," said Gisquette, "but what they have said already."

Gringoire started as if touched to the quick. "A plague on the little stupid witless wench!" muttered he, and from that moment Gisquette was utterly ruined in his estimation.

Meanwhile the actors had obeyed his injunction; and the audience, observing that they were once more trying to make themselves heard, had again set themselves to listen—not, however, without the loss of many a poetic beauty, in the sort of soldering that had been made of the two parts of the piece which had been so abruptly cut short. Gringoire whispered to himself this bitter reflection. However, tranquillity had been gradually restored; the scholar held his tongue, the beggar was counting some coin in his hat, and the performance was resumed.

It was a very fine composition, and we really think it might be turned to some account, even now, by means of a few modifications. The exposition, rather long indeed, and rather dry, was simple; and Gringoire, in the candid sanctuary of his own judgment, admired its clearness. As may well be supposed, the four allegorical personages were a little fatigued with travelling over the three known quarters of the world without finding an opportunity of suitably disposing of their golden dolphin. Hence a long eulogy upon the marvellous fish, with numberless delicate

allusions to the young prince betrothed to Margaret of Flanders—which young prince was at that time in very dismal seclusion at Amboise, without the slightest suspicion that Labor and Clergé, Noblesse and Marchandise, had just been making the tour of the world on his account. The dolphin aforesaid, then, was young, handsome, vigorous, and above all (magnificent origin of all the royal virtues!) was son of the lion of France. "Now, I declare," says our author, "that this bold metaphor is admirable, and that dramatic natural history, on a day of allegory and of a royal epithalamium, finds nothing at all shocking in a dolphin the son of a lion. On the contrary, it is precisely those rare and pindaric mixtures that prove the poet's enthusiasm. However, to have disarmed criticism altogether, the poet might have developed this fine idea in less than two hundred lines. It is true that the mystery was to last, according to the order of monsieur the provost, from noon till four o'clock, and that it was necessary to say something. Besides, it was very patiently listened to.

All at once, just in the middle of a fine quarrel between Mademoiselle Marchandise and Madame Noblesse, at the moment when Maître Labor was pronouncing this wondrous line,

A statelier beast ne'er in woods I've seen,

the door of the reserved gallery, which had until then been so unreasonably shut, was now unreasonably opened and the stentorian voice of the door-keeper abruptly announced, "Son Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon!"

CHAPTER III.

THE CARDINAL.

Poor Gringoire! The noise of all the petards let off on Saint John's day—the discharge of a score of cracking arquebusses—the report of that famous serpentine of the Tour de Billy, which, at the time of the siege of Paris, on Sunday, the 29th of September, 1465, killed seven Burgundians—the explosion of all the gunpowder stored up at the Temple gate—would have split his ears less violently at that solemn and dramatic moment, than those few words from the lips of an usher, "His Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon."

Not that Pierre Gringoire either feared the cardinal or despised him; he was neither weak enough to do the one, nor self-confident enough to do the other. A true eclectic, as he would nowadays be called, Gringoire was one of those firm and elevated spirits, calm and temperate, who can preserve their composure under all circumstances—*stare in dimidio rerum*—and who are full of reason and of a liberal philosophy even while making some account of cardinals. Invaluable and uninterrupted line of philosophers—to whom wisdom, like another Ariana, seems to have given a clew, which they have gone on unwinding from the beginning of the world through the labyrinth of human affairs. They are to be found in all times, and ever the same—that is to say, ever conforming themselves to the time. And not to mention our Pierre Gringoire, who would be their representative of the fifteenth century if we could succeed in obtaining for him the distinction which he deserves, it was certainly their spirit which animated Father du Breul in the sixteenth, when writing these words of sublime simplicity, worthy of any age: "I am a Parisian by my birth-place, and a *parrhisian* by my speech; for *parrhisia* in Greek signifies liberty of speech, which liberty I have used even to messeigneurs the cardinals uncle and brother to monseigneur the Prince of Conti, albeit with respect for their greatness, and without offending any one of their train, and that is a great deal to say."

So there was neither hatred for the cardinal, nor contempt of his presence, in the disagreeable impression which it made upon Pierre Gringoire. On the contrary our poet had too much good sense and too threadbare a frock not to attach a particular value to the circumstance, that many an allusion in his prologue, and in particular the glorification of the dolphin, son of the lion of France, would fall upon the ear of an *éminentissime*. But interest is not the ruling motive in the noble nature of poets. Supposing the entity of a poet to be represented by the number ten, it is certain that a chemist, on analyzing would find it to be composed of one part of self-interest with nine parts of self-esteem. Now, at the moment that the door opened for the entrance of his eminence, Gringoire's nine parts of self-esteem, inflated and expanded by the breath of popular admiration, were in a state of prodigious enlargement, quite overwhelming and smothering that imperceptible particle of self-interest which we just now discriminated in the constitution of poets—an invaluable ingredient, by-the-way, a ballast of reality and humanity, without which they would never touch the earth. It was enjoyment for Gringoire to see and feel

that an entire assemblage (of poor creatures, it is true, but what then?) were stupefied, petrified, and asphyxiated by the immeasurable tirades which burst from every part of his epithalamium, We affirm that he himself shared the general beatitude; and that, quite the reverse of La Fontaine, who, at the performance of his play of "The Florentine," asked, "What poor wretch has written that rhapsody?" Gringoire would willingly have asked the person nearest to him "Whose masterpiece is this?" Hence it may be supposed what sort of effect was produced upon him by the sudden and untimely arrival of the cardinal.

All his fears were but too fully realized. The entrance of His Eminence threw the whole auditory into a commotion. All eyes were turned towards the estrade, and there was a general whisper: "The cardinal! the cardinal!" repeated by every tongue. The unfortunate prologue was cut short a second time.

The cardinal stopped a moment upon the threshold of the gallery; and while casting his eyes with great indifference over the assemblage, the tumult redoubled. Everybody wanted to obtain a better view of him, each one stretching his neck over his neighbour's shoulder.

He was an exalted personage, the sight of whom was worth almost any other spectacle. Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop and Count of Lyons, and Primate of Gaul, was allied both to Louis XI., through his brother Pierre, Seigneur of Beaujeu, who had espoused the king's eldest daughter, and at the same time to the Burgundian duke, Charles-le-Téméraire, through his mother, Agnes of Burgundy. Now, the characteristic, and distinctive feature in the character of the Primate of Gaul, was his courtier-like spirit and his devotedness to power. Hence, it may well be supposed in what numberless perplexities this double relationship had involved him, and among how many temporal shoals his spiritual bark must have tacked about, to have escaped foundering either upon Louis or upon Charles, the Charybdis and the Scylla which had swallowed up the Duke of Nemours and the Constable of Saint-Pol. However, Heaven be praised! he had got happily through his voyage, and had reached Rome without any cross accident. But although he was now in port—and indeed, precisely because he was in port—he never recollected, without a feeling of uneasiness, the various chances of his political life, which had so long been perilous and laborious. So, also, he used to say, that the year 1476 had been to him both a black and a white year; meaning thereby that he had lost in that one year his mother, the Duchess of Bourbonnais, and his cousin, the

Duke of Burgundy, and that one mourning had consoled him for the other.

However, he was a very worthy man; he led a joyous cardinal's life; was wont to make merry with wine of the royal vintage of Challuau; had no dislike to Richarde-la-Gamoise and Thomasse-la-Saillarde; gave alms to pretty girls in preference to old women; and for all these reasons was in great favour with the good people of Paris. He always went surrounded by a little court of bishops and abbots of high lineage, gallant, jovial, and fond of good eating; and more than once had the good devotees of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, in passing at night under the windows of the Hôtel de Bourbon, all blazing with light, been scandalized by hearing the same voices which had been singing vespers to them in the daytime, striking up, to the sound of glasses, the bacchanalian sentiment of Benedict XII., the pope who had added a third crown to the tiara—*Bibamus papaliter.*

No doubt it was this popularity, so justly acquired, which preserved him at his entrance from anything like ill reception on the part of the crowd, who a few moments before had been so dissatisfied, and so little disposed to pay respect to a cardinal, even on the day when they were going to elect a pope. But the Parisians bear little malice; and besides, by making the performance begin of their own authority, the good citizens had had the better of the cardinal, and this triumph satisfied them. Moreover, Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon was a handsome man—he had on a very elegant gown, which he wore in excellent style—as much as to say, that he had in his favour all the women, and, consequently, the better part of the audience. Certainly it would be both injustice and bad taste, to hoot a cardinal for being too late at the play, when he is a handsome man, and wears his scarlet robe gracefully.

On entering, he saluted the company with that hereditary smile which the truly great have always in readiness for the people; and stepped slowly towards the *fauteuil* or state chair of scarlet velvet placed for his reception; looking as if some other matter occupied his mind. His train—what a Frenchman might now call his staff—of bishops and abbots, issued after him upon the estrade, not without exciting redoubled tumult and curiosity among the spectators below. All were busied in pointing them out, or in telling their names, each other striving to show that he knew at least one or other of them; some pointing to the Bishop of Marseillies (Alaudet, if we remember right); some to the *Primicier* or Dean of St. Denis; others to Robert de Lespinasse, Abbot of the

great neighbouring monastery of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, the libertine brother of a mistress of Louis XI.—all their names being repeated with many mistakes and wrongly pronounced. As for the scholars, they were very vehement in their language. It was their own day—their feast of fools—their saturnalia—the annual orgies of the *basoche* and the *école*. Nothing was to be held sacred that day. And then there were mad gossips among the crowd—Simone Quatre-livres, Agnès-la-Gadine, Robine Piédebou. Was it not the least that could be expected, that they should swear at their ease, and profane God's name a little, on such a day as that in such good company with churchmen and courtezans? And accordingly, they made no mincing of the matter; but amidst the uproarious applause a frightful din of blasphemies and enormities proceeded from all those tongues let loose, those tongues of clerks and scholars, tied up all the rest of the year by the fear of St. Louis's branding-iron. Poor St. Louis! how they bantered him in his own Palais de Justice! Each one had singled out from among the newly-arrived company some one of the cassocks, black, gray, white or violet. As for Joannes Frollo de Molendino, and his being brother to an archdeacon, it was the red robe that he audaciously assailed, singing out as loud as he could bawl, and fixing his shameless eyes upon the cardinal, "*Cappa repleta mero!*"

All these particulars, which are thus clearly detailed for the edification of the reader, were so completely drowned in the general buzz of the multitude, that they were lost before they could reach the reserved gallery, though, indeed, the cardinal would have been little moved by them; so intimately did the license of the day belong to the manners of the age. He had something else to think about, which pre-occupation appeared in his countenance—another cause of solicitude, which followed closely behind him, and made its appearance in the gallery almost at the same time as himself, was the Flemish embassy.

Not that he was a profound politician, or concerned himself about the possible consequences of the marriage of his cousin, Margaret of Burgundy, with his cousin, Charles, Dauphin of Vienne—nor how long the patched-up reconciliation between the Duke of Austria and the French king might endure—nor how the King of England would receive this slight toward his daughter. All that gave him little anxiety; and he did honour every night to the wine of the royal vineyard of Chaillot without ever suspecting that a few flasks of that same wine, revised and corrected a little by the physician Coictier, and cordially pre-

sented to Edward IV. by Louis XI., might possibly, some fine morning, rid Louis XI. of Edward IV. *La moult honorée ambassade de Monsieur le Duc d'Autriche* brought none of these cares to the cardinal's mind, but annoyed him in another respect. It was, in truth, rather too bad, and we have already said a word or two about it in the first pages of this volume, that he should be obliged to give good reception and entertainment—he, Charles de Bourbon—to obscure burghers; he, a cardinal, to a pack of scurvy échevins—he, a Frenchman and a connoisseur in good living, to Flemish beer-drinkers—and in public too! Certainly, it was one of the most irksome parts he had ever gone through for the *bon plaisir* of the king.

However, he had so perfectly studied it, that he turned toward the door with the best grace in the world, when the usher announced in a sonorous voice, "Messieurs the Envoys of the Duke of Austria!" It is needless to say that the whole hall did likewise.

Then appeared, two by two, with a gravity which strongly contrasted with the flippant air of the cardinal's ecclesiastical train, the forty-eight ambassadors from Maximilian of Austria, having at their head the reverend father in God, Jehan, Abbot of Saint-Bertin, chancellor of the Golden Fleece, and Jacques de Goy, Sieur Dauby, high bailiff of Ghent. A deep silence now took place in the assemblage, a general titter being suppressed, in order to listen to all the uncouth names and mercantile additions which each one of these personages transmitted with imperturbable gravity to the usher, who then gave out their names and callings, pell-mell and with all sorts of mutilations, to the crowd below. There were Maître Loys Roelof, échevin of the town of Louvain; Messire Clays d'Etuelde échevin of Brussels; Messire Paul de Baeust, sieur of Voirmizelle, president of Flanders; Maître Jehan Coleghens, burgomaster of the city of Antwerp. Maître George de la Moere, principal échevin of the *kuere* of the city of Ghent; Maître Gheldolf vander Hage, principal échevin of the *parchons* of the said city; and the Sieur de Bierbecque, and Jehan Pinnock, and Jehan Dimaerzelle, etc., etc., etc., bailiffs, échevins, and burgomasters—burgomasters, échevins, and bailiffs—all stiff, sturdy, drawn-up figures, dressed out in velvet and damask, and hooded with black velvet *cramignoles* decorated with great tufts of gold thread of Cyprus—good Flemish heads after all, with severe and respectable countenances, akin to those which Rembrandt has made stand out with such force and gravity from the dark background of his picture of

"Going the rounds at night"—personages on every one of whose foreheads it was written, that Maximilian of Austria had done right in "confiding to the full," as his manifesto expressed it, "in their sense, valour, experience, loyalty, and good endowments."

There was one exception, however, to this description; it was a subtle, intelligent, but crafty-looking face—a sort of mixture of the monkey and the diplomatist—to whom the cardinal made three steps in advance and a low bow, but who, nevertheless, was called simply Guillaume or William Rym, counsellor and pensionary of the town of Ghent.

Few persons at that time knew anything about Guillaume Rym—a rare genius, who, in a time of revolution, would have appeared with *éclat* on the surface of events; but who, in the fifteenth century, was confined to the practice of covert intrigue and to "live in the mines," as the Duke de Saint-Simon expresses it. However, he was appreciated by the first "miner" in Europe—he was familiarly associated in the secret operations of Louis XI.—all which was perfectly unknown to this multitude, who were amazed at the cardinal's politeness to that sorry-looking Flemish bailiff.

CHAPTER IV.

MASTER JACQUES COPPENOLE.

WHILE the pensionary of Ghent and his eminence were exchanging a very low bow, and a few words in a tone still lower, a man of lofty stature, large-featured, and broad-shouldered, presented himself to enter abreast with Guillaume Rym, looking something like a mastiff dog by the side of a fox. His bicoquet of felt and his leathern jerkin were oddly conspicuous amidst the velvet and silk that surrounded him. Presuming it to be some groom who knew not whither he was going, the usher accosted him with "Hold, friend! you cannot pass here."

The man of the leathern jerkin pushed him aside. "What would this fellow with me?" said he, in a loud voice, which drew the attention of the whole hall to this strange colloquy. "Seest thou not I'm one of them?"

"Your name?" demanded the usher.

"Jacques Coppenole."

"Your occupation?"

"A hosier, at the sign of the Three Chains at Ghent."

The usher shrank back. To announce échevins and burgomasters might indeed be endured—but a hosier!—it was rather too bad. The cardinal was upon thorns. All the people were looking and listening. For two days his eminence had been doing his utmost to lick these Flemish bears into rather more presentable shape, and this freak was too much for him. Meanwhile Guillaume Rym, with his cunning smile, went up to the usher: "Announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the city of Ghent," said he to the officer in a very low whisper.

"Usher," then said the cardinal aloud, "Announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the illustrious city of Ghent."

This was an error. Guillaume Rym, by himself, would have snatched the difficulty out of the way; but Coppenole had heard the cardinal's direction. "No! *Croix-Dieu!*" he cried, with his voice of thunder, "Jacques Coppenole, hosier. Dost thou hear, usher? Neither more nor less. Croix-Dieu! a hosier—that's fine enough. Monsieur the archduke has more than once looked for his *gant* in my hose."

This play upon the word *gant*, a glove, pronounced exactly alike *Gand* or *Ghent*, the great manufacturing town in Flanders, occasioned a burst of laughter and applause from the people below.

We must add that Coppenole was one of the people, and that the auditory around him were of the people also; so that the communication between them and him had been quick, electric, and, as it were, on equal footing. This lofty air which the Flemish hosier gave himself, by humbling the courtiers, had stirred in the plebeian breasts a certain latent feeling of dignity, which, in the fifteenth century, was as yet vague and undefined. They beheld one of their equals in this hosier, who had just borne himself so sturdily before the cardinal—a welcome reflection to poor devils accustomed to pay respect and obedience to the servants of the sergeants of the bailiff of the Abbot of Sainte-Geneviève, the cardinal's train-bearer.

Coppenole made a stiff bow to his eminence, who returned the salute of the all-powerful burgher, formidable to Louis XI. Then, while Guillaume Rym, *sage homme et malicieux*, as Philippe de Comines expresses it, followed them both with a smile of raillery and superiority, they moved each to his place—the cardinal thoughtful and out of countenance—Coppenole quite at his ease, thinking, no doubt, that, after all, his title of hosier was as good

as any other, and that Mary of Burgundy, mother of that Margaret for whose marriage he was now treating, would have feared him less as a cardinal than as a hosier; for no cardinal would have stirred up the people of Ghent against the favourites of the daughter of Charles the Rash; nor could any cardinal, by a single word, have fortified the multitude against her tears and prayers, when the Lady of Flanders came and supplicated her people on their behalf even to the foot of the scaffold, while the hosier had only had to raise his leathern elbow to cause both your heads to be struck off, most illustrious seigneurs, Guy d'Hymbercourt and Chancellor Guillaume Hugonet.

The poor cardinal had not yet gone through all his penance: he was doomed to drain the cup of being in such bad company, to the very dregs.

The reader has doubtless not forgotten the audacious mendicant, who at the time of the commencement of the prologue, had climbed up to the fringes of the gallery reserved for the cardinal. The arrival of the illustrious guests had not in the least disturbed him; and while the prelates and the ambassadors were barreling themselves up like real Flemish herrings within the narrow compass of the gallery, he had put himself quite at his ease, with his legs bravely crossed upon the architrave. This piece of insolence was extraordinary; yet nobody had remarked it at the first moment, every one's attention being fixed elsewhere. He, for his part, took notice of nothing in the hall; he was moving his head backward and forward with the unconcern of a Neapolitan, repeating, from time to time, amidst the general hum, and as if by a mechanical habit, "Charity, if you please!" and indeed, among all present, he was probably the only one who would not have deigned to turn his head on hearing the altercation between Coppenole and the usher. Now it so chanced that his hosiership of Ghent, with whom the people already so warmly sympathized, and upon whom all eyes were fixed, went and seated himself in the front line of the gallery, just over the place where the beggar was sitting; and it excited no small astonishment to see the Flemish ambassador, after scrutinizing the fellow beneath him, give him a friendly slap upon his ragged shoulder. The beggar turned round. Surprise, mutual recognition, and kindly gratulation, were visible in both faces; then, without giving themselves the slightest concern about the spectators, the hosier and the leper fell into conversation in a low voice, holding each other by the hand; while the tattered arm of Clopin Trouillefou, displayed at length upon the cloth of gold that decorated the

gallery, had somewhat the appearance of a caterpillar upon an orange.

The novelty of this singular scene excited such merriment among the crowd, that the cardinal quickly remarked it: he leaned gently aside; and as, from the point where he was situated, he caught only an imperfect glimpse of Trouillefou's ignominious garment, he exclaimed, "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palace, throw that fellow into the river."

"Croix-Dieu! monseigneur le cardinal," said Coppenole, without leaving hold of Clopin's hand, "this is one of my friends."

"Noël! Noël!" cried the mob. And from that moment Maître Coppenole was at Paris, as at Ghent, "in great favour with the people; for men of great stature are so," says Philippe de Comines, "when they are thus disorderly."

The cardinal bit his lip. He leaned toward the Abbot of Saint Geneviève, who sat next him, and said in a half-whisper: "Pretty ambassadors, truly, monsieur the archduke sends us to announce the Lady Margaret."

"Your eminence's politeness," returned the abbot, "is thrown away upon these Flemish grunters—*Margaritas ante porcus.*"

"Say rather," rejoined the cardinal, smiling, "*porcus ante Margaritam.*"

The whole of the little court of churchmen were in ecstasy at this *jeu de mot.* The cardinal felt relieved. He was now even with Coppenole, for he too had been applauded.

And now, such of our readers as have the power of generalizing an image or an idea, as we say nowadays, will permit us to ask them whether they figure to themselves quite clearly the spectacle presented, at the moment in which we give this pause to their attention, by the vast parallelogram of the great hall of the Palais. In the middle of the western side is a spacious and magnificent gallery, with drapery of gold brocade, which is entered, in procession, through a small Gothic doorway, by a series of grave-looking personages, announced successively by the clamorous voice of the usher; while on the first benches are already seated a number of reverend figures wrapped in velvet, ermine, and scarlet cloth. Below and all about this gallery, which remains still and stately—below, in front, and around, are a great multitude and a great hum of voices. A thousand looks are cast from the crowd upon every face in the gallery—a thousand muttered repetitions are made of every name. The spectacle is indeed curious and well worthy the attention of the spectators. But, at the same time, what is that down there, quite

at the extremity of the hall—that sort of mountebank stage, with four puppets in motley upon it, and four others below? And at one side of the stage, who is that white-faced man in a long black coat? Alas! it is Pierre Gringoire with his prologue.

We had all forgotten him; and that is just what he had apprehended.

From the moment at which the cardinal entered, Gringoire had incessantly exerted himself for the salvation of his prologue. He had first of all enjoined the actors to proceed, and elevate their voices; then, finding that no one listened, he had stopped them; and for nearly a quarter of an hour during which the interruption had continued, he had been constantly beating with his foot and gesticulating, calling upon Gisquette and Liénarde, and urging those near him to have the prologue proceeded with—but all in vain. No one could be turned aside from the cardinal, the embassy, and the gallery—the sole centre of that vast circle of visual rays. It is also credible, we regret to say it, that the prologue was beginning to be a little tiresome to the auditory at the moment that his eminence's arrival had made so terrible a distraction. And after all, in the gallery itself, as on the marble table, it was still in fact the same spectacle—the conflict of Labor with Clergé, of Noblesse with Marchandise; and many people liked better to see them in downright reality, living, breathing, acting, elbowing one another in plain flesh and blood, in that Flemish embassy, in that episcopal court, under the cardinal's robe, under Coppenole's jerkin, than tricked out, painted, talking in verse, and packed up, as it were, in straw, under the yellow and white gowns in which Gringoire had muffled them

Nevertheless, when our poet saw tranquillity a little restored, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might have saved the performance.

"Monsieur," said he, turning to one of the persons nearest him, of fair round figure, with a patient-looking countenance, "suppose they were to begin again?"

"Begin what?" said the man.

"Why, the mystery," said Gringoire.

"Just as you please," returned the other.

This demi-approbation was enough for Gringoire, and taking the affair into his own hands, he began to call out, confounding himself at the same time as much as possible with the multitude. "Begin the mystery again!—begin again!"

"The devil!" said Joannes de Molendino: "What is it they're

singing out at yon end?" for Gringoire made as much noise as four people. "Tell me, comrades, isn't that mystery finished? They want to begin it again; that's not fair."

"No! no!" cried all the scholars together, "down with the, mystery!—down with it!"

But Gringoire only multiplied himself the more and cried out the louder—"Begin again!—begin again!"

These clamours attracted the attention of the cardinal. "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palais," said he to a tall, dark man standing a few paces from him, "what possesses those fellows that they make that infernal noise?"

The bailiff of the Palais was a kind of amphibious magistrate, a sort of bat of the judicial order, a sort of compound of the rat and the bird, of the judge and the soldier. He approached his eminence, and with no small apprehension of his displeasuret stammered out to him an explanation of the people's refractoriness—that noon had arrived before his eminence, and that the players had been forced to begin waiting for his eminence.

The cardinal laughed aloud. "By my faith!" said he, "monsieur the rector of the University should have done likewise. What say you, Maître Guillaume Rym?"

"Monseigneur," answered Rym, "let us congratulate ourselves with having escaped one half of the play. 'Tis so much gained at any rate."

"May those rogues go on with their farce?" asked the bailiff.

"Let them go on," said the cardinal, "'tis all the same to me; I will be reading the while."

The bailiff advanced to the edge of the gallery, and called out, after procuring silence by a motion of his hand—"Townsmen! householders! and inhabitants!—to satisfy those who desire the play to begin again, and those who desire it to finish, his eminence orders that it shall go on."

Thus both parties were obliged to yield, although both the author and the auditors long bore a grudge on this score against the cardinal. The characters on the stage accordingly took up their text where they had laid it down; and Gringoire hoped that at least the remainder of his composition would be listened to. This hope, however, was soon dispelled, like the rest of his illusions. Silence had indeed been somehow or other restored in the auditory; but Gringoire had not observed that, at the moment when the cardinal had given his order for the continuance of the play, the gallery was far from

being full, and that subsequently to the arrival of the Flemish envoys, there were come other persons forming part of the cardinal's train, whose names and descriptions, thrown out in the midst of his dialogue by the intermitted bawling of the usher, made considerable ravage in it. Imagine, in the midst of a dramatic piece, the harsh voice of a doorkeeper, throwing in, between the two lines of a couplet, and often between the first half of a line and the last, such parentheses as these:

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, king's attorney!"

"Jehan de Harlay, esquire, keeper of the office of horseman of the night-watch of the town of Paris!"

"Messire Galiot de Genoilhac, knight, seigneur of Brussac, master of the king's artillery!"

"Maître Dreux-Raguier, commissioner of our lord the king's waters and forests in the domains of France, Champagne, and Brie!"

"Messire Louis de Graville, knight, councillor, and chamberlain to the king, admiral of France, keeper of the Bois de Vincennes!"

"Maître Denis le Mercier, superintendent of the house of the blind at Paris!" etc., etc., etc.

This became insupportable. All this strange accompaniment, which made it difficult to follow the tenor of the piece, was the more provoking to Gringoire, as he could not disguise from himself that the interest was going on increasing, and that nothing was wanting to his composition but to be listened to. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine a plot more ingeniously or dramatically woven. While the four personages of the prologue were bewailing their hopeless perplexity, Venus in person—*vera incessu patuit dea*—had presented herself before them, clad in a fine embroidered cotton robe, having blazoned upon its front the arms displayed on the old city escutcheon of Paris. She had come to prefer her claim to the dolphin promised to the most beautiful. She was supported by Jupiter, whose thunder was heard to rumble in the dressing-room; and the goddess was about to bear away the prize—that is, in plain terms, to espouse monsieur the dauphin—when a little girl dressed in white damask, and carrying a marguerite or daisy in her hand, a lucid personification of the Lady of Flanders, had come to contend with Venus. Here was at once a *coup-de-théâtre* which produced a complete change. After some dispute, Venus, Margaret, and those behind the scenes, had agreed to refer the matter to the award of the holy Virgin. There was another fine part, that of

Don Pedro, King of Mesopotamia; but amid so many interruptions it was difficult to discover what was his share of the action.

But it was now all over with the play; and not one of these beauties felt or understood the position they were now placed in. It seemed as if, at the cardinal's entrance, some invisible and magic thread had suddenly drawn away every look from the marble table to the gallery, from the southern extremity of the hall to its western side. Nothing could disenchant the auditory; all eyes remained fixed in that direction; and the persons who successively arrived on that side, with their peculiar names, and their faces, and their dresses, made a complete diversion. The case was desperate. Except Gisquette and Liénarde, who turned aside from time to time when Gringoire pulled them by the sleeve—except the lusty patient man that stood near him—no one listened to, no one looked at, the poor abandoned morality. Gringoire could see in the faces of the auditory nothing but profiles.

With what bitterness did he see all his fabric of poetry and of glory thus falling to pieces! Only to think that this multitude had been on the point of rebelling against monsieur the bailiff through their impatience to hear his composition: and now that they had it, they cared nothing about it—that same performance which had begun amid such unanimous acclamation! Everlasting ebb and flow of the popular favour! Only to think, that they had been near hanging the bailiff's sergeants!—what would he not have given to have recalled that blissful moment! However, the usher's brutal monologue ceased at length; everybody had arrived: so that Gringoire took breath; and the actors were going on bravely, when all at once Maître Coppenole, the hosier, got upon his legs, and Gringoire heard him deliver, in the midst of the universal attention to his piece, this peculiar oration:

"Messieurs the bourgeois and hobereaux of Paris—Croix-Dieu! I know not what we're doing here. I see, down in that corner, upon that stage, some people who look as if they wanted to fight. I know not whether that be what you call a mystery; but I do know it's not amusing. They belabour one another with their tongues, but that's all. For this quarter of an hour I've been waiting to see the first blow—but nothing comes—they are cowards, and abuse one another only with foul words. You should have had boxers from London; and then indeed we should have had hard knocks, which you might have heard the length of this hall—but those creatures there are quite pitiful. They

should at least give us a dance or some other kind of amusement. This is not what I was told it was to be—I'd been promised a feast of fools with an election of a pope. We at Ghent, too, have our fools' pope; and in that, Crolx-Dieu! we're behind nobody. But we do thus:—a mob gets together, as here for instance; then each in his turn goes and puts his head through a hole and makes faces at the others; he that makes the ugliest face according to general acclamation, is chosen pope. That's our way, and it's very diverting. Shall we make your pope after the fashion of my country? At any rate it will not be so tiresome as listening to those babblers. If they've a mind to come and try their hands at face-making, they shall have their turn. What say you, my masters? Here's a droll sample enough of both sexes to give us a right hearty Flemish laugh, and we can show ugly phizzes enough to give us hopes of a fine grinning-match."

Gringoire would fain have replied, but amazement, resentment, and indignation deprived him of utterance. Besides, the motion made by the popular hosier was received with such enthusiasm by those townsfolk flattered at being called hobereaux (a term in that day somewhat approaching to a gentleman as now used in England in addressing a mixed multitude), that all resistance would have been unavailing. All that could now be done was to go with the stream. Gringoire hid his face with both his hands.

CHAPTER V.

QUASIMODO, THE HUNCHBACK.

Every thing was made ready for carrying into effect the idea of Coppenole. Scholars, burgesses, and lawyers' clerks had all fallen to work. The little chapel opposite to the marble table was chosen for the scene of the grimaces. Having broken the glass in the pretty little round window over the door, they agreed that the competitors should put their heads through the circle of stone that was left. To enable them to reach it, two hogsheads were brought and set one upon the other. It was determined that all candidates, whether men or women,—for females were eligible—should hide their faces, and keep them covered in the chapel till

the moment of exhibiting them, that the impression of the grimace might be the stronger. In a few minutes the chapel was full of competitors, and the door was shut upon them.

Coppenole, from his place, superintended every thing. During the uproar, the Cardinal, not less upset than Gringoire, having excused himself on the plea of business and vespers, retired with his retinue; while the crowd, which his coming had so strongly agitated, scarcely noticed his departure. Guillaume Rym was the only person that remarked the discomposure of his Eminence. The popular attention, like the sun, pursued its revolution; setting out from one end of the hall, after pausing some time in the middle, it was now at the other extremity. The marble table, the brocaded gallery, had each had their moment; it was now the turn of Louis XI.'s chapel. The field was open to every species of fun: the Flemings and the populace alone were left.

The grimaces commenced. The first face that presented itself at the window, with its red eyes and widely-gaping mouth, and forehead puckered up in wrinkles, like hussar-boots in the time of the late emperor, caused such convulsions of inextinguishable laughter, that Homer would have taken these ruffians for immortal gods. A second and a third grimace succeeded—then another and another followed by redoubled shouts of laughter and the stampings and clatterings of merriment. The crowd was seized with a sort of frantic intoxication, a supernatural kind of fascination, of which it would be difficult to convey any idea to the reader of our own days. Imagine a series of visages successively presenting every geometric figure, from the triangle to the trapezium —from the cone to the polyhedron;—every human expression, from love to rage; all ages, from the wrinkles of the new-born infant to those of the hag at the point of death; all the religious phantasmagorias from Faunus to Beelzebub; all the brute profiles, from the distended jaw to the beak, from the snout of the hog to the muzzle of the bull. Imagine all the grotesque heads of the Pont Neuf, those nightmares petrified under the hand of Germain Pilon, suddenly starting into life, and coming one after another to stare you in the face with flaming eyes: all the masks of the carnival of Venice passing in succession before your eyeglass—in a word, a human kaleidoscope.

The orgies became more and more Flemish. Teniers could have given but a faint idea of the scene. Fancy, Salvator Rosa's battle burned into a bacchanalian piece. There were no longer any distinctions of ranks and persons,—no longer students, ambassadors, men or women,—all were lost in the general licence. The great

hall was one vast furnace of effrontery and jollity; where every mouth was a cry, every eye a flash, every face a contortion, every individual a posture: all was howling and roaring. The extraordinary faces which in turn presented themselves at the window acted like so many brands thrown upon a blazing fire; and from all this effervescent crowd issued, like vapour from a furnace, a sharp, shrill, hissing noise, as from an immense serpent.

Meanwhile Gringoire, the first moment of dejection over, had recovered his spirits: he had braced himself against adversity. "Go on!" said he for the third time to his speaking machines, the comedians, and then paced to and fro, with long strides, before the marble table. He almost felt tempted to exhibit himself in his turn at the round window of the chapel, were it but to enjoy the pleasure of grinning at the ungrateful populace. But no, said he mentally, no revenge! that were unworthy of us. Let us struggle manfully to the last: the power of poesy is mighty over the populace: I will bring them back. We shall see which will conquer—the grimaces or the belles lettres.

Alas, poor Gringoire; he was left to be the only spectator of his play: every back was turned upon him.

I am wrong: the fat patient man whom he had previously consulted in a critical moment was still turned towards the theatre. As for Gisquette and Liénarde they had long deserted.

Gringoire was touched to the bottom of his heart by the constancy of his only spectator. He went up and spoke to him, at the same time gently shaking his arm; for the good man was leaning upon the balustrade and napping a little.

"Sir," said Gringoire, "I am exceedingly obliged to you."

"For what?" replied the fat man, with a yawn.

"I see," rejoined the poet, "that you are quite annoyed by all this uproar, which prevents your hearing comfortably. But, never mind; your name will be handed down to posterity: may I ask what it is?"

"Renauld Château, keeper of the seal of the Châtelet of Paris, at your service."

"Sir, you are the only representative of the muses in this assembly," said Gringoire.

"You are too polite, sir," replied the keeper of the seal.

"You are the only one," resumed Gringoire, "who has paid any attention to the piece. What do you think of it?"

"Why, to tell the truth," answered the pursy magistrate, only half awake, "it is stupid enough."

Gringoire was forced to be content with this opinion; for

thunders of applause, mingled with prodigious shouts, cut short their conversation. The Pope of Fools was elected. "Huzza! huzza! huzza!" cried the people on all sides.

It was, in truth, a countenance of miraculous ugliness which at this moment shone forth from the circular aperture. After all the faces, pentagonal, hexagonal, and heteroclite, that had followed each other at this window, without realising the idea of the grotesque which the crowd had set up in their frantic imaginations, it required nothing short of the sublimely monstrous grimace which had just dazzled the multitude to obtain their suffrages. Maître Coppenole himself applauded; and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been a candidate—and heaven knows what intensity of ugliness his features could attain—confessed himself conquered. We shall do the same: we shall not attempt to give the reader any idea of that tetrahedron nose, of that horse-shoe mouth, of that little left eye, stubbled up with an eye-brow of carroty bristles, while the right was completely overwhelmed and buried by an enormous wen; of those irregular teeth, jagged here and there like the battlements of a fortress; of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth protruded, like the tusk of an elephant; of that forked chin; and above all, of the expression, that mixture of spite, wonder, and melancholy, spread over these exquisite features. Imagine such an object, if you can.

The acclamation was unanimous: the crowd rushed to the chapel. The elected Pope of Fools was brought out in triumph, and it was not till then that surprise and admiration were at their height: what had been mistaken for a grimace was his natural visage; indeed, it might be said that his whole person was one grimace. His prodigious head was covered with red bristles; between his shoulders rose an enormous hump, which was counterbalanced by a protuberance in front: his thighs and legs were so strange put together, that they touched at no one point but the knees, and, seen in front, resembled two sickles joined at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but, with all this deformity, there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, constituting a singular exception to the eternal rule, which ordains that force, as well as beauty, shall result from harmony. He looked like a giant who had been broken in pieces and ill soldered together.

When this sort of Cyclop appeared on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, almost as broad as high, "the square of his base," as a great man expresses it, the populace instantly recognised him by his coat, half red and half purple, sprinkled

with silver bells, and, more especially, by the perfection of his ugliness, and cried out with one voice: "It is Quasimodo, the bell-ringer! it is Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Hurrah! hurrah!" The poor fellow had plenty of surnames to choose among.

The women at once covered up their faces, but the men, on the contrary, were delighted. There was no end to their applause. Quasimodo, the object of all the tumult, was still standing at the door of the chapel, gloomy and grave, exhibiting himself to the popular admiration, when Robin Poussepain came up close to him and laughed him in the face. Quasimodo, without uttering a word, caught him up by the waist, and hurled him to the distance of ten paces among the crowd.

Master Coppenole, astonished at the feat, approached him. "By the rood!" he exclaimed. "Holy Father!—why thou art the finest piece of ugliness I ever beheld. Thou deservest to be pope at Rome as well as at Paris."

As he thus spoke, he sportively clapped his hand on the monster's shoulder. Quasimodo did not stir. Coppenole continued: "My fine fellow, I should like to have a tustle with thee, were it to cost me a new douzain of twelve tournois. What sayest thou?"

Quasimodo made no reply. "What!" cried the hosier, "art thou deaf?" Quasimodo really was deaf.

Presently, beginning to feel annoyed by Coppenole's manner, he turned suddenly towards him with so formidable a grin that the Flemish giant recoiled, like a bull-dog from a cat. A circle of terror and respect, a radius of at least fifteen geometric paces, was left vacant around this strange personage.

An old woman informed Coppenole that Quasimodo was deaf.

"Deaf!" cried the hosier, with a Flemish horse-laugh. "By the rood! he is an accomplished pope!"

"Ha!" said Jehan, who had at length descended from his pillar to obtain a closer view of the new pope, "'tis my brother's bell-ringer!—Good morrow, Quasimodo!"

"Confound thee, fellow!" sighed Robin Poussepain, rising, aching all over from the effects of his fall. "He appears—he is hunchbacked. He walks—he is bandy-legged. He looks at you—he is one-eyed. You talk to him—he is deaf! And what use does this Polyphemus make of his tongue, I wonder?"

"He can talk when he likes," said the old woman. "He became deaf with ringing the bells. He is not dumb."

"He wants that qualification, then," observed Jehan.

"And he has an eye too much," added Robin Poussepain.

"Not so," rejoined Jehan, tartly; "a one-eyed man is more incomplete than one who is quite blind. He knows how much he has lost."

Meanwhile all the mendicants, all the lackeys, all the cutpurses, together with the students, went in procession to the store-room of the Basoche to fetch the pasteboard tiara and the mock robe of the Pope of Fools. Quasimodo suffered them to be put upon him with a kind of proud docility. He was then required to sit down on a party-coloured litter. Twelve officers of the fraternity of fools hoisted it upon their shoulders; and a sort of disdainful exultation overspread the morose countenance of the Cyclop, when he saw beneath his feet all those heads of straight, handsome, well-shaped men. The shouting and ragged procession then moved off, to pass, according to custom, through the galleries in the interior of the Palais, before it paraded the streets and public places of the City.

CHAPTER VI.

ESMERALDA.

We have much delight in apprising the reader that, during the whole of this scene, Gringoire had maintained his ground. The actors, encouraged by him, had continued the performance of his comedy, and he had continued to listen to them. In spite of the uproar, he was determined to go through with it, not despairing of being able to recall the attention of the public. This glimmer of hope became brighter, when he saw Quasimodo, Coppenole, and the obstreperous retinue of the Pope of Fools, leaving the hall. The crowd rushed out after them. "Excellent!" said he; "we shall get rid of all those troublesome knaves." Unluckily these were the whole assembly. In the twinkling of an eye the great hall was empty.

To tell the truth, a few spectators still lingered behind, some dispersed, others in groups around the pillars, old men, women, or children, who had had enough of the uproar and tumult. Some of the students, too, remained, astride of the entablature of the windows, where they had a good view of the Place.

Well, thought Gringoire, they are quite as many as I want to hear the conclusion of my mystery. Their number, indeed, is but

small; but they are, at all events, a select audience.

At that moment a symphony destined to produce a striking effect on the arrival of the Holy Virgin, was not forthcoming. Gringoire perceived that his musicians had been pressed into the service of the procession of the Pope of Fools. "Skip that," said he, with the composure of a stoic.

He approached a knot of citizens who seemed to be talking about his play. The fragment of their conversation which he had overheard was as follows:—

"Maître Cheneteau, you know the hôtel de Navarre, which belonged to Monsieur de Nemours?"

"Yes; opposite to the chapel of Braque."

"Well! the exchequer has just leased it to Guillaume Alexandre, the history-writer, for six livres eight sols parisis per annum."

"How rents are rising!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Gringoire with a sigh—"but others are listening."

"Comrades," suddenly shouted one of the young scapegraces in the windows, "Esmeralda! Esmeralda in the Place!"

This intimation produced a magical effect. All who were left in the hall ran to the windows, clambering up the walls to obtain a sight, and repeating "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!" Thunders of applause arose at the same moment from the Place.

"What can they mean by Esmeralda?" said Gringoire, clasping his hands in despair. "Gracious heaven! it seems to have come to the turn of the windows now!"

Turning towards the marble table he perceived that the performance was at a standstill. It was precisely the moment when Jupiter should have appeared with his thunderbolt; but Jupiter was standing stock-still at the foot of the stage.

"Michel Giborne!" cried the incensed poet, "mind thy business! what art thou doing? make haste up!"

"Alas!" replied Jupiter, "one of the scholars has run away with the ladder."

Gringoire looked: it was too true. The communication with the stage was completely cut off. "The varlet!" murmured he. "And why did he take the ladder?"

"To go and see Esmeralda," answered Jupiter, in a doleful tone. "'Stay,' said he, 'here's a ladder that's of no use,' and off he scampered with it."

This was the final blow. Gringoire received it with resignation.

"The devil take you!" said he to the performers. "If I am paid you shall be."

With downcast looks he then made his retreat, but not till the very last, like a general who has been soundly beaten. "A pretty pack of asses and boobies are these Parisians!" he muttered between his teeth as he descended the winding staircase of the Palais. "They come to hear a mystery, and will not listen to it. They will pay attention to everything and everybody—to Clopin Trouillefou, to the Cardinal, to Coppenole, to Quasimodo! but on the Holy Virgin they have none to bestow. Had I known, ye gaping oafs, I should have given you Virgin Maries, I warrant me! Turn your backs on such a piece! Homer, it is true, begged his bread in the Greek towns; and Naso died in exile among the Muscovites. But the fiend fly away with me if I comprehend what they mean by their Esmeralda. And what kind of word is it to begin with? It is surely Egyptian!"

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

FROM CHARYBDIS TO SCYLLA.

DARKNESS comes on early in January. The streets were already growing dim when Gringoire quitted the Palais. This nightfall pleased him; he longed to reach some obscure and out-of-the-way street, where he might meditate at his ease, and that the philosopher might lay the first unction to the wound of the poet. Besides, philosophy was now his only refuge; for he knew not where to find a lodging for the night. After the signal miscarriage of his first dramatic attempt, he dared not return to that which he occupied in the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau, opposite to the Port-au-Foin; having relied upon what the provost was to give him for his epithalamium to enable him to pay to Maître Guillaume Doulx-Sire, farmer of the duty upon cloven-footed beasts brought into Paris, the six months' rent which he owed him, that is to say, twelve sols parisis, twelve times the value of all he possessed in the world, including his breeches, his shirt, and his bicoquet hat. After considering, then, for a moment, provisionally sheltered under the wicket-gate of the prison belonging to the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle, as to what place of lodging he should select for the night, all the pavements of Paris being at his service, he recollected having espied, the week before, in the Rue de la Savaterie, at the door of a counsellor to the parliament, a footstone for mounting on mule-back, and having said to himself that this stone might serve upon occasion as an excellent pillow for a beggar or a poet. He thanked Providence for having sent him this happy idea; but as he was preparing to cross the Place du Palais in order to reach the tortuous labyrinth of the City, formed by the windings of all those sister streets, the Rue de la Barillerie, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie, Rue de la Savaterie, Rue de la Juiverie, etc., which are yet standing, with their houses of nine stories, he saw the procession of the Fools'

Pope, which was also issuing from the Palais, and rushing across the Place with loud cries, with great glare of torches, and with Gringoire's own band of music. This sight revived his anguish, and he fled away from it. In the bitterness of his dramatic misadventure, everything which recalled to his mind the festival of the day irritated his wound, and made it bleed afresh.

He turned to cross the Pont Saint-Michel, but found boys running up and down it with squibs and crackers.

"A plague on the fireworks!" said Gringoire; and he turned back upon the Pont-au-Change. There were attached to the front of the houses at the entrance of the bridge, three drapels or pieces of painted cloth, representing the king, the dauphin, and Margaret of Flanders; and six smaller pieces of drapelets, on which were portrayed the Duke of Austria, and the Cardinal de Bourbon, and Monsieur de Beaujeu, and Madame Jeanne of France, and Monsieur the bastard of Bourbon, and we know not who besides, all lighted by torches—and a crowd stood admiring them.

"Happy painter, Jeanne Fourbault!" said Gringoire with a heavy sigh; and he turned his back upon the drapels and drapelets. A street lay before him; and it seemed so dark and forsaken, that he hoped there to forgét all his mental sufferings by escaping every ray of the illuminations, and he plunged down it accordingly. He had not gone far before he struck his foot against some obstacle, stumbled and fell. It was the bundle of may which the clerks of the basoche had placed in the morning at the door of a president of the parliament in honour of the day. Gringoire bore this new accident heroically; he arose, and reached the water-side. After leaving behind him the Tournelle Civile and the Tour Criminelle, and passing along by the great wall of the king's gardens, on that unpaved strand in which he sank to the ankles in mud, he arrived at the western point of the City, and gazed for some time upon the small island of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, or ferryman of the cows, which has since disappeared under the brazen horse and the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The islet appeared to his eyes in the darkness as a black mass beyond the narrow stream of whitish water which separated him from it. He could discern upon it, by the rays of a small glimmering light, a sort of hut in the form of a beehive, in which the ferryman sheltered himself during the night.

"Happy ferryman!" thought Gringoire, "thou dreamest not of glory! thou writest not epithalamiums!—what are royal

marriages, of Duchesses of Burgundy, to thee! Thou knowest no Marguerites but the daisies which thy April greensward gives thy cows to crop!—while I, a poet, am (hooted—and shiver—and owe twelve sous—and my shoe-sole is so transparent that thou mightest use it to glaze thy lantern! I thank thee, ferryman! thy cabin gives rest to my eyes, and makes me forget Paris!"

He was awakened from his almost lyric ecstasy by a great double Saint John's rocket (so called from the custom of discharging it on Saint John's day) which suddenly issued from the blessed cabin. It was the ferryman himself, taking his share in the festivities of the day, and letting off his firework.

This rocket made Gringoire's hair stand on end.

"Oh, cursed holiday!" cried he, "wilt thou follow me, everywhere—oh, my God! even to the ferryman's hut?"

Then he looked upon the Seine at his feet, and felt a horrible temptation.

"Oh!" said he, "how gladly would I drown myself—if the water were not so cold!"

Then he took a desperate resolution. It was—since he found that he could not escape the fools' pope, Jehan Fourbault's paintings, the bundles of may, the squibs and the rockets—to plunge boldly into the very heart of the illumination, and go to the Place de Grêve.

"At least," thought he, "I shall perhaps get a brand there to warm my fingers; and I shall manage to sup on some morsel from the three great chests of sugar plums that will have been set out there on the public side-board of the town."

CHAPTER II.

THE PLACE DE GREVE.

THERE now remains but a very small and scarcely perceptible vestige of the Place de Grève, such as it existed formerly; and that is, the charming turret which occupies the northern angle of the Place, and which, already buried under the ignoble washing which encrusts the delicate lines of its carving, will soon, perhaps, have totally disappeared, under that increase of new houses which is so rapidly consuming all the old fronts in Paris.

Those who, like ourselves, never pass over the Place de Grève

without casting a look of pity and sympathy on this poor turret, squeezed between two paltry houses of the time of Louis XV., can easily reconstruct in their mind's eye the assemblage of edifices to which it belonged, and thus imagine themselves in the old Gothic Place of the fifteenth century.

It was then, as now, an irregular square, bounded on one side by the quay, and on the three others by a series of lofty houses, narrow and gloomy. In the day-time you might admire the variety of these buildings, all carved in stone or in wood, and already presenting complete specimens of the various kinds of domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, going back from the fifteenth to the eleventh century—from the perpendicular window which was beginning to supersede the Gothic, to the circular arch which the Gothic had supplanted, and which still occupied underneath it the first story of that ancient house of the Tour-Rolland or Roland's Tower, at the angle of the Place adjoining to the Seine, on the side of the Rue de la Tannerie. By night, nothing was distinguishable of that mass of buildings but the black indentation of their line of gables, extending its range of acute angles round three sides of the Place. For it is one of the essential differences between the towns of that day and those of the present, that now it is the fronts of the houses that look to the squares and streets, but then it was the backs. For two centuries past they have been turned fairly around.

In the centre of the eastern side of the Place rose a heavy and heterogeneous pile formed by three masses of buildings in juxtaposition. The whole was called by three several names, expressing its history, its purpose, and its architecture; it was called the Maison-au-Dauphin, or Dauphin's House, because Charles V., when dauphin, had lived in it—the Marchandise, because it was used as the Hôtel-de-Ville, or Town House—and the Maison-aux-Piliers (*domus ad piloria*) or Pillared House, on account of a series of large pillars which supported its three stories. The Town had there all that a good town like Paris wants; a chapel to pray in; a plaidoyer, or court-room, for holding magisterial sittings, and, on occasion, reprimanding the king's officers; and, at the top of all, a magazine stored with artillery and ammunition. For the good people of Paris, well knowing that it was not sufficient, in every emergency, to plead and to pray for the franchises of their city, had always in reserve, in the garrets of the Hôtel-de-Ville some few good rusty arquebusses or other.

La Grève (as this ancient square was familiarly and elliptically

called) had then that sinister aspect which it still derives from the execrable ideas which it awakens, and from the gloomy-looking Hôtel-de-Ville, of Dominique Bocador's erection, which has taken the place of the Maison-aux-Piliers. It must be observed that a permanent gibbet and pillory, a justice and an échelle, as they were then called, erected side by side in the middle of the square, contributed not a little to make the passenger avert his eyes from this fatal spot, where so many beings in full life and health had suffered their last agony; and which was to give birth, fifty years later, to that St. Vallier's fever, as it was called, that terror of the scaffold, the most monstrous of all maladies, because it is inflicted not by the hand of God, but by that of man.

"It is consolatory," here observes our author, "to reflect that the punishment of death, which, three centuries back, still encumbered with its iron wheels, with its stone gibbets, with all its apparatus for execution permanently fixed in the ground, the Grève, the Halles, the Place Dauphine, the Croix du Trahoir, the Marché aux Pourceaux, or Hog Market, the hideous Montfauçon, the Barrière des Sergens, the Place aux Chats, the Porte Saint-Denis, Champeaux, the Porte Baudets, the Porte Saint-Jacques,—not to mention the innumerable échelles of the provosts, of the bishop, of the chapters, of the abbots, of the priors having justice—not to mention the judicial drownings in the River Seine—it is consolatory to reflect that now, after losing, one after another, every piece of her panoply—her profusion of executions—her refined and fanciful torments—her torture, for applying which she made afresh every five years a bed of leather in the Grand-Châtelet,—this old queen of feudal society, nearly thrust out of our laws and of our towns, tracked from code to code, driven from place to place, now possesses, in our vast metropolis of Paris, but one dishonoured corner of the Grève—but one miserable guillotine—stealthy—anxious—ashamed—which seems always afraid of being taken in the fact, so quickly does it disappear after giving its blow."

CHAPTER III.

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

WHEN Pierre Gringoire arrived at the Place de Grève, he was in a shiver. He had gone over the Pont-aux-Meuniers, or Miller's Bridge, to avoid the crowd on the Pont-au-Change and Jehan Fourbault's drapelets; but the wheels of all the bishop's mills had splashed him as he went by, so that his coat was wet through; and he thought that the fate of his piece had rendered him yet more chilly. Accordingly, he hastened towards the bonfire which was burning magnificently in the middle of the Place, but a considerable crowd encircled it.

"You damned Parisians!" said he to himself (for Gringoire, like a true dramatic poet, was subject to monologues), "so, now you keep me from the fire! And yet I've some occasion for a chimney-corner. My shoes let in wet—and then, all those cursed mills have been raining upon me. The devil take the Bishop of Paris with his mills! I wonder what a bishop can do with a mill! Does he expect, from being a bishop, to turn miller? If he only wants my malediction to do so, I heartily give it him, and his cathedral, and his mills! Let us see, now, if any of those cockneys will stand aside. What are they doing there all this while? Warming themselves—a fine pleasure, truly! Looking at a hundred logs burning—a fine sight, to be sure!"

On looking nearer, however, he perceived that the circle was much wider than was requisite to warm themselves comfortably at the bonfire, and that this concourse of spectators was not attracted solely by the beauty of a hundred blazing logs.

In a wide space left clear between the fire and the crowd, a young girl was dancing. Whether she was a human being, a fairy, or an angel, was what Gringoire, skeptical philosopher and ironical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so much was he fascinated by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, but the elasticity of her slender shape made her appear so. She was brown; but it was evident that, in the daylight, her complexion would have that golden glow seen upon the women of Andalusia and of the Roman States. Her small foot, too, was Andalusian; for it was at once tight and easy in its light and graceful shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling upon an old Persian carpet spread negligently under her feet;

and each time that, in turning round, her radiant countenance passed before you, her large black eyes seemed to flash upon you.

Around, every look was fixed upon her, every mouth was open; and, indeed, while she was dancing thus, to the sound of the tambourine which her two round and delicate arms lifted aloft above her head—slender, fragile, brisk, as a wasp in the sunshine—with her golden corset without a plait—her parti-coloured skirt swelling out below her slender waist—her bare shoulders—her fine-formed legs, of which her dress gave momentary glimpses—her black hair and her sparkling eyes—she looked like something more than human.

"Truly," thought Gringoire, "'tis a salamander—a nymph—a goddess—a bacchante of Mount Mænalus!"

At that moment one of the braids of the salamander's hair came undone, and a small piece of brass that had been attached to it rolled upon the ground.

"Ah! no," said he, it's a gypsy." All the illusion had disappeared.

She resumed her dance. She took up from the ground two swords, the points of which she supported upon her forehead, making them turn in one position while she turned in the other. It was indeed no other than a gypsy. Yet, disenchanted as Gringoire found himself, the scene, taken altogether, was not without its charm, not without its magic. The bonfire cast upon her a red flaring light, which flickered brightly upon the circle of faces of the crowd and the brown forehead of the girl, and, at the extremities of the Place threw a pale reflection, mingled with the wavering of their shadows—on one side, upon the old dark wrinkled front of the Maison-aux-Piliers—on the other, upon the stone arms of the gibbet.

Among the thousand visages which this light tinged with scarlet, there was one which seemed to be more than all the rest absorbed in the contemplation of the dancer. It was the face of a man, austere, calm, and sombre. This man, whose dress was hidden by the crowd that surrounded him, seemed to be not more than thirty-five years of age; yet he was bald, having only a few thin tufts of hair about his temples, which were already gray; his broad and high forehead was beginning to be furrowed with wrinkles; but in his deep-sunken eyes there shone an extraordinary youth, an ardent animation, a depth of passion. He kept them constantly fixed upon the gypsy; and while the sportive girl of sixteen was dancing and bounding to the delight of all, his reverie seemed to grow more and more gloomy. From time to

time a smile and a sigh encountered each other on his lips, but the smile was yet more dismal than the sigh.

The girl, having at length danced herself quite out of breath, stopped, and the people applauded with fondness.

"Djali!" cried the gipsy.

Gringoire then saw come up to her a little white she-goat, lively, brisk, and glossy, with gilt horns, gilt feet, and a gilt collar, which he had not before observed; as, until that moment it had been lying squat upon one corner of the carpet, looking at its mistress dance.

"Djali," said the dancer, "it's your turn now;" and sitting down, she gracefully held out her tambourine to the goat. "Djali," she continued, "what month of the year is this?"

The animal lifted its fore foot and struck one stroke upon the tambourine. It was, in fact, the first month of the year. The crowd applauded.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, turning her tambourine another way, "what day of the month is it?"

Djali lifted her little golden foot, and struck six times upon the tambourine.

"Djali!" said the gypsy, each time altering the position of the tambourine, "what hour of the day is it?"

Djali struck seven strokes, and at that very moment the clock of the Maison-aux-Piliers struck seven. The people were wonderstruck.

"There is witchcraft in all that," said a sinister voice in the crowd. It was that of the bald man who had his eyes constantly upon the gipsy.

She shuddered and turned away. But the plaudits burst forth and smothered the sullen exclamation. Indeed, they so completely effaced it from her mind, that she continued to interrogate her goat.

"Djali!" said she, "how does Maître Guichard Grand-Remy, captain of the town pistoliers, go in the procession at Candelmas?"

Djali reared up her hind legs and began to bleat, marching at the same time with so seemly a gravity, that the whole circle of spectators burst into a laugh at this mimicry of the self-interested devotion of the captain of pistoliers.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, emboldened by this increased success, "how does Maître Jacques Charmolue, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—how does he preach?"

The goat sat down upon his posteriors and began to bleat,

shaking its fore-paws after so strange a fashion, that, with the exception of the bad French and worse Latin of the preacher, it was Jacques Charmolue to the life, gesture, accent, and attitude; and the crowd applauded with all their might.

"Sacrilege! profanation!" cried the voice of the bald-headed man.

The gypsy turned away once more. "Ah!" said she, "it's that odious man!" Then putting out her lower lip beyond her upper, she made a little pouting grimace which seemed familiar to her, turned upon her heel, and began to collect in her tambourine the contributions of the multitude.

All sorts of small coins, grands blancs, petits blancs, targes, liards, à l'aigle, were now showered upon her. In taking her round, she all at once came before Gringoire; and as he, in perfect absence of mind, put his hand into his pocket, she stopped, expecting something. "Diable!" exclaimed the poet, finding at the bottom of his pocket the reality, that is to say, nothing at all; the pretty girl standing before him all the while, looking at him with her large eyes, holding out her tambourine, and waiting. Gringoire perspired profusely. Had all Peru been in his pocket, he would assuredly have given it to the dancer; but Gringoire had not Peru in his pocket—nor, indeed, was America yet discovered.

Fortunately an unexpected incident came to his relief. "Wilt thou be gone, thou Egyptian locust?" cried a harsh voice from the darkest corner of the Place. The girl turned away affrighted. This was not the voice of the ball-headed man; it was the voice of a woman—it was one, too, of devotion and of malice.

However, this cry, which frightened the gipsy, highly delighted a troop of children that were rambling about there. "It's the recluse of the Tour-Rolland," cried they with inordinate bursts of laughter—"it's the sachette that's scolding. Hasn't she had her supper? Let's carry her something from the town sideboard." And they all ran towards the Maison-aux-Piliers.

Meanwhile, Gringoire availed himself of this disturbance of the dancer to disappear among the crowd. The shouts of the children reminded him that he too had not supped. He therefore hastened to the public buffet or sideboard. But the little rogues had better legs than he, and when he arrived they had cleared the table. They had not even left one wretched camichon at five sous the pound. There was nothing now against the wall, but the light fleurs-de-lys intermingled with

rose-trees painted there in 1434 by Mathieu Biterne; and they offered but a meagre supper.

'Tis an unpleasant thing, after going without one's dinner, to go to bed supperless. 'Tis less gratifying still, to go without one's supper, and not know where to go to bed. Yet so it was with Gringoire. Without food, without lodging, he found himself pressed by Necessity on every side, and he thought Necessity very ungracious. He had long discovered this truth—that Jupiter created man in a fit of misanthropy, and that throughout the life of the wisest man his destiny keeps his philosophy in a state of siege. For his own part, he had never found the blockade so complete. He heard his stomach sound a parley, and he thought it very ill ordained, that his evil destiny should reduce his philosophy by simple starvation. He was sinking more and more deeply into this melancholy reverie, when he was suddenly startled from it by the sound of a fantastically warbling voice. It was the young gipsy singing.

Her voice had the same character as her dance and as her beauty. It had an undefinable charm—something clear, sonorous, aërial—winged, as it were. There was a continued succession of swells, of melodies, of unexpected falls—then simple strains, interspersed with sharp and whistling notes—then a running over the gamut that would have bewildered a nightingale, yet ever harmonious—then soft octave undulations, which rose and fell like the bosom of the youthful songstress. The expression of her fine countenance followed with singular flexibility every capricious variation of her song, from the wildest inspiration to the most chastened dignity. She seemed now all frolic, and now all majesty.

The words that she sang were in Spanish, a language unintelligible to Gringoire, and which seemed to be unknown to herself, so little did the expression which she gave in singing correspond with the sense of the words. For instance, she gave four lines, from an old ballad of the time of the Moors, with the most sportive gaiety—and after that another, but more after the style of a stanza.

Gringoire felt the tears come to his eyes. Yet joyfulness predominated in her tones, and she seemed to warble, like a bird, from pure lightness of heart.

Her singing had disturbed Gringoire's reverie, but it was as the swan disturbs the water. He listened to it with a sort of ravishment and forgetfulness of everything else. It was the first moment, for several hours, in which he felt no suffering.

The moment was a short one, the same female voice which had interrupted the gypsy's dance, now interrupted her song. "Wilt thou be silent, thou hell cricket?" it cried, still from the same dark corner of the Place.

The poor cricket stopped short, and Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh!" he cried, "thou cursed, broken-toothed saw, that comest to break the lyre!"

The rest of the bystanders murmured like himself. "The devil take the sachette!" cried some of them. And the old invisible disturber might have found cause to repent of her attacks upon the gypsy, had not their attention been diverted at that moment by the procession of the Fools' Pope, which, after traversing many a street, was now debouching upon the Place de Grève, with all its torches and all its clamour.

The procession, which our readers have seen take its departure from the Palais, had organized itself on the way, and been recruited with all the ragamuffins, the unemployed thieves, and disposable vagabonds in Paris, so that when it reached the Grève it presented a most respectable aspect.

First of all marched the tribes of Egypt. The Duke of Egypt was at their head, with his counts on foot, holding his bridle and stirrup; behind them came the Egyptians, men and women, pell-mell, with their little children squalling upon their shoulders; all of them, dukes, counts, and people, covered with rags and tinsel. Then followed the kingdom of Argot, that is, all the rest of the vagabond community, arranged in bands according to the order of their dignities, the moines or monks walking first. Thus marched on, four abreast, with the different insignia of their degrees in that strange faculty, most of them crippled in some way or other—some limping, some with only one hand—the courtaux de boutanche, the coquillarts, the hubins, the sabouleux, the calots, the francmitoux, the polissons, the piètres, the capons, the malingreux, the rifodés, the marcandiers, the narquois, the orphelins, the archisuppôts, the cagoux—denominations enough to have wearied Homer himself to enumerate, and some explanation of which will occur as we proceed. It was with some difficulty that you could discern, in the centre of the band of cagoux and archisuppôts, the King of Argot himself, the grand-coësre, as he was called, sitting squat in a little waggon drawn by two large dogs. After the nation of the Argotiers came Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of the empire of Galilee, who walked majestically in his grand robe of purple stained with wine, preceded by mummers dancing warlike dances,

and surrounded by his mace-bearers, his suppôts, and the clerks of the chambre des comptes. Lastly came the members of the basoche, with their garlanded maypoles, their black gowns, their music, worthy of a witches' meeting, and their great candles of yellow wax In the centre of this latter crowd, the great officers of the brotherhood of Fools bore upon their shoulders a brancard, or chair carried upon poles, more loaded with wax-tapers than was the shrine of St. Geneviève in time of pestilence; and upon this chair shone, crosiered, and mitred, the new Fools' Pope, the ringer of Notre-Dame, Quasimodo the hunchback.

Each division of this grotesque procession had its particular music. The Egyptians sounded their balafos and their African tambourines. The Argotiers, a very unmusical race, had advanced no further than the viol, the bugle-horn, and the Gothic rubebbe of the twelfth century. The empire of Galilee had not made much greater progress. You could but just distinguish in its music some wretched rebeck of the infancy of the art still confined to the re, la, mi. But it was around the Fools' Pope that were displayed, in magnificent discordance, all the musical riches of the age; there were rebeck trebles, rebeck tenors, and rebeck counter-tenors; not to mention the flutes and the cuivres. Alas! our readers will recollect that it was poor Gringoire's orchestra.

It is not easy to give an idea of the expression of proud and beatific satisfaction, to which the melancholy and hideous visage of Quasimodo had attained in the journey from the Palais to the Grève. It was the first feeling of self-love that he had ever enjoyed. He had hitherto experienced nothing but humiliation, disdain for his condition, disgust for his person. So that, deaf as he was, he nevertheless relished, like a true pope, the acclamations of that crowd whom he hated because he felt himself hated by them. What though his people were a people of fools, an assemblage of cripples, thieves, and beggars—still they were a people, and he was a sovereign. And he took in earnest all the ironical applause and mock reverence which they gave him; with which, at the same time, we must not forget to observe that there was mingled, in the midst of the crowd, a degree of fear perfectly real; for the hunch-back was strong; though bow-legged, he was active; though deaf, he was malicious—three qualities which have the effect of moderating ridicule.

However, the new Pope of the Fools analyzed the feelings which he experienced, and those which he inspired, we by no means imagine. The spirit that was lodged in that misshapen

body, was necessarily itself incomplete and dull of hearing; so that what it felt at that moment was to itself absolutely vague, indistinct, and confused. Only, joy beamed through, and pride predominated. Around that dismal and unhappy countenance there was a perfect radiance.

It was, therefore, not without surprise and dread that all at once, at the moment when Quasimodo, in that state of demi-intoxication, was passing triumphantly before the Maison-aux-Piliers, a man was seen to issue from the crowd, and, with an angry gesture, snatched from his hands his crosier of gilt wood, the ensign of his mock papacy.

The person who had this temerity was the man with the bald forehead, who, the moment before, standing in the crowd that encircled the gypsy, had chilled the poor girl's blood with his words of menace and hatred. He was in an ecclesiastical dress. The moment he stood forth from the crowd, he was recognized by Gringoire, who had not before observed him. "What!" said he, with a cry of astonishment. "Why, 'tis my master in Hermes, Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon! What the devil can he want with that one-eyed brute? He's going to get himself devoured!"

Indeed, a cry of terror proceeded from the multitude. The formidable Quasimodo had leaped down from his chair; and the women turned away their eyes, that they might not see him tear the archdeacon to pieces.

He made one bound towards the priest, looked in his face, and then fell upon his knees, before him. The priest snatched his tiara from his head, broke his crosier, and rent his tinsel cope Quasimodo remained upon his knees, bowed down his head, and clasped his hands. They then entered into a strange dialogue of signs and gestures, for neither of them uttered a word; the priest erect, angry, threatening, imperious; Quasimodo prostrate, humble, suppliant. And yet it is certain that Quasimodo could have crushed the priest with a single gripe. At last the priest, roughly shaking Quasimodo's powerful shoulder, made him a sign to rise and follow him, and Quasimodo rose accordingly.

Then the brotherhood of Fools, their first amazement being over, offered to defend their pope, thus abruptly dethroned. The Egyptians, the Argotiers, and all the Basoche, came yelping round the priest. But Quasimodo, placing himself before the priest, put the muscles of his athletic fists in play, and faced the assailants, gnashing his teeth like an enraged tiger. The priest resumed his sombre gravity, made a sign to Quasimodo, and with-

drew in silence. Quasimodo walked before him, scattering the crowd as he passed along.

When they had made their way through the populace and crossed the Place, the mob of the curious and the idle offered to follow them. Quasimodo then placed himself in the rear, and followed the archdeacon backwards, looking squat, snarling, monstrous, shaggy, gathering up his limbs, licking his tusks, growling like a wild beast, and impressing immense vibrations on the crowd by a mere look or gesture.

At length they both plunged down a dark narrow street, into which no one ventured after them; so effectually was its entrance barred by the mere image of Quasimodo gnashing his teeth.

"All this is wonderful enough," said Gringoire to himself, "but where the devil shall I find a supper?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE DANGER OF FOLLOWING A PRETTY WOMAN.

GRINGOIRE, at a venture, had set himself to follow the gypsy girl. He had seen her, with her goat, turn down the Rue de la Contellerie; and, accordingly, he turned into the Rue de la Contellerie likewise—"Why not?" said he to himself.

As a practical philosopher of the streets of Paris, Gringoire had remarked that nothing is more favourable to the state of reverie than to follow a pretty woman without knowing whither she is going. In this voluntary abdication of one's free-will—in this fancy subjecting itself to the fancy of another, while that other is totally unconscious of it—there is a mixture of fantastic independence with blind obedience, a something intermediate between slavery and freedom which was pleasing to the mind of Gringoire, a mind essentially mixed, undecided, and complex—holding the medium between all extremes—in constant suspense amongst all human propensities, and neutralizing one of them by another. He likened himself with satisfaction to the tomb of Mahomet, attracted by the two lodestones in opposite directions, and hesitating eternally between the top and the bottom, between the roof and the pavement, between fall and ascension, between the zenith and the nadir.

Had Gringoire been living in our time, what a fine medium, what a *juste milieu*, he would have kept between the classic and

ne romantic! But he was not primitive enough to live three hundred years; and 'tis really a pity. His absence leaves a void which, in these days of ours, is but too sensibly felt.

He walked along, therefore, all pensive, behind the young girl, who quickened her step, making her pretty little four-footed companion trot beside her, as she saw the townspeople reaching home, and the taverns shutting up, the only shops that had been opened that day. "After all," he half thought to himself, "she must have a lodging somewhere—the gypsy women have good hearts—who knows?"—And there were some points of suspension about which he went on weaving this web in his mind—certain very-flattering ideas, or shadows of ideas.

Meanwhile, at intervals, as he passed by the last groups of bourgeois closing their doors, he caught some fragment of their conversation, then farther on, there were two good female neighbours, talking to each other through their windows with candles in their hands that glimmed through the fog.

And as the windows were shut again, Gringoire had completely lost the thread of his ideas, but he soon however recovered himself at the sight of the gypsy girl and of Djali, who were still trotting on before him, two slender, delicate, and charming creatures, whose small feet, pretty figures, and graceful motion she gazed at with admiration, almost confounding them together in his contemplation; their common intelligence and mutual affection seeming those of two young girls; while for their light, quick, graceful step, they might have been both young hinds.

Meanwhile, the streets were every moment becoming darker and more solitary. The curfew had long ceased to ring, and now it was only at long intervals that a person passed you on the pavement, or a light was to be seen at a window. Gringoire, in following the gypsy, had involved himself in that inextricable labyrinth of alleys, courts, and crossings which surrounds the ancient sepulchre of the Holy Innocents. "Very illogical streets, in truth!" muttered Gringoire, quite lost in the thousand windings which seemed continually to be turning back upon themselves, but through which the girl followed a track that seemed to be well known to her, and with a pace of increasing rapidity. For his own part, he would have been perfectly ignorant as to his "whereabout," had he not observed, at the bend of a street, the octagonal mass of the pillory of the Halles, the perforated top of which traced its dark outline upon a solitary patch of light yet visible in a window of the Rue Verdelet.

A few minutes before, his step had attracted the girl's atten-

tion: she had several times turned her head towards him, as if with uneasiness: once, too, she had stopped short; had availed herself of a ray of light that escaped from a half-open bakehouse, to survey him steadily from head to foot; then, with a little frown she had gone on without more ado.

This same little frown furnished Gringoire with a subject of reflection. There certainly was disdain and mockery in that pretty little grimace. So that he was beginning to hang down his head, to count the paving-stones, and to follow the girl at a rather greater distance; when, just after she had made a turn into a street which took her for a moment out of his sight, he heard a piercing shriek.

He quickened his pace. The street was quite dark. However, a twist of tow steeped in oil, which was burning in a sort of iron cage, at the foot of a statue of the Virgin at the corner of the street, enabled Gringoire to discern the gypsy struggling in the arms of two men, who were endeavouring to stifle her cries, while the poor little goat, all wild with affright, hung down its head, bleating.

"Hither! hither! gentlemen of the watch!" cried Gringoire; and he advanced bravely. One of the men who had laid hold of the girl, turned toward him. It was the formidable visage of Quasimodo. Gringoire did not fly—but he did not advance another step.

Quasimodo came up to him, threw him four paces off upon the pavement with a backstroke of his hand, and plunged rapidly into the darkness, bearing off the girl, her figure drooping over his arm almost as flexibly as a silken scarf. His companion followed him, and the poor goat ran behind with its plaintive bleat.

"Murder! murder!" cried the unfortunate gypsy.

"Stand, there! you scoundrels! and let that wench go!" was all at once heard in a voice of thunder, from a horseman, who suddenly made his appearance from the neighbouring crossway.

It was a captain of that description of household troops which were still called archers (from the crossbows which they carried before the invention of fire-arms), armed cap-à-pie, with his espadon, or great two-edged sword in his hand. He snatched the gypsy from the grasp of the amazed Quasimodo, laid her across his saddle; and, at the moment when the redoubtable hunchback, having recovered from his surprise, was rushing upon him to seize his prey a second time, fifteen or sixteen archers, who followed close upon their captain, made their appearance,

each brandishing his broadsword. They were a detachment going the counter-watch, by order of d'Estouteville, keeper of the provostry of Paris.

Quasimodo was surrounded, seized, and bound. He roared, he foamed, he bit; and had it been daylight, no doubt his visage alone, rendered yet more hideous by rage, would have put the whole detachment to flight. But being in the dark, he was disarmed of his most formidable weapon, his ugliness. His companion had disappeared during the struggle.

The gypsy girl gracefully gained her seat upon the officer's saddle; leaned both her hands upon the young man's shoulders, and looked fixedly at him for a few seconds, as if delighted with his fine countenance and the effectual succour he had rendered her. Then speaking first, and making her sweet voice still sweeter, she said to him, "Monsieur le gendarme, what is your name?"

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my fair one," said the officer, drawing himself up.

"Thank you," said she.

And while Captain Phœbus was curling his moustache *à la Bourguignonne*, she glided down from the horse like an arrow falling to the ground, and fled with the speed of lightning.

"*Nombril du Pape!*" exclaimed the captain, while he made them tighten the bands upon the limbs of Quasimodo, "I'd rather have kept the wench."

"Why, captain," said one of the gendarmes, "what would you have? The linnet is flown—we've made sure of the bat."

CHAPTER V.

SEQUEL TO THE DANGER.

GRINGOIRE, quite stunned with his fall, had remained stretched upon the pavement before the good Virgin at the corner of the street. By degrees, however, he recovered his senses. At first, he was for some minutes in a sort of half-somnolent reverie, which was not altogether disagreeable, and in which the airy figures of the gypsy and the goat were confounded in his imagination with the weight of Quasimodo's fist. This state of his feelings, however, was of short duration. A very lively impression of cold upon that part of his body which was in contact with the

ground, suddenly awoke him, and brought back his mind to the surface. "Whence is this coolness that I feel?" said he hastily to himself. He then perceived that he lay somewhere about the middle of the gutter.

"The devil take the humpbacked Cyclop!" grumbled he, and he strove to get up. But he was too much stunned, and too much bruised; so that he was forced to remain where he was. Having, however, the free use of his hand, he stopped his nose, and resigned himself to his situation.

"The mud of Paris," thought he (for he now believed it to be decided that the kennel was to be his lodging,) "the mud of Paris is particularly offensive. It must contain a large proportion of volatile and nitrous salts. Such too is the opinion of Maître Nicholas Flamel and the hermetics."

This word hermetics reminded him of the Archdeacon Claude Frollo. He reflected on the scene of violence of which he had just before had a glimpse; that he had seen the gypsy struggling between two men; that Quasimodo had a companion with him; and the sullen and haughty countenance of the archdeacon floated confusedly in his recollection. "That would be strange," thought he; and then, with this datum and upon this basis, he began to rear the fantastic framework of hypothesis, that house of cards of the philosophers; then suddenly returning once more to reality, "Oh, I freeze!" he cried.

The position was in fact becoming less and less tenable. Each particle of water in the channel carried off a particle of caloric from the loins of Gringoire; and an equality of temperature between his body and the fluid that ran under it was beginning to establish itself without mercy.

All at once he was assailed by an annoyance of quite a different nature. A troop of children, of those little barefooted savages that have in all times run about the streets of Paris, with the everlasting name of gamins, "and who," says our author, "when we were children also, used to throw stones at us all as we were leaving school in the evening, because our trowsers were not torn,"—a swarm of these young rogues ran to the crossway where Gringoire was lying, laughing and shouting in a manner that showed very little concern about the sleep of the neighbours. They were dragging after them some sort of a shapeless pack; and the noise of their wooden shoes alone was enough to waken the dead. Gringoire, who was not quite dead yet, half raised himself up.

"Hollo! Hennequin Dandèche! Hollo! Jehan Pince-

bourde!" cried they as loud as they could bawl; "old Eustache Moubon, the old ironseller at the corner, is just dead. "We've got his straw mattress, and we're going to make a bonfire with it. This is the Flamings' day!"

And so saying, they threw down the mattress precisely upon Gringoire, whom they had come up to without perceiving him. At the same time one of them took a handful of straw, and went to light it at the Blessed Virgin's torch.

"Hold!" cried Gringoire, as he saw the danger he was likely to be in. The moment was critical. He was about to be fixed between fire and water. He made a supernatural effort to escape when they were going to boil him to death. He rose up, threw back the mattress upon the gamins, and took to his heels.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the boys, "it's the old ironseller's ghost!" And they too ran away.

The mattress remained master of the field. Those judicious historians, Belleforêt, Father Le Juge, and Corrozet, assure us that the next morning it was taken up with great solemnity by the clergy of that part of the town, and carried in great pomp to the treasury of Sainte-Opportune's church, where, until the year 1789, the sacristan drew a very handsome income from the great miracle worked by the statue of the Virgin at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, which, by its presence alone, in the memorable night between the 6th and the 7th of January, 1482, had exorcised the deceased Jehan Moubon, who, to cheat the devil, had, when dying, slyly hidden his soul within his mattress.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROKEN LIMB.

AFTER running for some time as fast as his legs would carry him, without knowing whither, whisking round many a corner, striding over many a gutter, traversing many a court and alley, seeking flight and passage through all the meanders of the old pavement of the Halles, exploring what are called in the elegant Latin of the charters *tota via, cheminum, et viaria*, our poet all at once made a halt, first because he was out of breath, and then because a dilemma had suddenly arisen in his mind. "It seems to me, Maître Pierre Gringoire," said he to himself, applying his finger to his forehead, "that you are running all this while like a

brainless fellow that you are. The little rogues were no less afraid of you than you were of them—it seems to me, I say, that you heard the clatter of their wooden shoes running away southward while you were running away northward. Now, one of two things must have taken place; either they have run away, and then the mattress which they must have forgotten in their fright is precisely that hospitable couch after which you have been hunting ever since the morning, and which the Lady Virgin miraculously sends you to reward you for having composed, in honour of her, a morality, accompanied with triumphs and mummeries—or the boys have not run away, and in that case they will have set a light to the mattress, and that will be exactly the excellent fire that you're in want of, to comfort, warm, and dry you. In either case—good bed or good fire—the mattress is a present from heaven. The ever-blessed Virgin Mary that stands at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, perhaps caused Jehan Moubon to die for the very purpose; and 'tis folly in you to scamper away at such a rate, like a Picard running from a Frenchman, leaving behind you what you are running forward to seek—blockhead that you are!"

Then he began to retrace his steps, and ferreting about to discover where he was—snuffing the wind, and laying down his ears—he strove to find his way back to the blessed mattress—but in vain. All was intersections of houses, courts, and clustering streets, amongst which he incessantly doubted and hesitated, more entangled in that strange network of dark alleys than he would have been in the labyrinth of the Hôtel des Tournelles itself. At length he lost patience, and vehemently exclaimed, "A curse upon the crossings! the devil himself has made them after the image of his pitchfork!"

This exclamation relieved him a little; and a sort of reddish reflection, which he at that moment discovered at the end of a long and very narrow street, completed the restoration of his courage. "God be praised," said he, "there it is! There is my blazing mattress!" And, likening himself to the pilot foundering in the night-time, "*Salve*," added he, piously, "*salve, maris stella!*"

Did he address this fragment of a litany to the Holy Virgin, or to the straw mattress? We really can not say.

He had no sooner advanced a few paces down the long street or lane, which was on a declivity, unpaved, descending quicker and becoming more miry the farther he proceeded, than he observed something very singular. The street was not quite soli-

tary; for here and there were to be seen crawling in it, certain vague, shapeless masses, all moving toward the light which was flickering at the end of the street; like those heavy insects which drag themselves along at night, from one blade of grass to another, toward a shepherd's fire.

Nothing makes a man so adventurous as an empty stomach. Gringoire went forward, and soon came up with that one of the larvæ which seemed to be dragging itself along most indolently after the others. On approaching it, he found that it was nothing other than a miserable stump of a man, without legs or thighs, jumping along on his two hands, like a mutilated father-long-legs with only two of its feet remaining. The moment he came up to this sort of spider with a human face, it lifted up to him a lamentable voice: "*La buona mancia, signor! la buona mancia!*"

"The devil take thee!" said Gringoire, "and me along with thee, if I know what you mean." And he passed on.

He came up to another of these ambulatory masses, and examined it. It was a cripple, both legless and armless, after such a manner that the complicated machinery of crutches and wooden legs that supported him made him look for all the world like a mason's scaffolding walking along. Gringoire, being fond of noble and classical similes, compared him, in his mind, to the living tripod of Vulcan.

This living tripod saluted him as he went by; but staying his hat just at the height of Gringoire's chin, after the manner of a shaving dish, and shouting in his ears, "*Senor Cabarellero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!*"

"It appears," said Gringoire, "that this one talks too; but it's a barbarous language, and he's more lucky than I am if he understands it." Then striking his forehead through a sudden transition of idea: "Apropos! what the devil did they mean this morning with their Esmeralda?"

He resolved to double his pace; but for the third time something blocked up the way. This something, or rather this somebody, was a blind man, a little man, with a bearded Jewish face, who, rowing in the space about him with a great stick, and towed along by a great dog, snuffled out to him with a Hungarian accent, "*Facilote caritatem!*"

"Oh, come!" said Pierre Gringoire, "here is one at last that talks a Christian language. Truly, I must have a most alms-giving mien, that they should just ask charity of me in the present extenuated state of my purse. My friend," said he, turning to the blind man, "last week I sold my last shirt; that is to say, as

you understand no language but that of Cicero, *Vendidi hebdomade nuper transitâ meam ultimam chemisam.*"

Then, turning his back upon the blind man, he went forward on his way. But the blind man quickened his pace at the same time; and now, also, the cripple and the stump came up in great haste, with great clatter of the platter that carried one of them, and the crutches that carried the other. Then all, three shoving one another aside at the heels of poor Gringoire, began to sing him several staves:

"*Caritatem!*" sang the blind man.

"*La buona mancia!*" sang the stump.

And the man of the wooden legs took up the stave with, "*Un pedaso de pan!*"

Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh, tower of Babel!" he cried.

He began to run. The blind man ran. The wooden legs ran. The stump ran.

And then, as he advanced still farther down the street, stump men, wooden-legged men, and blind men came swarming around him—and one-handed men, and one-eyed men, and lepers with their sores—some coming out of the houses, some from the little adjacent streets, some from the cellar-holes—howling, bellowing, yelping—all hobbling along, making their way toward the light, and wallowing in the mire like so many slugs after the rain.

Gringoire, still followed by his three persecutors, and not well knowing what was to come of all this, walked on affrighted among the others, turning aside the limpers, striding over the stumpies, his feet entangled in that ant-hill of cripples, like the English captain who found himself beset by a legion of crabs.

The idea just occurred to him of trying to retrace his steps. But it was too late; all this army had closed upon his rear, and his three beggars were still upon him. He went on, therefore, urged forward at once by that irresistible flood, by fear, and by a dizziness which made it all seem to him like a sort of horrible dream.

At last he reached the extremity of the street. It opened into an extensive place, in which a thousand scattered lights were wavering in the thick gloom of the night. Gringoire threw himself into it, hoping to escape by the speed of his legs from the three deformed spectres that had fixed themselves upon him.

"*Onde vas, hombre?*" cried the wooden legs, throwing aside his scaffolding, and running after him with as good a pair of legs as ever measured a geometrical pace upon the pavement of Paris. Meanwhile the stump man, erect upon his feet, clapped

his heavy iron-sheathed platter upon his head, while the blind man stared him in the face with great flaming eyes.

"Where am I?" said the terrified poet.

"In the Court of Miracles," answered a fourth spectre who had accosted them.

"On my soul," returned Gringoire, "I do indeed find here that the blind see and the lame walk—but where is the Saviour?"

They answered him with a burst of laughter of a sinister kind.

The poor poet cast his eyes around him. He was in fact in that same terrible Cour des Miracles, or Court of Miracles, into which no honest man had ever penetrated at such an hour—a magic circle, in which the officers of the Châtelet and the sergeants of the provostry, when they ventured thither, disappeared in morsels—the city of the thieves—a hideous wen on the face of Paris—a sink from whence escaped every morning, and to which returned to stagnate every night, that stream of vice, mendicity and vagrancy which ever flows through the streets of a capital—a monstrous hive, into which all the petty hornets of society returned each evening with their booty—a lying hospital, in which the gypsy, the unfrocked monk, the abandoned scholar—the worthless of every nation, Spaniards, Italians, Germans—of every religion, Jews, Christians, Mahometans, idolaters—covered with simulated sores, beggars in the daytime, transformed themselves at night into robbers—an immense dressing-room, in short, in which dressed and undressed at that period all the actors in that everlasting drama which robbery, prostitution, and murder enacted upon the pavements of Paris.

It was a large open space, irregular and ill-paved, as was at that time every place in Paris. Fires, around which strange groups were gathered, were gleaming here and there. All was motion and clamour. There were shrieks of laughter, squalling of children, and screaming of women. The arms and heads of this crowd cast a thousand fantastic gestures in dark outline upon the luminous background. Now and then, upon the ground, over which the light of the fires was wavering, intermingled with great undefined shadows, was seen to pass a dog resembling a man, or a man resembling a dog. The limits of the different races and species seemed to be effaced in this commonwealth as in a pandemonium. Men, women, beasts; age, sex; health, sickness; all seemed to be in common among this people; all went together mingled, confounded, placed one upon another, each one participating in all.

The weak and wavering rays that streamed from the fires

enabled Gringoire, amid his perturbation, to distinguish, all round the extensive enclosure, a hideous range of old houses, the decayed, shrivelled, and stooping fronts of which, each perforated by one or two circular attic windows with lights behind them, seemed to him, in the dark, like enormous old women's heads, ranged in a circle, looking monstrous and crabbed, and winking upon the diabolical rebel.

It was like a new world, unknown, unheard-of, deformed, creeping, swarming, fantastic.

Gringoire, growing wilder and wilder with affright, held by the three mendicants as by three pairs of pincers and deafened by a crowd of other vagrants that flocked barking round him—the unlucky Gringoire strove to muster presence of mind enough to recollect whether he was really at a witches' sabbath or not; but his efforts were in vain; the thread of his memory and his thoughts was broken; and, doubting of everything—floating between what he saw and what he felt—he put the insoluble question to himself—"Am I really in being? do I really exist?"

At that moment a distinct shout was raised from the buzzing crowd that surrounded him, of "Let's take him to the king! let's take him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire, "the king of this place must surely be a he-goat!"

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

They dragged him along, each striving to fix his talons upon him. But the three beggars kept their hold, and tore him away from the others, "He is ours!"

The poet's poor doublet, already in piteous plight gave up the ghost in this struggle.

In crossing the horrible place his dizziness left him. After proceeding a few paces the feeling of reality had returned to him. His apprehension began to adapt itself to the atmosphere of the place. At the first moment, from his poet's head, or perhaps, indeed, quite simply and prosaically, from his empty stomach, there had risen a fume, a vapour, as it were, which, spreading itself between him and the surrounding objects, had allowed him to survey them only in the incoherent mist of a nightmare in that dark shrouding of our dreams, which distorts every outline, and clusters the objects together in disproportioned groups, dilating things into chimeras, and human figures into phantoms. By degrees this hallucination gave way to a less bewildered and less magnifying state of vision. The real made its way to his organs—struck upon his eyes—struck against his

feet—and demolished, piece by piece, all the frightful poetry with which he had at first thought himself surrounded. He could not but perceive at last that he was walking, not in the Styx, but in the mud; that he was elbowed, not by demons, but by thieves; that not his soul, but, in simple sooth, his life was in danger—seeing that he was unaccompanied by that invaluable conciliator who places himself so effectually between the robber and the honest man—the purse. In short, on examining the orgie more closely and more coolly, he found that he descended from the witches' revel to the pot-house.

The Court of Miracles was, in truth, no other than one great public-house—but it was a public-house, a cabaret, of brigands, in which blood flowed almost as frequently as wine.

The spectacle which presented itself to him when his tattered escort at length deposited him at the term of its march, was little adapted to bring back his mind to poetry, though it were the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. Were we not writing of the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had descended from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Round a great fire which was burning upon a large round flagstone, and the blaze of which had heated red-hot the legs of an iron trivet which was empty for the moment, some worm-eaten tables were set out here and there, as if by chance, without the smallest geometrician of a waiter having condescended to adjust their parallelism, or mind that, at least, they should not meet at too unaccustomed angles. Upon these tables shone some pots flowing with wine and beer, around which were grouped a number of bacchanalian visages, reddened by the fire and the wine. There was one man with a fair round belly and a jovial face, noisily throwing his arms round a girl of the town, thick-set and brawny. Then there was a sort of false soldier, a *narquois*, as he was called in the Argotian tongue, who whistled away while he was undoing the bandages of his false wound, and unstiffening his sound and vigorous knee, which had been bound up since the morning in a thousand ligatures. On the other hand there was a malingreux preparing, with celandine and ox-blood, his *jambe de Dieu*, or sore leg, for the morrow. Two tables higher up, a coquillart, with his complete pilgrim's habit (from the coquilles or shells of which this denomination arose) was conning a spiritual song, the complaint of Sainte-Reine, the psalmody and the nasal drone included. In another place a young hubin was taking a lesson in epilepsy from an old sabouleux, or hustler, who

was teaching him the art of foaming at the mouth by chewing a piece of soap; while four or five women thieves, just by them, were contending, at the same table, for the possession of a child stolen in the course of the evening. All which circumstances, two centuries later, "seemed so laughable at court," says Sauval, "that they furnished pastime to the king, and an opening to the royal ballet entitled 'Night,' which was divided into four parts, and danced upon the stage of the Petit Bourbon." And "never," adds an eye-witness, in the year 1653, "were sudden metamorphoses of the Court of Miracles more happily represented. Benserade prepared us for them by some very pleasant verses."

The loud laugh everywhere burst forth, and the obscene song. Each one let off his own exclamation, passing his remark, and swearing, without attending to his neighbour. The pots rattled, and quarrels were struck out of their collision, the smashing of pots thus leading to the tearing of rags.

A large dog, sitting on his tail, was looking into the fire. There were some children mingled in this orgie. The stolen child was crying. Another, a bouncing boy, of four years old, was seated with his legs dangling upon a bench which was too high for him, with his chin just above the table, said not a word. A third was gravely spreading over the table with his finger the melted tallow running from a candle. And a fourth, a very little one, squatting in the mud, was almost lost in a great iron pot which he was scraping with a tile, drawing from it a sound, enough certainly to have agonized the most obdurate nerves.

There was a barrel near the fire, and upon the barrel was seated one of the beggars. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who had possession of Gringoire brought him before this cask, and the whole assemblage were silent for a moment, excepting the caldron tenanted by the child.

Gringoire was afraid to breathe or to lift up his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" said one of the three fellows who had hold of him; and before he could understand what that meant, another of them had taken off his hat—a wretched covering, it is true, but still of use on a day of sunshine or a day of rain. Gringoire heaved a sigh.

Meanwhile the king, from the top of his barrel, put the interrogatory, "What is this rascal?"

Gringoire started. This voice, though speaking in a tone of menace, reminded him of another voice which that very morning had struck the first blow at his mystery, by droning out in the midst of the audience, "Charity, if you please!" He raised his

eyes—it was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, arrayed in his regal ensigns, had not one rag more or less upon him. He held in his hand one of those whips with lashes of whitleather, which were at that time, used by the sergeants of the wand to drive back the crowd, and were called boullayes. He had upon his head a sort of coiffure formed into a circle and closed at the top; but it was difficult to distinguish whether it was a child's cushion or a king's crown, the two things are so much alike.

However, Gringoire, without knowing why, had felt some revival of hope on recognizing in the king of the Court of Miracles his cursed beggar of the Grand Salle. "Maître," stammered he, "——Monseigneur——Sire——How must I call you?" said he at last, having mounted to his utmost stretch of ascent, and neither knowing how to mount higher nor how to come down again.

"Monseigneur—Your Majesty—or Comrade—call me what you like, only despatch. What hast thou to say in thy defence?"

"In my defence!" thought Gringoire; "I don't like that." He replied, hesitating, "I am he—he who this morning——"

"By the devil's claws!" interrupted Clopin, "thy name, rascal! and nothing more. Hark ye—thou art before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, successor to the Grand Coësre, supreme sovereign of the kingdom of Argot; Mathais Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia, that yellow old fellow that thou seest there with a clout round his head; and Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee, that fat fellow, that's not attending to us, but to that wench. We are thy judges. Thou hast entered into the kingdom of Argot without being an Argotier—thou hast violated the privileges of our city. Thou must be punished, unless thou art either capon, a franc-mitou, or a rifodé, that is to say, in the Argot of the honest men, either a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant. Art thou anything of that sort? Justify thyself—tell over thy qualifications."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honour. I am the author—"

"That's enough," interrupted Trouillefou; "thou shalt be hanged. It's a matter of course, messieurs the honest townsfolk. Just as you treat our people amongst you, so we treat yours amongst us. Such law as you give to the Truands, the Truands give to you. If it's a bad law, it's your own fault. It's quite necessary that an honest man or two should now and then grin

through the hempen collar—that makes the thing honourable. Come, my friend, merrily share thy tatters among these young ladies. I'll have thee hanged for the amusement of the Truands, and thou shalt give them thy purse to drink thy health. If thou hast any mumming to do first, there is down there, in that mortar, a very good stone God the Father that we stole from Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Thou hast four minutes' time to throw thy soul at his head."

"Well said! upon my soul. Clopin Trouillefou preaches like a holy father the Pope!" cried the Emperor of Galilee, breaking his pot at the same time to prop his table-leg.

"Messeigneurs the emperors and kings!" said Gringoire coolly, for his resolution had somehow or other returned to him, and he spoke quite firmly, "you do not consider. My name is Pierre Gringoire—I am the poet whose morality was performed this morning in the Grande Salle of the Palais."

"Ah! it's you, master, is it? I was there, *par la tête Dieu!* Well, comrade, is it any reason, because thou tiredst us to death this morning, that thou shouldst not be hanged to-night?"

"I shall not so easily get off," thought Gringoire. However, he made another effort.

"I don't very well see," said he, "why the poets are not classed among the Truands. A vagrant, forsooth—why, Æsopus was a vagrant. A beggar—well, Homerus was a beggar. A thief—was not Mercurius a thief?"

Clopin interrupted him. "Methinks," said he, "thou'st a mind to tire us with thy gibberish. *Pardieu!* Be hanged quietly, man; and don't make so much fuss about nothing."

"Pardon me, monseigneur the king of Tunis," replied Gringoire, disputing the ground inch by inch; "it's really worth your while—Only one moment—Hear me—You'll not condemn me without hearing me?——"

His unfortunate voice was in fact drowned by the uproar that was made around him; the little boy was scraping his kettle with more alacrity than ever; and, as the climax, an old woman had just come and set upon the red-hot trivet a frying-pan full of fat, which yelped over the fire with a noise like the shouts of a flock of children running after a mask in carnival time.

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to confer a moment with the duke of Egypt, and with the emperor of Galilee, who was completely drunk. Then he called out sharply, "Silence!" and as the pot and the frying-pan paid no attention to him, but continued their duet, he jumped down from his barrel, gave the

caldron a kick which rolled it and the child half a score yards off; gave the frying-pan another, which upset all the fat into the fire; and then gravely reascended his throne, regardless of the smothered cries of the child, and of the grunting of the old woman, whose supper was evaporating in a beautiful white flame.

Trouillefou made a sign; whereupon the duke, and the emperor, and the archisuppôts, and the cagoux, came and ranged themselves about him in the form of a horse-shoe, of which Gringoire, upon whom they still kept rough hands, occupied the centre. It was a semicircle of rags, tatters, and tinsel—of pitchforks and hatchets—of reeling legs and great naked arms—of sordid, dull, and sottish faces. In the midst of this Round Table of beggarhood, Clopin Trouillefou, as the doge of this senate, the king of this peerage, the pope of this conclave, predominated—in the first place, by the whole height of his cask—and then, by a certain lofty, fierce, and formidable air, which made his eyeballs flash, and corrected in his savage profile the bestial type of the Truand race. He might be compared to a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," said he to Gringoire, at the same time shaking his shapeless chin with his horny hand, "I don't see why thou shouldst not be hanged. To be sure, thou dost not seem to like it, and that's but natural—you bourgeois aren't used to it. You think it very shocking. After all, we don't wish thee any harm. There's one way of getting off for the moment. Wilt thou be one of us?"

It may be supposed what an effect this proposal produced upon Gringoire, who saw life just about to escape him, and felt his grasp of it beginning to fail. He caught at it energetically "That I will—assuredly," said he.

"You consent," said Clopin, "to enlist yourself among us then and you acknowledge yourself a member of the franche-bourgeoisie, and will obey our rules?" added the king of Tunis. but I will just observe to thee resumed the king, that thou wilt be none the less hanged for all that."

"The devil!" exclaimed the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite imperturbably, "thou wilt be hanged later with more ceremony, at the expense of the good town of Paris, upon a good stone gibbet, and by honest men. That's some consolation."

"Just so," answered Gringoire.

"There are also other advantages. As being a franc-bourgeois, a free burgess, thou wilt have to pay neither toward the pave-

ments, the lamps, nor the poor; to which the burgesses of Paris are subject."

"Be it so," said the poet; "I consent. I am a Truand, an Argotier, a franc-bourgeois, a petite-flambe whatever you please —and indeed I was all that beforehand, monsieur the king of Tunis; for I am a philosopher; and, as you know, *Omnia in philosophiâ, omnes in philosopho continentur*——"

The king of Tunis knit his brows. "What dost thou take me for, friend? What cant art thou singing us now? Nay, I don't even rob now—I'm above all that—a cut-throat, if you like, but no cut-purse."

Gringoire strove to slip in some sort of an excuse between these brief ejaculations, of which each succeeding one came bouncing out with increased momentum.

"I tell thee," rejoined Clopin, in a rage, "I'll have thee hanged, as well as that little marcandier of Judea that stands by thee."

So saying, he pointed with his finger to the little bearded Hungarian Jew, who had accosted Gringoire with his *Facitote caritatem!* and who, understanding no other language, was surprised to see the ill-humour of the king of Tunis vent itself upon him.

At length, Monseigneur Clopin's passion subsided. "Rascal," said he to our poet, "then thou'rt willing to be a Truand?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the poet.

"Willing isn't all," said Clopin, surlily. "Good-will doesn't put one onion more into the soup, and is of no use at all but for going to heaven—and there's a difference between heaven and Argot. To be received in Argot thou must prove that thou art good for something; and to do that, thou must feel the mannequin."

"I'll do anything you like," said Gringoire.

Clopin made a sign; whereupon some Argotiers detached themselves from the circle, and returned in a minute. They brought two posts, terminated at the lower extremity by two broad feet, which made them stand firm on the ground. To the upper extremities of these two posts they applied a cross-beam; and the whole formed a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the satisfaction of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Everything was there, including the rope, which gracefully depended from the transverse beam.

"What can be their meaning?" thought Gringoire to himself, with some uneasiness. But a noise of little bells which he heard at that moment put an end to his anxiety, for it proceeded from

a stuffed figure of a man which the Truands were suspending by the neck to the rope, a sort of scarecrow, clothed in red, and so completely covered with little bells, and hollow jingling brasses, that there were enough to have harnessed thirty Castilian mules. These thousand miniature bells jingled for a time under the vibrations of the rope; their sound dying away gradually into a profound silence, which resulted from the state of perfect rest into which the body of the mannequin was speedily brought by that law of the pendulum which has superseded the use of the hour-glass.

Then Clopin, pointing to an old tottering joint-stool, placed underneath the mannequin, said to Gringoire, "Get upon that."

Gringoire mounted upon the stool, and succeeded, not without some oscillations of his head and his arms, in recovering his centre of gravity.

"Now," proceeded the king of Tunis, "turn thy right foot round thy left leg, and spring up on the toe of thy left foot."

"Monseigneur," said Gringoire, "you are then absolutely determined that I shall break some of my limbs!"

Clopin shook his head. "Hark ye, friend," said he, "you talk too much. It all amounts to this: you're to spring up on your toe—you'll then just be able to reach up to the mannequin's pocket—you'll put your hand into it—pull out a purse that's in it—and if you do all that without jingling one of the bells, well and good—thou shalt be a Truand. We shall then have nothing more to do but belabor thee soundly for a week."

"I shall not care to do it," said Gringoire. "Suppose I make the bells jingle?"

"Then thou shalt be hanged. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't understand it at all," answered Gringoire.

"Hark ye once more. You're to put your hand in the mannequin's pocket and take out his purse. If one single bell stirs while you're doing it, you shall be hanged. Now do you understand?"

"Well," said Gringoire, "I understand that. What next?"

"If you manage to draw out the purse without making any jingle at all, you're a Truand, and will be soundly belabored for eight days together. You understand now, I dare say."

"No, monseigneur, I don't understand this time. Where is my advantage? To be hanged in one case, or beaten in the other!"

"And to be a Truand into the bargain," rejoined Clopin—"to be a Truand! Is that nothing? It's for thy own advantage we

shall beat thee, to harden thee against stripes."

I am greatly obliged to you," answered the poet.

"Come, quick!" said the king, striking his barrel with his foot, and making it ring. "Pick the mannequin's pocket, and let's have done with it. I tell thee, once for all, that if I hear the smallest tinkle, thou shalt take the mannequin's place."

The whole company of Argotiers applauded the words of Clopin, and ranged themselves in a circle round the gallows with so pitiless a laugh that Gringoire saw plainly enough that he gave them too much amusement not to have everything to fear from them. He had, therefore, no hope left but in the faint chance of succeeding in the terrible operation which was imposed upon him. He resolved to risk it: but he first addressed a fervent prayer to the man of straw from whose person he was going to do his best to steal, and whose heart was even more likely to be softened than those of the Truands. That myriad of bells, with their little brazen tongues, looked like so many asps with their mouths open, ready to hiss and to sting.

"Oh!" said he, in a low voice, "and can it be that my life depends upon the smallest vibration of the smallest of those bits of metal? Oh!" he added, clasping his hands, "ye bells, tinkle not—ye balls, jingle not!"

He made one more effort with Trouillefou. "And if there come a breath of wind," said he.

"Thou shalt be hanged," replied the other, without hesitation.

Finding that there was no respite, delay, or subterfuge whatsoever, he bravely set about the feat. He turned his right foot about his left leg, sprang up on the toe of his left foot, and stretched out his arm: but the moment that he touched the mannequin, his body, which was now supported by one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had only three legs, he mechanically caught at the mannequin, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, quite deafened by the violent vibration of the scarecrow's thousand bells; while the figure, yielding to the impulse which his hand had given it, first revolved on its own axis, and swung majestically backwards and forwards between the two posts.

"S'death!" he exclaimed as he fell; and he lay with his face to the ground as if he *were* dead.

However, he heard the awful chime above him, and the diabolical laughter of the Truands, and the voice of Trouillefou, saying, "Lift the fellow up, and hang him in a trice."

He rose of himself They had already unhooked the manne-

quin to make room for him. The Argotiers made him get upon the stool again. Clopin came up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and slapping him on the shoulder, "Good-bye, friend," said he; "thou'lt not get away now, though thou shouldst be as clever as the pope himself."

The word "Mercy!" expired on Gringoire's lips—he cast his eyes round, but saw no gleam of hope—all were laughing.

"Bellevigne de l'Etoile," said the king of Tunis to an enormous Truand, who stepped out of the ranks, "do you get upon the cross-beam."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile climbed nimbly up to the transverse bar; and an instant after, Gringoire, looking up, saw him with terror squatted just above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "as soon as I clap my hands do you, Andry-le-Rouge, push down the stool with your knee; you, François Chante-Prune, hang at the rascal's feet; and you, Bellevigne, drop upon his shoulders; and all three at the same time—do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Argotiers, about to throw themselves upon the poet. The poor sufferer had a moment of horrible expectation, while Clopin was quietly pushing into the fire with the point of his shoe some twigs which the flame had not reached. "Are you ready?" he repeated, and he held his hand to give the signal. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he stopped as if something suddenly occurred to him. "Wait a moment," said he: "I'd forgotten. It's customary for us not to hang a man without first asking if there be a woman that'll have anything to say to him. Comrade, it's thy last chance! thou must marry either a she-truand or the halter."

Gringoire took breath. This was the second time he had come to life again within half an hour; so that he could not venture to rely very much upon it.

"Hollo!" shouted Clopin, who had reascended his cask: "hollo, there! women! females! is there among you all, from the witch to her cat, ever a jade that'll have anything to say to this rogue? Hollo! Collette la Charonne: Elizabeth Trouvain! Simone Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne-la-Longue! Bérarde Fanouel! Michelle Genaille! Claude Rouge-orielle! Mathurine Girorou!—Hollo? Isabeau-la-Thierrye! Come and see! A man for nothing! Who'll have him?"

Gringoire, in this miserable plight, was, it may be supposed,

not over inviting. The Truandesses displayed no great enthusiasm at the proposal. The unhappy fellow heard them answer: "No, no—hang him! it'll please us all!"

Three of them, however, stepped out of the crowd, and came to reconnoitre him. The first was a large, square-faced young woman. She carefully examined the philosopher's deplorable doublet. The coat was threadbare, and had more holes in it than a chestnut-roaster. The woman made a wry face at it. "An old rag!" muttered she; and then, addressing Gringoire, "Let's see thy purse."

"Alas!" stammered Gringoire, "I've no money."

"Let them hang thee—and be thankful," replied the Truandess, turning her back upon him.

The second woman, old, dark, wrinkled, of an ugliness conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, now made the circuit of Gringoire. He almost trembled lest she should want to have him. But she only muttered, "He's too lean," and went her way.

The third that came was a young girl, fresh-complexioned, and not very ill-looking. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil. She looked at him for a moment with an air of pity, then cast down her eyes, made a plait in her skirt, and remained undecided. He watched her every motion—it was his last gleam of hope. "No," said the girl at last; "no—Guillaume Longuejoue would beat me." And she returned into the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin, "thou art unlucky." Then, standing up, "So nobody bids?" cried he, mimicking the tone of an auctioneer, to the great diversion of them all—"so nobody bids? Going—going—going—" then turning towards the gallows with a motion of his head, "gone."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile, Andry-le-Rouge, and François Chante-Prune again approached Gringoire. At that moment a cry was raised among the Argotiers, of "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!"

Gringoire started, and turned toward the side from which the shout proceeded. The crowd opened, and made way for a clear and dazzling countenance. It was that of the gypsy girl.

"Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, amazed, in the midst of his emotions, by the instantaneousness with which that magic word linked together all his recollections of that day.

This fascinating creature seemed to exercise, even over the Court of Miracles, her sway of grace and beauty. Argotiers, male and female, drew up gently to let her pass by; and their brutal countenances grew kindly at her look.

She approached the sufferer with elastic step, her pretty Djali following her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him for a moment in silence.

"So you're going to hang that man," said she gravely to Clopin.

"Yes, sister," answered the king of Tunis, "unless thou wilt take him for thy husband."

She made her pretty little grimace with her under lip. "I take him," she said.

And now Gringoire was firmly persuaded that he must have been a dream ever since the morning and that this was but a continuation of it. In fact, the turn of events, though gratifying, was a violent one. They undid the noose, and let the poet descend from the stool. The violence of his emotion obliged him to sit down.

The duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forth a clay pitcher. The gypsy girl presented it to Gringoire. "Throw it on the ground," said she. The pitcher broke in four pieces. "Brother," said the duke of Egypt, laying his hands upon their foreheads, "she is thy wife—sister, he is thy husband—for four years. Go your way."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.

In a very short time our poet found himself in a small room, with a low vaulted ceiling, snug and very warm, seated at a table, which appeared to desire nothing better than to draw a few loans from a cupboard suspended close by, having a prospect of a good bed, and a *tête-à-tête* with a handsome girl. The adventure was like absolute enchantment. He began seriously to regard himself as the hero of some fairy tale; and looked round from time to time to see whether the chariot of fire drawn by griffins, which could alone have conveyed him with such rapidity from Tartarus to Paradise, was still there. Now and then too, he would fix his eyes on the holes in his doublet, as if to satisfy himself of his identity. His reason, tossed to and fro in imaginary space, had only this thread to hold by.

The girl took no notice of him; she moved backwark and forward, setting things to rights, talking to her goat, and now and

then pouting her lip. At length she sat down near the table, and Gringoire had a good opportunity to scrutinise her.

You have been a child, reader, and may perhaps have the good fortune to be so still. I dare say you have often (I know I have, for whole days together, ay, and some of the best spent days of my life) followed from bush to bush on the bank of a stream, on a fine sunshiny day, some beautiful green and blue dragon-fly, darting off every moment at acute angles, and brushing the ends of all the branches. You remember with what eager curiosity your attention and your eyes were fixed on those fluttering wings of purple and axure, amidst which floated a form rendered indistinct by the very rapidity of its motion. The aërial creature, confusedly perceived through this flickering of wings, appeared to you chimerical, imaginary, a thing neither to be touched nor seen. But when at length it settled on the point of a rush, and, holding your breath the while, you could examine those delicate wings of gauze, that long robe of enamel, those two globes of crystal, what astonishment did you not feel, and what fear lest this beautiful figure should again vanish into an airy undefinable phantom. Recollect these impressions, and you will easily conceive what Gringoire felt on contemplating in a visible and palpable form that Esmeralda, of whom he had until then had but a glimpse amidst the whirling dance and a crowd of spectators.

He became more and more absorbed in his reverie. "This then," thought he, while his eye vaguely followed her motions, "is Esmeralda! a celestial creature!—a street-dancer! So much and so little. It was she who gave the finishing stroke to my mystery this afternoon, and it is she who saves my life to-night. My evil genius! my good angel! A sweet girl, upon my word!—and who must love me to distraction, to have taken me in this manner. For, said he, rising all at once with that candour which formed the groundwork of his character and of his philosophy, I know not exactly how it has come to pass, but I am her husband."

With this idea in his head and in his eyes, he approached the girl with such ardent impetuosity that she drew back. "What do you want with me?" enquired she.

"Can you ask such a question, adorable Esmeralda?" rejoined Gringoire in so impassioned a tone that he was himself astonished.

The Egyptian opened her large eyes. "I know not what you mean," said she.

"What!" replied Gringoire, warming more and more, and thinking that after all it was but a virtue of the Cour des Miracles

that he had to do with; "am I not thine, my sweet friend? art thou not mine?" With these words he fondly threw his arm round her waist.

The Bohemian glided through his hands like the skin of an eel. Bounding from one end of the cell to the other, she stooped, and raised herself again, with a little dagger in her hand, before Gringoire could see whence it came, with swollen lip, distended nostril, cheeks as red as an apricot, and eyes flashing lightning. At the same moment the little white goat placed itself before her in the attitude of attack, presenting to Gringoire two very pretty but very sharp gilt horns. All this was done in a twinkling.

Our philosopher stood petrified, alternately eyeing the goat and her mistress. "Holy Virgin!" he at length ejaculated, when surprise allowed him to speak, "What a couple of vixens!"

"And you," said the Bohemian, breaking silence on her part, "must be a very impudent fellow."

"Pardon me," replied Gringoire, smiling. "But why did you take me for your husband?"

"Ought I to have let you be hanged?"

"Then," rejoined the poet, somewhat disappointed in his amorous hopes, "you had no other intention in marrying me but to save me from the gallows?"

"And what other intention do you suppose I could have had?"

Gringoire bit his lips. "Go to," said he to himself, "I am not so triumphant in love affairs as I imagined. But then, of what use was it to break the poor jug?"

Meanwhile Esmeralda's dagger and the horns of her goat were still upon the defensive.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said the poet, "let us capitulate. I am not a clerk to the Châtelet, and shall not provoke you thus to carry a dagger in Paris, in the teeth of the provost's ordinances and prohibitions. You must, nevertheless, be aware that Noël Lescrivain was sentenced a week ago to pay a fine of ten sous Parisis for having carried a short sword. But that is no business of mine, so to return to the point—I swear to you by my hopes of Paradise not to approach you without your permission and consent; but, for Heaven's sake, give me some supper."

In reality Gringoire, like M. Despréaux, was not of a very amorous temperament. He belonged not to that chivalric and military class who take young damsels by assault. In love, as in other affairs, he was for temporising and pursuing middle courses; and to him a good supper, with an agreeable companion, appeared, especially when he was hungry, an excellent interlude between

the prologue and the winding-up of a love adventure.

The Egyptian made no reply. She gave her disdainful pout, erected her head like a bird, and burst into a loud laugh: the pretty little dagger vanished as it had come, so that Gringoire could not discover where the wasp concealed its sting.

In a moment a loaf of rye-bread, a slice of bacon, some wrinkled apples, and a jug of beer, were set out upon the table. Gringoire fell to with such avidity, as if all his love had been changed into appetite. His hostess, seated before him, looked on in silence, visibly engaged with some other thought, at which she smiled from time to time, while her soft hand stroked the head of the intelligent goat, closely pressed between her knees. A candle of yellow wax lighted this scene of voracity and reverie.

The first cravings of his stomach being appeased, Gringoire felt a degree of false shame on perceiving that there was only one apple left. "Do you not eat something, Mademoiselle Esmeralda?" said he. She replied in the negative by a shake of the head, and her pensive looks were fixed on the vaulted ceiling of the cell.

What the devil can she be thinking of? said Gringoire to himself, turning his eyes in the same direction as hers. It is impossible that yon ugly head carved on the groining can thus engross her attention. Surely I may stand a comparison with that.

"Mademoiselle," said he, raising his voice. She appeared not to hear him. "Mademoiselle Esmeralda!" he again began in a still louder tone, to just as little purpose. The spirit of the damsel was elsewhere, and the voice of Gringoire had not the power to recall it. Luckily for him the goat interfered, and began to pull her mistress gently by the sleeve. "What do you want, Djali?" said the Egyptian sharply, starting like one awakened out of a sound sleep.

"She is hungry," said Gringoire, delighted at the opportunity of opening the conversation.

Esmeralda began crumbling some bread, which Djali gracefully ate out of the hollow of her hand. Gringoire, without giving her time to resume her reverie, ventured upon a delicate question. "Then you will not have me for your husband?" said he.

The damsel looked at him intently for a moment, and replied "No."

"For your lover?" said Gringoire.

She pouted her lip, and again replied "No."

"For your friend?" continued Gringoire.

She again fixed her eyes steadfastly upon him. "Perhaps," said she, after a moment's reflection.

This *perhaps*, so dear to philosophers, emboldened Gringoire. "Do you know what friendship is?" he enquired.

"Yes," replied the Egyptian; "it is to be as brother and sister, two souls which touch each other without uniting, like two fingers of the same hand."

"And love?" proceeded Gringoire.

"Oh! love!" said she, and her voice trembled, and her eye sparkled. "It is to be two and yet but one—it is a man and woman blending into an angel—it is heaven itself."

The street-dancer, as she uttered these words, appeared invested with a rare beauty which powerfully struck Gringoire, and seemed in perfect unison with the almost oriental exaggeration of her language. A faint smile played upon her pure and rosy lips: her bright and serene brow was now and then clouded for a moment, according to the turn of her thoughts, as a mirror is by the breath; and from her long dark downcast eyelashes emanated a sort of ineffable light, which imparted to her profile that ideal sauvity which Raphael subsequently found at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity, and divinity.

Gringoire nevertheless proceeded. "And what should one be," said he, "to please you?"

"A man."

"What am I, then?"

"A man has a helmet on his head, a sword in his fist, and gold spurs at his heels."

"So then," rejoined Gringoire, "without a horse one cannot be a man. Do you love any one?"

She remained pensive for a moment, and then said with a peculiar kind of expression: "I shall soon know that."

"Why not me?" replied the poet tenderly.

She eyed him with a serious look. "Never can I love any man but one who is able to protect me."

Gringoire blushed, for he knew that this stroke was aimed at him. It was evident that the girl was alluding to the little assistance he had afforded her in the critical situation in which she had found herself two hours before. At the recollection of this circumstance, which his own subsequent adventures had banished from his mind, he struck his forehead.

"Indeed," said he, "I ought to have begun with that subject. Forgive the confusion of my ideas. How did you contrive to escape from Quasimodo's clutches?"

This question made the gipsy-girl shudder. "Oh the horrid hunchback!" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands,

and she shivered as from the effect of intense cold.

"Horrid, indeed!" said Gringoire, without relinquishing his idea; "but how did you get away from him?"

Esmeralda smiled, sighed, and made no reply.

"Do you know why he followed you?" resumed Gringoire, seeking to return to his question by a roundabout way.

"I do not," said the girl. "But," added she sharply, "you followed me too; why did you follow me?"

"In good sooth," replied Gringoire, "I do not know either."

Both were then silent. Gringoire took up his knife and began to cut the table. The damsel smiled and seemed to be looking at something through the wall. All at once she commenced singing in a voice scarcely articulate,

Quando las pintadas aves
Mudas estan, y la tierra.

She then abruptly broke off and began to caress her Djali.

"That is a pretty creature of yours," observed Gringoire.

"'Tis my sister," replied she.

"Why are you called Esmeralda?" enquired the poet.

"I do not know."

"How can that be?"

She drew from her bosom a small oblong bag, attached to a necklace of small red seeds, and omitting a very strong scent of camphor. The outside was green silk, and in the middle of it there was a large bead of green glass in imitation of emerald.

"Perhaps it is on account of this," said she.

Gringoire extended his hand to lay hold of the bag, but she started back. "Don't touch it," said she; "'tis an amulet. You might do an injury to the charm, or the charm to you."

The curiosity of the poet was more and more excited. "Who gave you that?" he asked.

She laid her finger upon her lips, and replaced the amulet in her bosom. He ventured upon further questions, but could scarcely obtain answers to them.

"What is the meaning of Esmeralda?"

"I know not," said she.

"To what language does the word belong?"

"It is Egyptian, I believe."

"I thought so," said Gringoire. "You are not a native of France?"

"I do not know."

"Are your parents living?"

She began singing to the tune of an old song:—

A bird was my mother;
My father, another;
Over the water I pass without ferry;
Over the water I pass without wherry;
A bird was my mother;
My father another.

"How old were you when you came to France?"

"I was quite a child."

"And to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were entering the papal gate, I saw the yellowhammers flying in a line over our head. It was then the end of August, and I said: 'We shall have a sharp winter.'"

"And so we have," said Gringoire, delighted with this commencement of conversation. "I have done nothing but blow my fingers since it set in. Why, then, you possess the gift of prophecy?"

"No," replied she, relapsing into her laconic manner.

"I presume, the man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of the tribe?"

"Yes."

"And yet it was he who married us," timidly observed the poet.

Her lip exhibited the accustomed pout. "I don't even know your name," said she.

"My name, if you wish to know it, is Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a much finer," said she.

"How unkind!" replied the poet. "Never mind; you shall not make me angry. You will, perhaps, love me when you are better acquainted with me; and you have related your history to me with such candour that I cannot withhold mine from you.

"You must know then that my name is Pierre Gringoire, and that my father held the situation of notary at Gonesse. He was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother was murdered by the Picards, at the siege of Paris twenty years ago; so, at six years old I was left an orphan with no other sole to my foot but the pavement of Paris. I know not how I passed the interval between six and seven. Now, a fruitwoman gave me an apple or a plum; there, a baker tossed me a crust of bread; at night I threw myself in the way of the watch, who picked me up and put me in prison, where I found at least a bundle of straw. In spite of this

kind of life I grew tall and slim, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sunshine, under the porch of the hotel de Sens, and I thought it very absurd that the bonfires of St. John should be deferred nearly to the dog-days. At sixteen, I began to think of adopting a profession, and tried my hand at everything one after another. I turned soldier but was not brave enough. In despair I apprenticed myself to a carpenter, but was not strong enough. I had a much greater fancy to be a schoolmaster; true, I had not learned to read, but what of that? After some time I discovered that, owing to some deficiency or other, I was fit for nothing, and therefore set up for a poet. This is a profession to which a man who is a vagabond may always betake himself, and it is better than to thieve, as some young rogues of my acquaintance advised me to do. One day, as good luck would have it, I met with Dom Claude Frollo, the reverend archdeacon of Notre-Dame, who took a liking to me, and to him I owe it that I am this day a learned man, not unpractised either in scholastics, poetics, or rhythmics, nor even in hermetics, that sophia of all sophias. I am the author of the mystery that was performed to-day before a prodigious concourse of people, with immense applause, in the great hall of the Grande Salle of the Palais. I have also written six hundred pages on the prodigious comet of 1465, which turned a man's brain, and have distinguished myself in other ways. Being somewhat of an artillery carpenter, I assisted in making that great bombard which, you know, burst at the bridge of Charenton, on the day that it was tried, and killed twenty-four of the spectators. So you see I am no bad match after all. I know a great many very curious tricks, which I will teach your goat, for instance, to mimic the Bishop of Paris, that cursed Pharisee, whose mills splash the passengers all along the Pont aux Meuniers. And then my mystery will bring me in a good deal of hard cash, if I can get paid for it. In short, I am wholly at your service, damsel. My science and my learning shall be devoted to you. I am ready to live with you in any way you please; as husband and wife, if you think proper, as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Gringoire paused, waiting the effect of his address on his hearer. Her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"Phœbus," said she in an undertone, and then turning to the poet—"Phœbus, what does that mean?"

Gringoire, though unable to discover what connection there could be between the subject of his speech and this question, was not displeased to have an opportunity of displaying his erudition. "It is a Latin word," said he, "and means the sun."

"The sun!" she exclaimed.

"It is the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" repeated the Egyptian, and there was in her tone something pensive and impassioned.

At this moment one of her bracelets accidentally become loose, and fell to the ground. Gringoire instantly stooped to pick it up; when he raised himself the damsel and the goat were gone. He heard the sound of a bolt, upon a door communicating no doubt with an adjoining cell, which fastened on the inside.

"No matter, so she has left me a bed!" said our philosopher. He explored the cell. It contained not any piece of furniture fit to lie down upon, excepting a long coffer, and the lid of this was carved in such a manner as to communicate to Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation similar to that experienced by Micromegas when he lay at his full length upon the Alps.

"Well," said he, accommodating himself to this uncomfortable couch as well as he could, "'tis of no use to grumble. But at any rate this is a strange wedding-night! Still there is something in this broken pitcher marriage which pleases me."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The church of Our Lady at Paris is still, at this day, a majestic and sublime edifice. Yet, noble as it has been preserved it is growing old, and it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time has inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*—which we would willingly render thus—Time is kind, but man is stupid.

But if we examine one by one, the traces of destruction imprinted on this ancient church, the work of Time would be found to form the lesser portion—the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men—especially by men of art. We are under the necessity of using the expression, men of art, seeing that there have been individuals who have assumed the character of architects in the two last centuries.

First of all—to cite only a few leading examples—there are, certainly few finer architectural pages than the front of that cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding portals, gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in

combination unconfused—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros, to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a drawing upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity.

And what is here said of the front must be said of the whole church—and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art, self-created, logical, and well-proportioned.

But to return to the front of Notre-Dame, as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, looking terrible, as its chroniclers express it—*quæ sede sua terrorem incutit spectantibus.*

Three things of importance are now wanting to this front; first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France, which filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the City. But while thus swallowing up, one after another, this mounting tide of the pavement of Paris, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, yet more than he has taken from it; for it is he who has spread over its face that dark gray tint, the centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? who has left the niches empty? who has cut, in the middle of the central portal, that new and bastard pointed arch? who has dared to hang in it that heavy, unmeaning wooden gate, carved *à la* Louis XV. beside the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And—if we enter the interior of the edifice—who has cut

turned the colossal St. Christopher, proverbial for his magn
among statues as the Grande Salle of the Palais was among
—as the spire of Strasburg among steeples? And those m
of statues which thronged all the inter-columniations of th
and the choir—kneeling—standing—equestrain—men, w
children—kings, bishops, warriors—in stone, in marble, in
in silver, in brass, and even in wax—who has brutally swe
out? It is not Time that has done it.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, sple
loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcopha
marble, with angels' heads and clouds, which looks like an
matched specimen from the Val-de-Grâce or the Invali
Who has stupidly fixed that heavy anachronism of stone in
Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Was it not Louis X
fulfilling the vows of Louis XIII.?

And who has put cold white glass in place of those d
tinctured panes which made the wandering eyes of our forefat
hesitate between the round window over the grand doorway
the pointed ones of the chancel? And what would a subchan
of the sixteenth century say could he see that fine yellow-wash
with which the Vandal Archbishops have besmeared th
cathedral? He would remember that it was the colour
which the hangman brushed over such buildings as were
judged to be infamous—he would recollect the hôtel of the
Bourbon, which had thus been washed all over yellow f
treason of the constable—"yellow, after all, so well mixed,
Sauval, "and so well applied, that the lapse of a centu
more has not yet taken off its colour." He would believe th
holy place had become infamous, and would flee away fro

And, then, if we ascend the cathedral—not to mention a t
sand other barbarisms of every kind—what have they done
that charming small steeple which rose from the intersection
the cross, and which, no less bold and light than its neighbo
the spire (destroyed also) of the Sainte Chapelle, pierced into th
sky yet further than the towers—perforated, sharp, sonorous,
airy? An architect *de bon goût* amputated it in 1787, and thought
it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead
which resembles the lid of a pomatum-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been
treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its
ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, and have made
breaches of different depths; first, Time, which has gradually
made deficiencies here and there, and has gnawed over its whol

ther, religious and political revolutions, which, blind and
in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their fury upon
its rich garment of sculpture and carving, burst its rose-
windows, broken its bands of arabesques and miniature
torn down it's statues, here for their mitre, there for their
and lastly, changes of fashion, growing more and more
ue and stupid, which, commencing with the anarchical
ndid deviations of the revival, have succeeded one another
ecessary decline of architecture. Fashion has done more
f than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has
ed the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled,
ted, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its mean-
in its consistency as well as in its beauty. And then, it has
ade—which at least neither Time nor revolutions have pre-
ded to do. It has audaciously fitted into the wounds of
ic architecture its wretched gew-gaws of a day—its marble
ls—its metal pompoons—a very leprosy of ovolos, volutes,
entournements—of draperies, garlands, and fringes—of stone
es, brazen clouds, fleshy cupids, and chubby cherubim—
h we find beginning to devour the face of art in the oratory
atherine de Médicis, and making it expire two centuries after,
and and convulsed, in the boudoir of Madame Dubarry.

s to sum up the points which we have here laid down,
nds of ravages now disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles
obs on the surface—these are the work of Time: violences,
ies, confusions, fractures—these are the work of revolu-
from Luther down to Mirabeau: mutilations, amputations,
tion of members, restorations—these are the labours,
a, Roman, and barbaric, of the professors according to
vius and Vignola. That magnificent art which the Vandals
produced, the academies have murdered. To the operations
ages and of revolutions, which, at all events, devastate with
patriality and grandeur, have been added those of the cloud of
hool-trained architects, licensed, privileged, and patented, de-
grading with all the discernment and selection of bad taste—
substituting, for instance, the *chichorées* of Louis XV. for the
Gothic lacework, to the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is
the kick of an ass at the expiring lion. 'Tis the old oak which,
in the last stage of decay, is stung and gnawed by insects.

How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis,
comparing Notre-Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana
Ephesus, "so much vaunted by the ancient pagans," which
immortalized Erostratus, thought the Gothic cathedral "more

excellent in length, breath, height, and structure."

Notre-Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of those which can be called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is not a Roman church, nor is it a Gothic church. It is not a model of any individual order. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their basis. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multiform, tufted, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. It can not be ranked among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were, by the weight of the circular arch—almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings—all hieroglyphical, all sacerdotal, all symbolical—more abounding, in their ornaments, with lozenges and zigzags than with flowers —with flowers than with animals—with animals than with human figures—the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop —the first transformation of the art—all stamped with theocratical and military discipline—having its root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can this cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches, rich in sculpture and painted windows, of pointed forms and bold disposition—as political symbols, communal and citizen—as works of art, free, capricious, licentious—the second transformation of ecclesiastical architecture—no longer hieroglyphical, immutable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive, and popular—beginning at the return from the crusades, and ending with Louis XI. Notre-Dame, then, is not of purely Roman race like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

It is an edifice of the transition period. The Saxon architect was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch, arriving from the crusade, came and seated itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, inexperienced and timid at its commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, as not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lancets, as it afterwards did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It might be said to have been sensible of the neighbourhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

However, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic are not less valuable studies than the pure models

are. They express a gradation of the art which would be los without them. It is the pointed species engrafted upon the circular.

Notre-Dame, in particular, is a curious specimen of this variety Each face, each stone, of this venerable monument, is a page o the history, not only of the country, but of the science and th art. Thus, to point out here only some of the principal details, while the small Porte-Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, in their amplitude and solemnity, go back almost as far as the Carlovingian abbey of St. Germain-des-Près. One would think there were six centuries between that door and those pillars. Not even the hermetics fail to find, in the emblematical devices of the great portal, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie was so com-plete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey—the hermetical church—Gothic art—Saxon art—the heavy round pillar, which carries us back to Gregory VII.—the hermetical symbolism by which Nicholas Flamel anticipated Luther—papal unity, and schism—St. Germain-des-Près, and St. Jacques-de-la-Bouchrie —all are mingled, combined, and amalgamated in Notre-Dame. This central and maternal church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera; she has the head of one, the limbs of another, the back of a third—something of every one

Edifices, like mountains, are the work of ages. Often the ar undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending—*pendent opera interrupta*—they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art takes up the fabric, in rusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after it own fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is accomplishe without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, accordin to the law natural and tranquil. It is a graft that shoots out— a sap that circulates—a vegetation that goes forward. Certainl there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universa history of human nature, in those successive engraftings of severa species of art at different elevations upon the same fabric. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost and disappear upon those great masses, leaving no name of an author behind. Human intelligence is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect—the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, the younger sister of the great masonries of the East; it presents to us an immense formation, divided into three super-

ncumbent zones, clearly defined; the Roman* zone; the Gothic zone; and the zone of the Revival, which we would willingly entitle the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch; which reappears rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform, and complete. Such is the abbey of Jumièges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colours of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics—the edices of gradation and transition. One is Roman in its feet, Gothic in the middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six human years to build it. This variety is rare: the donjon tower of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre-Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest pillars, dips into the Roman zone in which the portal of Saint-Denis and the nave of Saint Germain-des-Près are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapter house of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts half-way up. Such is the cathedral of Rouen, which would have been entirely Gothic, had not the extremity of its central spire pierced into the zone of the Revival.†

However, all these gradations, all these differences, affect only the surface of the structures. It is only the art that has changed its coat—the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated envelope of a cathedral, we constantly find underneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilic. It eternally develops itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are invariably two naves crossing each other at right angles, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel; there are constantly two low sides for the internal processions and for the chapels—a sort

* The same which is also called, according to place, climate, and species, Lombard, Saxon, or Byzantine. These are four sister architectures, parallel to one another, having each its particular character, but all deriving from the same principle, the circular arch.

† This part of the spire, which was of timber, is precisely that which was destroyed by fire in 1823.

of lateral ambulatories communicating with the principal nave by the intercolumniations. This being once laid down, the number of the chapels, of the doorways, of the steeples, of the spires, is variable to infinity, according to the fancy of the age, of the nation, of the art. The performance of the worship being once provided for and ensured, architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, and bas-reliefs—all these objects of imagination she combines in such arrangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which dwells so much order and uniformity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging—the vegetation is capricious.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS.

It has been our endeavour to repair for the reader the admirable church of Our Lady at Paris. We have briefly pointed out the greater part of the beauties which it possessed in the fifteenth century, and which are wanting to it now; but we have omitted the principal—the view of Paris as it then appeared from the summit of the towers.

Indeed, when, after feeling your way up the long spiral staircase that perpendicularly perforates the thick walls of the steeples, you at last emerged all at once upon one of the two elevated platforms inundated with light and air, it was a fine picture that opened upon you on every side, a spectacle *sui generis*, some idea of which may easily be formed by such of our readers as have had the good fortune to see a Gothic town, entire, complete, homogeneous—of which description there are still a few remaining, as Nuremberg in Bavaria, and Vittoria in Spain—or even any smaller specimens, provided they be in good preservation, as Vitré in Brittany, and Nordhausen in Prussia.

The Paris of three hundred and fifty years ago, the Paris of the fifteenth century, was already a giant city. The Parisians in general are mistaken as to the ground which they think they have gained. Since the time of Louis XI., Paris has not increased much more than a third, and certainly it has lost much more in beauty than it has gained in size. It took its birth in that anciently-inhabited island of the Cité, or City, which has indeed

the form of a cradle, lying about the centre of the present town, and embraced between the two channels of the Seine, which, dividing at its eastern, meet again at its western extremity. The strand of this island was its first enclosure; the Seine its first trench. And for several centuries Paris remained in its island state; with two bridges, one on the north, the other on the south; and two *têtes-de-ponts*, which were at once its gates and its fortresses—the Grand Châtelet on the right bank of the northern channel of the river, and the Petit Châtelet on the left bank of the southern channel.

In the next place, under the first line of French kings, being too much confined within the limits of its island, behind which it could never return, Paris crossed the water. Then on each side, beyond either Châtelet, a first line of walls and towers began to cut into the country on both sides of the Seine. Of this ancient enclosure some vestiges were still remaining as late as the last century; but now there is nothing left but the memory of it, with here and there a local tradition, as the Baudets or Baudoyer gate.

Gradually, the flood of houses, constantly impelled from the heart of the town toward the exterior, overflowed and wore away this enclosure. Philip-Augustus drew a fresh line of circumvallation. He imprisoned Paris within a circular chain of great towers, lofty and massive. For upwards of a century the houses pressed upon one another, accumulated, and rose higher in this basin, like water in a reservoir. They began to deepen—to pile story on story—to climb, as it were, one upon another. They shot out in height, like every growth that is compressed laterally; and strove each to lift its head above its neighbours, in order to get a breath of air. The streets became deeper and narrower, and every open space was overrun by buildings and disappeared. At last, we find the houses overstepping the wall of Philip-Augustus, and spreading themselves merrily over the plain in all manner of positions, without plan or arrangement, taking their unrestricted ease, and slicing themselves gardens out of the surrounding fields.

In the year 1367, the suburbs were already so extensive that another enclosure became necessary, and one was built by Charles V. But a town like Paris is perpetually on the increase—and it is only such towns that become capitals. They are a sort of funnels, which receive all the drains, geographical, political, moral, and intellectual, of a country—all the natural tendencies of a people—wells of civilization, as it were—and also sinks—

where commerce, manufactures, intelligence, population—all the vital juices of a state—filter and collect incessantly, drop by drop, and century after century.

The circumvallation of Charles V., then, had the same fate as that of Philip-Augustus. At the end of the fifteenth century, a new suburb had collected beyond it, and in the sixteenth we find it rapidly receding, and becoming buried deeper and deeper in the old town, so dense was the new town becoming outside it. Thus, in the fifteenth century—to stop there—Paris had already worn away the three concentric circles of walls which, in the time of Julian, falsely called the Apostate, may be said to have been in embryo in the two castella, since called the Grand Châtelet, and the Petit Châtelet. The growing city had successively burst its four girdles of walls, like a child grown too large for its last year's clothes. In the reign of Louis XI., were to be seen rising here and there amid that sea of houses, some groups of ruinous towers belonging to the ancient bulwarks, like archipelagoes of the old Paris submerged under the inundation of the new.

Since then, Paris has undergone another transformation, but it has overleaped only one boundary more—that of Louis XV.—the wretched mud-wall, worthy of the king who built it, and of the poet who sang it in his magnificent line, too ingenious to be translatable—

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

In the fifteenth century, Paris was still divided into three towns quite distinct and separate, having each its peculiar features, manners, customs, priviliges, and history—the City, the University, and the Ville or Town properly so called. The City, which occupied the island, was the most ancient, the smallest, and the mother of the other two—looking squeezed (if we may be allowed such a comparison) like a little old woman between two fine flourishing daughters. The University covered the left bank of the Seine, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nestle, the points answering to which, in modern Paris, are, to the former the Halle-aux-Vins or Wine Mart, and to the latter, the Monnaie or Mint. Its circuit included an ample slice of that tract in which Julian had constructed his baths, and comprised the hill of Ste. Geneviève. The apex of this curve of walls was the Porte Papale or Papal Gate, that is to say, very nearly, the site of the present Pantheon. The Town, which was the largest of the three portions of Paris, occupied the right bank. Its quay, in which there were

several breaks and interruptions, ran along the Seine from the Tour de Billy to the Tour du Bois, that is, from the spot where the Grenier d'Abondance now stands to that occupied by the Tuileries. These four points at which the Seine cut the circumference of the capital; on the left, the Tournelle and the Tour de Nesle; and on the right, the Tour de Billy and the Tour du Bois; were called, by distinction, the four towers of Paris. The Town projected yet more deeply into the territory bordering on the Seine than the University. The most salient points of its enclosure (the one constructed by Charles V.) were at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, the sites of which were precisely the same as those of the gates now so called.

As we have just observed, each one of these three great divisions of Paris was a town—but it was a town too peculiar to be complete in itself—a town which could not dispense with the vicinity of the other two. So, also, each had its characteristic aspect. In the City, the churches abounded; in the Town, the palaces; in the University, the colleges. Leaving apart the secondary original features of old Paris, and the capricious dispositions attaching to the *droit de voirie*, or right of road—and noting only the great masses in the chaos of the communal jurisdictions—we may say in general, that the island belonged to the bishop; the right bank, to the *prevôt des marchands* or provost of the traders; and the left bank to the rector of the University. The provost of Paris, a royal and not a municipal officer, had authority over all. Among the conspicuous edifices, the City had Notre-Dame; the Town, the Louvre and the Hôtel-de-Ville; and the University, the Sorbonne. Again, the Town had the Halles; the City, the Hôtel-Dieu; and the University, the Pré-aux-Clercs. Offences committed by the scholars on the left bank, in their Pré-aux-Clercs, they were tried for in the island at the Palais de Justice, and punished for on the right bank at Montfaucon; unless, indeed, the rector, feeling the University to be strong at that particular time, and the king weak, thought proper to interfere—for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged at home, that is to say within the University precincts.

Most of these privileges (and there were some of greater value than this), had been extorted from the kings by revolts and disturbances. Such has been the course of things time out of mind. As the French proverb saith, *Le roi ne lache que quand le peuple arrache*—in plain English, the king never leaves hold until the people pull too hard for him. In one of the old French charters we find this popular fidelity defined with great simplicity: *Civibus*

fidelitas in reges, quæ tamen aliquoties seditionibus interrupta, multa peperit privilegia.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Seine embraced five islands within the circuit of Paris; the Ile Louviers, on which there were then living trees, though there are now only piles of wood; the Ile aux Vaches and the Ile Notre-Dame, both uninhabited, excepting only one sorry tenement, both fiefs of the bishop's, which two islands, in the seventeenth century, were made into one, since built upon, and now called the Ile St. Louis; and the City, having, at its western extremity, the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, since lost under the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The City had, at that time, five bridges: three on the right, the Pont Notre-Dame, and the Pont-au-Change, of stone, and the Pont-au-Meuniers, of wood; and two on the left, the Petit-Pont, of stone, and the Pont St. Michel, of wood; all of them laden with houses. The University had six gates, built by Philip-Augustus; which, to set out from the Tournelle, occurred in the following order: the Porte St. Victor, the Porte Bordelle, the Porte Papale, the Porte St. Jacques, the Porte St. Michel, and the Porte St. Germain. The Town had also six gates, built by Charles V., viz., setting out from the Tour de Billy, the Porte St. Antoine, the Porte du Temple, the Porte St. Martin, the Porte St. Denis, the Porte Montmarte, and the Porte St. Honoré. All these gates were strong, and handsome withal—which latter attribute is by no means incompatible with strength. A wide and deep trench, having a running stream during the winter floods, washed the foot of the walls all round Paris; the Seine furnishing the water. At night the gates were shut, the river was barred at the two extremities of the town with massive iron chains, and Paris slept in tranquillity.

Taking a bird's-eye view, these three portions of town, the City, the University, and the Ville, presented each an inextricable web of streets fantastically ravelled. Yet a glance was sufficient to show the spectator that those three portions of a city formed but one complete whole. You at once distinguished two long parallel streets, without interruption or deviation, running almost in a straight line, and intersecting all the three towns, from one extremity to the other, from the south to the north, at right angles with the Seine, connecting and mingling them, and incessantly pouring the people of each into the precincts of the other, making the three but one. One of these two lines of street ran from the Porte St. Jacques to the Porte St, Martin; and was called in the University, Rue St. Jacques; in the City, Rue

de la Juiverie (anglicè, Jewery or Jewry); and in the Town, Rue St. Martin. It crossed the water twice, under the names of Petit-Pont and Pont Notre-Dame. The other line, called on the left bank, Rue de la Harpe; in the island, the Rue de la Barillerie; on the right bank, Rue St. Denis; over one arm of the Seine, Pont St. Michel, and over the others Pont-au-Change; ran from the Porte St. Michel in the University, to the Porte St. Denis in the Town. However, though under so many different names, they were still, in fact, only two streets; but they were the two normal, the two mother streets—the two arteries of Paris, by which all the other veins of the triple city were fed, or into which they emptied themselves, though independently of these two principal, diametrical streets, running quite across Paris, and common to the entire capital, the Town and the University had each its own great street, running in the direction of their length, parallel to the Seine, and intersecting the two arterial streets at right angels. Thus, in the Town, you descended in a straight line, from the Porte St. Antoine to the Porte St. Honoré; in the University, from the Porte St. Victor to the Porte St. Germain. These two great ways, crossing the two first-mentioned, formed with them the frame or skeleton upon which was laid, knotted, and drawn in every direction, the tangled network of the streets of Paris. In the unintelligible figure of this network, you might, however, also discover, upon attentive observation, two bunches, as it were, of large streets, the one in the University, the other in the Town, which ran diverging from the bridges to the gates. Somewhat of the same geometrical disposition still exists.

But what aspect did all this present when viewed from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame in 1482?

The spectator, on arriving upon this summit, was first of all struck by a dazzling confusion of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, spires, steeples. All burst upon the eye at once—the formally-cut gable, the acute-angled roofing, the hanging turret at the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slate obelisk of the fifteenth; the donjon tower, round and bare; the church tower, square and decorated; the large and the small, the massive and the airy. The gaze was for some time utterly bewildered by this labyrinth; in which there was nothing but proceeded from art—from the most inconsiderable carved and painted house-front, with external timbers, low doorway, and stories projecting each upon each, up to the royal Louvre itself, which, at that time, had a colonnade of towers

But the following were the principal masses that were distinguishable when the eye became steady enough to examine this tumultuous assemblage of objects in detail.

There was first of all, the City. The island of the City, as is observed by Sauval, the most laborious of the old explorers of Parisian antiquity, who, amidst all his trashiness, has occasional happiness of expression—"The isle of the City is shaped like a great ship, sunk in the mud, and run aground lengthwise in the stream, about the middle of the Seine." We have already shown that, in the fifteenth century, this ship was moored to the banks of the river by five bridges. This form of the hull of a vessel had also struck the heraldic scribes; for, from this circumstance, according to Favyn and Pasquier, and not from the siege by the Normans, came the ship emblazoned upon the old escutcheon of Paris. To him who can decipher it, heraldry is an emblematic language. The whole history of the latter half of the middle ages is written in heraldry, as that of the former half is in the symbolism of the churches of Roman architecture. 'Tis the hieroglyphics of feudality succeeding those of theocracy.

The City, then, first presented itself to the view, with its stern to the east and its prow to the west. Looking toward the prow, you had before you an innumerable congregation of old roofs, with the lead-covered bolster of Saint-Chapelle rising above them broad and round, like an elephant's back with the tower upon it. Only that here the place of the elephant's tower was occupied by the boldest, openest, airiest, most notched and ornamented spire that ever showed the sky through its lacework cone. Close before Notre-Dame, three streets terminated in the parvis, or part of the churchyard contiguous to the grand entrance —a fine square of old houses. The southern side of this Place was overhung by the furrowed and rugged front of the Hôtel-Dieu, and its roof, which looks as if covered with pimples and warts. And then, right and left, east and west, within that narrow circuit of the City, were ranged the steeples of its twenty-one churches, of all dates, forms, and sizes; from the low and decayed Roman campanile of St. Denis-du-Pas *(carcer Glaucini)* to the slender spires of St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs and St. Laundry. Behind Notre-Dame extended northward, the cloister with its Gothic galleries; southward, the Demi-Roman palace of the bishop; and eastward, the uninhabited point of the island, called the terrain, or ground, by distinction. Amid that accumulation of houses the eye could also distinguish, by the high perforated

mitres of stone, which at that period, placed aloft upon the roof itself, surmounted the highest range of palace windows, the mansion presented by the Parisians, in the reign of Charles VI., to Juvénal des Ursins; a little farther on, the black, pitch-covered market-sheds of the Marché Palus; and in another direction, the new chancel of St. Germain-le-Vieux, lengthened, in 1458, by an encroachment upon one end of the Rue-aux-Febves; and then, here and there, were to be seen some cross-way crowded with people—some pillory erected at the corner of a street—some fine piece of the pavement of Philip-Augustus—a magnificent flagging, furrowed in the middle to prevent the horses from slipping, and so ill-replaced in the sixteenth century by the wretched pebbling called *pavé de la Ligue*—some solitary backyard, with one of those transparent staircase-turrets which they used to build in the fifteenth century, one of which is still to be seen in the Rue des Bourdonnais. And on the right of the Sainte-Chapelle, to the westward, the Palais de Justice rested its group of towers upon the water's brink. The groves of the royal gardens which occupied the western point of the island, hid from view the islet of the Passeur. As for the water itself, it was hardly visible from the towers of Notre-Dame, on either side of the City; the Seine disappearing under the bridges, and the bridges under the houses.

And when you look beyond those bridges, the roofs upon which were tinged with green, having contracted untimely mouldiness from the vapours of the water; if you cast your eye on the left hand, toward the University, the first edifice that struck it was a large low cluster of towers, the Petit Châtelet, the gaping porch of which seemed to devour the extremity of the Petit-Pont. Then, if your view ranged along the shore from east to west, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, you beheld a long line of houses exhibiting sculptured beams, coloured window-glass, each story overhanging that beneath it—an interminable zigzag of ordinary gables, cut at frequent intervals by the end of some street, and now and then also by the front or the corner of some great stone-built mansion, which seemed to stand at its ease, with its court-yards and gardens, its wings and its compartments, amid that rabble of houses crowding and pinching one another, like a grand seigneur amidst a mob of rustics. There were five or six of these mansions upon the quay, from the Logis de Loraine, which shared with the house of the Bernardines the great neighbouring enclosure of the Tournelle, to the Hôtel de Nesle, the principal tower of which formed the limit of Paris on that side, and the

pointed roofs of which were so situated as to cut with their dark triangles, during three months of the year, the scarlet disc of the setting sun. That side of the Seine, however, was the least mercantile of the two; there was more noise and crowd of scholars than of artisans; and there was not, properly speaking, any quay, except from the Pont-Saint-Michel to the Tour de Nesle. The rest of the margin of the river was either a bare strand, as was the case beyond the Bernardines, or a close range of houses with the water at their foot, as between the two bridges. There was a great clamour of washerwomen along the water side, talking, shouting, singing, from morning till night and beating away at their linen—as they do at this day contributing their full share to the gaiety of Paris.

The University, from one end to the other, presented to the eye one dense mass forming a compact whole. Those thousand thick-set angular roofs, nearly all composed of the same geometrical element, when seen from above, looked almost like one crystalization of the same substance. The capricious fissures formed by the streets did not cut this conglomeration of houses into slices too disproportionate. The forty two colleges were distributed among them very equally and were to be seen in every quarter. The amusingly varied summits of those fine buildings were a product of the same description of art as the ordinary roofs which were overtopped; being nothing more than a multiplication, into the square or cube, of the same geometrical figure. Thus they complicated the whole, without confusing it; completed without overloading it. Geometry itself is one kind of harmony. Several fine mansions, too, lifted their heads magnificently here and there above the picturesque attic stories of the left bank; as the Logis de Nevers, the Logis de Rome, the Logis de Reims, which have disappeared; and the Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the artist's consolation, but the tower of which was so stupidly shortened a few years ago. Near the Hôtel de Cluny, that Roman palace, with fine semicircular arches, were once the Baths of Julian. There were also a number of abbeys of a beauty more religious, of a grandeur more solemn, than the secular mansions, but not less beautiful nor less grand. Those which first caught the attention were that of the Bernardines, with its three steeples; that of Sainte-Geneviève, the square tower of which, still existing, makes us so much regret the disappearance of the remainder; the Sorbonne, half-college, half-monastery, so admirable a nave of which yet survives; the fine quadrilateral cloister of the Mathurins, and, adjacent to it, the cloister of St. Benedict's;

the house of the Cordeliers, with it's three enormous and contiguous gables; that of the Augustines, the graceful spire of which formed, after the Tour de Nesle, the next lofty projection on that side of Paris, commencing from the westward. The colleges—which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world—held the medium in the architectural series between the great mansions and the abbeys, exhibiting a severe elegance, a sculpture less airy than that of the palaces, an architecture less stern than that of the convents. Unfortunately, scarcely anything remains of these structures, in which Gothic art held so just a balance between richness and economy. The churches (and they were numerous and splendid in the University, and of every architectural era, from the round arches of Saint-Julian to the Gothic ones of Saint-Severin)—the churches, we say, rose above the whole; and, as one harmony more in that harmonious mass, they pierced in close succession the multifarious indented outline of roofs, with boldly-cut spires, perforated steeples, and slender aiguilles, or needle spires, the lines of which were themselves but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.

The situation of the University, was hilly. The Montagne Ste. Geneviève, on the southeast, made one grand swell: and it was curious to see, from the top of Notre-Dame, that crowd of narrow, winding streets (now the *pays Latin*), those clusters of houses which, scattered in every direction from the summit of that eminence, spread themselves in disorder, and almost precipitously down its sides, to the water's edge; looking, some as if they were falling, others as if they were climbing up, and all as if hanging to one another; while the continual motion of a thousand dark points crossing one another upon the pavement, gave the whole an appearance of life. These were the people in the streets, beheld thus from on high and at a distance, and in the intervals between those roofs, those spires, and innumerable projections of buildings, which so fantastically bent, twisted, and indented the extreme line of the University, you distinguished here and there some great patch of moss-covered wall, some thick round tower, or some embattled, fortress-looking town gate—this was the enclosure of Philip-Augustus. Beyond extended the green meadows, across which the roads were seen diverging, having along their sides, at quitting the body of the town, a number of maisons de faubourg, or houses without the walls, which were seen more thinly scattered the greater their distances from the barriers. Some of these faubourgs were considerable. First of all (to go round from the Tournelle), there was the bourg

St. Victor, with its bridge of one arch over the Bievre; its abbey, in which was to be read the epitaph of King Louis the Fat—*epitaphium Ludovici Grossi;* and its church with an octagonal spire flanked by four steeple turrets, of the eleventh century (such a one is still to be seen at Etampes. Then there was the bourg St. Marceau, which had already three churches and a convent. Then, leaving on the left the mill of the Gobelins and its four white walls, came the faubourg St. Jacques, with the fine sculptured cross in the middle of it; the church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas, then a charming Gothic structure; that of St. Magloire, with its fine nave of the fourteenth century, which Napoleon turned into a haybarn; and that of Notre-Dame des Champs, or Notre-Dame-in-the-Fields, in which were to be seen some byzantins. And after leaving in the open country the monastery of the Chartreux or Carthusians, a rich structure of the same period as the Palais de Justice, with its little compartmented gardens, and the haunted ruins of Vauvert, the eye fell towards the West, upon the three Roman-built spires of St. Germain-des-Près, St. Germain or Germanus-in-the-Meadows. The bourg St. Germain, already a large commune, formed fifteen or twenty streets in the rear, the sharp steeple of St. Sulpice indicating one of its corners. Close by it was to be distinguished the quadrilateral enclosure of the Foire St. Germain, where is now the market; then the abbot's pillory, a pretty little round tower, well capped with a cone of lead; farther on was the tuilerie or tile-kiln; and the Rue du Four, which led to the four banal or manorial bakehouse, with the manorial mill perched upon its mound—a specimen of one of the most vexatiously tyrannical characteristics of "the good old times;" and the lazaretto, a small, detached, and half-seen building. But that which especially attracted the eye, and kept it long fixed upon this point, was the abbey itself. It is certain that this monastery, which had an aspect of grandeur both as a church and as a seigniory or temporal lordship—that abbatial palace, in which the bishops of Paris deemed themselves happy to sleep a single night—that refectory, to which the architect had given the air, the beauty, and the splendid rose-shaped window of a cathedral—that elegant chapel of the Virgin—that monumental dormitory—those spacious gardens—that frowning portcullis and jealous drawbridge—that circuit of battlements which marked its indented outline upon the verdure of the meadows around—those courts in which the mail of men-at-arms shone mingled with golden copes—the whole grouped and rallied, as it were, about the three round-

arched spires, solidly based upon a Gothic chancel—made a magnificent figure in the horizon.

And when at length, after long contemplation you turn toward the right bank to the Town, properly so called, the character of the scene was suddenly changed. The town was not only much larger than the University, but also less uniform. At first sight it appeared to be divided into several masses, singularly distinct from each other. First of all, on the East, in that part of the Town which still takes its name from the marais or marsh, in which Camulogenes entangled Cæsar, there was a collection of palaces, the mass of which extended to the waterside. Four great mansions almost contiguous—the Hôtels de Jouy, de Sens, and de Barbeau, and the Logis de la Reine—cast upon the Seine the reflection of their slated tops intersected by slender turrets. These four edifices occupied the space from the Rue des Nonaindières to the abbey of the Celestines, the small spire of which formed a graceful relief to their line of gables and battlements. Some sorry, greenish-looking houses overhanging the water did not conceal from view the fine angles of their fronts, their great square stone-framed windows, their Gothic porches loaded with statues, the boldly-cut borderings about their walls, and all those charming accidents of architecture which make Gothic art seem as if it recommended its combinations at every fresh structure. Behind those palaces ran in every direction, in some places cloven, palisaded, and embattled, like a citadel, in others veiled by large trees like a Carthusian monastery, the vast and multiform circuit of that wonderful Hôtel de St. Pol, in which the French king had room to lodge superbly twenty-two princes of the rank of the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, with their trains and their domestics, besides the grands seigneurs or superior nobles, and the emperor when he came to visit Paris, and the lions, who had a mansion to themselves within the royal mansion. And we must here observe, that a prince's lodgings then consisted of not less than eleven principal apartments, from the audience-room to the chamber appropriated to prayer; besides all the galleries, baths, stove-rooms, and other "superfluous places," with which each suite of apartments was provided; besides the private gardens of each one of the king's guests; the kitchens, cellars, pantries, and general refectories of the household; the basses-cours or backyards, in which there were two-and-twenty general offices, from the fourille or bakehouse to the echansonnerie or butlery; places for games of fifty different kinds, as mall, tennis, riding at the ring, etc.; aviaries, fish-ponds,

menageries, stables, cattle-stalls, libraries, armouries and foundries. Such was, at that day, a palais de roy—a Louvre—a Hôtel St. Pol; it was a city within a city.

From the summit upon which we have placed ourselves, the Hôtel St. Pol, though almost half hidden from view by the four great mansions of which we have just spoken, was, nevertheless, very considerable and very wonderful to behold. You could clearly distinguish in it, although they had been skillfully joined to the main building by means of long windowed and pillared galleries, the three several mansions which Charles V. had thrown into one together with his former palace; the Hôtel du Petit-Muce, with the airy balustrade which gracefully bordered its roof; the hôtel of the abbot of St. Maur, presenting the variety of an entrance regularly fortified, with a massive tower, machicolations, shot-holes, moineaux de fer, and over the wide Saxony gateway, the abbot's escutcheon placed between the two notches of the drawbridge; the hôtel of the Count d' Etampes, the keep of which, being ruinous at the top, looked rounded and indented, like the crest of a cock; here and there three or four old oaks, making together one great swelling tuft, haunts of swans amid the clear waters the fish preserves, all wavering in light and shade; the picturesque corner of many a court; the Hôtel des Lions or mansions of the lions, with its low-pointed arches upon short Saxon pillars, its iron portcullises and its perpetual roaring; then, shooting up above this group of objects, the scaly spire of the Ave-Maria; on the left, the mansion of the provost of Paris, flanked by four turrets delicately moulded and perforated; and, in the centre and heart of the whole, the Hôtel St. Pol itself, properly so called, with its multiplied fronts, its successive enrichments since the time of Charles the V., the heterogeneous excrescences with which the fancy of the artists had loaded it in the course of two centuries; with all the chancels of its chapels, all the gables of its galleries, its thousand weathercocks, and its two contiguous towers, the conical roof of which, surrounded by battlements at its base, looked like a pointed hat with the brim turned up.

In ascending the steps of that amphitheatre of palaces which thus displayed itself at a distance, after crossing a deep fissure in the roofs of the Town, which marked the course of the Rue St. Antoine, the eye wandered on to the Logis d'Angoulême, a vast structure of several different periods, in which there were some parts quite new and almost white, scarcely better harmonizing with the rest than a red waistcoat might with a blue

doublet. However, the singularly sharp and elevated roof of the modern palace, bristling with carved sprout-ends, and covered with sheets of lead, over which ran sparkling incrustations of gilt copper in a thousand fantastic arabesques—that roof so curiously demaskened, sprang gracefully up from amid the brown ruins of the ancient edifice, the old massive towers of which were bellying with age into the shape of casks, their height shrunk with decrepitude, and breaking asunder from top to bottom. Behind rose the forest of spires of the Palais des Tournelles. Nor was any assemblage of objects in the world—not even at Chambord nor at the Alhambra— more magical, more aërial, more captivating, than that grove of spires, turrets, chimneys, waathercocks, spiral staircases, airy lanterns, pavilions, spindle-shaped turrets, or tournelles, as they were then called—all differing in form, height, and position.

To the right of the Tournelles, that bundle of enormous towers perfectly black, growing, as it were, one into another, and looking as if bound together by their circular fosse; that donjon tower, looped much more with shot-holes than with windows; that drawbridge always lifted; that portcullis always down;—those are the Bastille. Those objects like black beaks, projecting between the battlements, and which at this distance, you would take for the mouth of spouts, are cannon. Under their fire, at the foot of the formidable structure, you may perceive the Porte St. Antoine, almost buried between its two towers.

Beyond this, and as far as the wall of Charles V., extended, in rich compartments of verdure and of flowers, a tufted carpet of garden-grounds and royal parks, in the midst of which was distinguishable, by its labyrinth of groves and walks, the famous Dædalus garden which Louis XI. had given to Coictier. The doctor's observatory rose above the labyrinth, like a great isolated column with a small house for its capital; and in that had been practiced astrologies of terrible effect. That spot is now occupied by the Palace Royale.

As we have already noted, the Palace and its precincts, of of which we have endeavoured to give the reader some idea, though by specifying only its most prominent features, filled up the angle which Charles V.'s enclosure made with the Seine on the east. The centre of the town was occupied by a heap of ordinary houses. Indeed, it was there that the three bridges of the City on the right bank discharged their stream of passengers; and bridges led to the building of houses before that of

palaces. This accumulation of common dwelling-houses, pressed against one another like the cells in a hive, was not without its beauty. In the roofs of a capital, as in the waves of a sea, there is, at least, grandeur of outline. In the first place, then, the streets, crossed and intertwined, diversified the mass with a hundred amusing figures; around the Halles, it was like a star with a thousand rays. The Rues St. Denis and St. Martin, with their innumerable ramifications, ascended one after the other, like two great trees mingling their branches; and then there were tortuous lines, the Rue de la Plâtrerie, etc., winding about over the whole. There were also some fine edifices lifting their heads above the petrified undulation of this sea of gables. First, at the entrance of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, behind which the Seine was seen foaming under the mill-wheels at the Pont-aux-Meuniers, there was the Châtelet; no longer a Roman tower as under the Emperor Julian, but a feudal tower of the thirteenth century, and of a stone so hard, that in three hours the pick did not remove it to the depth of a man's fist. Then there was the rich square steeple of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, its angles all rounded with sculptures, and already worthy of admiration although it was not finished in the fifteenth century. (It wanted in peculiar those four monsters which, still perched at the four corners of its roof, look like so many sphinxes giving to the modern Paris the enigma of the ancient to unriddle. Rault the sculptor, placed them there, not until the year 1526; and had twenty francs for his trouble.) Then, again, there was the Maison-aux-Piliers, overlooking that Place de Grève of which we have already given some description. There was the church of St. Gervais, which a doorway in good taste has since spoiled; that of St. Méry, the old pointed arches of which were almost approaching to the semicircular: and that of St. Jean, the magnificent spire of which was proverbial: besides twenty other structures which disdained not to bury their attractions in that chaos of deep, dark and narrow streets. And to these the carved stone crosses, more abounding in the crossways even than the gibbets themselves; the cemetery of the Innocents, of which you discovered at a distance the architectural enclosure; pillory of the Halles, the top of which was visible between the chimneys of the Rue de la Cossonnerie; the échelle of the Croix-du-Trahoir, in its carrefour or opening, which was constantly darkened with people; the circular hovels of the Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market; the broken fragments of the old wall of Philip-Augustus, distinguishable here and there,

buried among the houses—ivy-mantled towers, ruinous gateways crumbling and shapeless pieces of wall; the quay with its thousand shops, and its bloody-looking écorcheries or skinning-yards; the Seine covered with boats, from the Port-au-Foin to the For-l'Evéque; and you will have some idea of the appearance presented, in 1482, by the central trapezium or irregular quadrangle of the Town.

With these two quarters, the one of palaces, the other of houses, the third great feature then observable in the Ville, was a long zone or belt of abbeys which bordered it almost in its whole compass on the land side, from east to west, and, behind the line of fortification by which Paris was shut in, formed a second internal enclosure, consisting of convents and chapels. Thus, close to the park of the Tournelles, between the Rue St. Antoine and the old Rue du Temple, there was St. Catherine's, with its immense grounds, bounded only by the wall of Paris. Between the old and the new Rue du Temple, there was the Temple itself, a frowning bundle of towers, lofty, erect, and isolated in the midst of an extensive embattled enclosure. Between the Rue Neuve du Temple and the Rue St. Martin, in the midst of its gardens, stood St. Martin's, a superb fortified church, whose girdle of towers, whose tiara of steeples, were second in strength and splendour only to St. Germain-des-Près. Between the two Rues, St. Martin and St. Denis, was displayed the circuit of the Trinité, or convent of the Trinity. And between the Rue St. Denis and the Rue Montorgueil, was that of the Filles-Dieu. Close by the latter were to be distinguished the decayed roofs and unpaved enclosures of the Cour des Miracles, the only profane link that obtruded itself into that chain of religious houses.

Finally, the fourth compartment which presented itself distinctly in the conglomeration of roofs upon the right bank, occupying the western angle of the great enclosure, and the water-side downward, was a fresh knot of palaces and great mansions crowding at the foot of the Louvre. The old Louvre of Philip-Augustus, that immense structure—the great tower of which mustered around it twenty-three principal towers, besides all the smaller ones—seemed, at a distance, to be enchased, as it were, within the Gothic summits of the Hôtel d'Alençon, and the Petit-Bourbon. This hydra of towers, the giant keeper of Paris, with its four-and-twenty heads ever erect—with the monstrous ridges of its back sheathed in lead or scaled with slates, and all variegated with glittering metallic streaks—surprisingly terminated the configuration of the Town on the west.

This, an immense *pâté*—what the Romans called an insula or island—of ordinary dwelling-houses, flanked on either side by two great clusters of palaces, crowned, the one by the Louvre, the other by the Tournelles, and bordered on the north by a long belt of abbeys and cultivated enclosures—the whole mingled and amalgamated in one view—and over those thousands of building, whose tiled and slated roofs ran in so many fantastic chains, the steeples, engraved, embroidered, and inlaid, of the forty-four churches on the right bank—myriads of cross streets—the boundary, on one side, a line of lofty walls with square towers (those of the University wall being round), and on the other, the Seine, intersected by bridges and crowned with numberless boats—such was the Town of Paris in the fifteenth century.

Beyond the walls there were some faubourgs adjacent to the gates, but less numerous and more scattered than those on the University side. Thus, behind the Bastille, there were a score of mean houses clustered around the curious carvings of the cross called the Croix-Faubin, and the buttresses of the abbey of St. Antoine-des-Champs, or St. Antony's-in-the-Fields; then there was Popincourt, lost amid the corn-fields; then, La Courtille, a merry village of cabarets or public houses; the bourg St. Laurent, with its church, the steeple of which, at a distance, seemed in contact with the pointed towers of the Porte St. Martin; the Faubourg St. Denis, with the extensive enclosure of St. Ladre; then, out at the Porte Montmartre, the Grange-Batalière, encircled with white walls; and behind it Montmartre itself, with its chalky declivities—Montmartre, which had then almost as many churches as windmills, but which has retained only the windmills, "for observes our author, "society now seeks only bread for the body" —an observation which the reader may interpret in his own way. And then, beyond the Louvre, you saw, stretching into the meadows, the Faubourg St. Honoré, even then of considerable extent; and, looking green, La Petite-Bretagne or Little Britain; and, spreading itself out, the Marché-aux-Porceaux, or Hog-market, in the centre of which heaved the horrible boiler used for executing those convicted of coining. Between La Courtille and St. Laurent your eye had already remarked, on the summit of a rising ground that swelled amidst a solitary plain, a sort of structure, which looked at a distance like a ruinous colonnade standing upon a basement with its foundation laid bare. This, however, was neither a Parthenon, nor a temple of the Olympian Jupiter; it was the dismal Montfaucon, already alluded to, and hereafter to be described.

If the enumeration of so many edifices, brief as we have sought to make it, has not shattered, in the reader's mind, the general image of old Paris as fast as we have endeavoured to construct it, we will recapitulate it in a few words. In the centre was the island of the City, resembling in its form an enormous tortoise, extending on either side its bridges all scaly with tiles, like so many feet, from under its gray shell of roofs. On the left, the close, dense, bristling, and homogeneous quadrangle of the University; and on the right, the vast semicircle of the Town, much more interspersed with gardens and great edifices. The three masses, City, University, and Town, are veined innumerable streets. Across the whole runs the Seine, "the nursing Seine," as Father du Breul calls it, obstructed with islands, bridges, and boats. All around is an immense plain, checkered with a thousand different sorts of cultivation, and strewed with beautiful villages; on the left, Issy, Vanvres, Vaugirard, Montrouge, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower, etc.; and on the right, twenty others, from Conflans to Ville-l'Evêque. In the horizon a circle of hills formed, as it were, the rim of the vast basin. And in the distance, on the east, was Vincennes, with its seven quadrangular towers; on the south, the Bicêtre, with its pointed turrets; on the north, St. Denis and its spire; and on the west, St. Cloud and its donjon. Such was the Paris beheld from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame by the crows who lived in 1482.

And yet Voltaire has said, that "before the time of Louis XIV. this city possessed only four fine pieces of architecture," viz: the dome of the Sorbonne, the Val-de-Grâce, the modern Louvre, and—we have forgotten which—was the fourth—perhaps it was the Luxembourg. Voltaire, however, was not the less the author of "Candide" for having made this observation; nor is he the less, among all the men who have succeeded one another in the long series of human characters, the one who has possessed in greatest perfection the *rire diabolique*, the sardonic smile. This opinion of his only affords one evidence, among so many others, that a man may be a fine genius, and yet understand nothing of an art which he has not studied. Did not Molière think he was doing great honour to Raphael and Michael Angelo when he called them "those Mingards of their age"?

But to return to Paris and to the fifteenth century. It was not then a fine town only—but it was a homogeneous town—an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages—a chronicle in stone. It was a city composed of two architectural

strata only, the Romanish and the Gothic layer—for the true Roman layer had long disappeared, except in the Baths of Julian, where it still pierced through the thick incrustation of the Middle Ages—and as for the Celtic stratum, no specimen of that was now to be found, even in sinking a well, but when the Revival came and broke into that consistency so severe and yet so varied, with the dazzling profuseness of its systems and its fancies, rioting among Roman arches, Grecian columns, and Gothic depressions—its carving so delicate and so imaginative—its peculiar taste for arabesques and foliage—its architectural paganism contemporary with Luther—Paris was perhaps more beautiful still, though less harmonious to the eye and to the mind. But that splendid period was of short duration. The Revival was not impartial. Not content with erecting, it thought proper to pull down—it must be acknowledged, too, that it wanted room. So the Gothic Paris was complete but for a moment. Scarcely was the tower of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie finished, before the demolition of the old Louvre was begun.

Since then this great city has been daily sinking into deformity. The Gothic Paris, under which the Romanish Paris was disappearing, has disappeared in its turn; but what name shall we give to the Paris that has taken its place?

There is the Paris of Catherine de Medicis at the Tuileries, the Paris of Henry II. at the Hôtel-de-Ville—two edifices which are still in fine taste;—the Paris of Henry IV. at the Place Royale—a brick front, faced with stone, and roofed with slate—real tricoloured houses;—the Paris of Louis XIII. at the Val-de-Grâce—of architecture crushed and squat—with basket-handle vaults, big-bellied columns, and a hump-backed dome;—the Paris of Louis XIV. at the Invalides—great, rich, gilded, and cold;—the Paris of Louis XV. at St. Sulpice—with volutes, knots of ribbons, clouds, vermicelli, and succory, all in stone;—the Paris of Louis XVI. at the Pantheon—St. Peter's at Rome ill-copied—and the building has been awkwardly heightened, which has by no means rectified its lines;—the Paris of the Republic at the School of Medicine—a poor Greek and Roman style, just as much to be compared to the Coliseum or the Parthenon, as the constitution of the year III. is to the laws of Minos; the French denomination for which style in architecture is, *le goût messidor*;—the Paris of Napoleon, at the Place Vendôme—something sublime—a brazen column composed of melted cannon;—the Paris of the Restoration, at the Bourse or Exchange—a colonnade very white,

supporting a frieze very smooth; the whole square, and costing twenty millions of francs.

To each of these characteristic structures is allied, by similarity of style, manner, and disposition of parts, a certain number of houses scattered over the different quarters of the town, which the eye of the connoisseur easily distinguishes and assigns to their respective dates. When a man understands the art of seeing, he can trace the spirit of an age and the features of a king even in the knocker on a door.

Paris as it now is, has therefore no general physiognomy. It is a collection of specimens of several different ages, and the finest of all have disappeared. This capital is increasing in dwelling-houses only—and in what dwelling-houses! If it goes on as it is now doing, Paris will be renewed every fifty years. So, also, the historical meaning of its architecture is daily wearing away. Its great structures are becoming fewer and fewer, seeming to be swallowed up one after another by the flood of houses. "Our fathers," a Parisian of the present day might exclaim, "had a Paris of stone—our sons will have one of plaster."

Speaking of the modern structures of the new Paris, we abstain from enlarging upon them. Not, indeed, that we do not pay them all proper praise. The Ste. Geneviève of M. Soufflot is certainly the finest Savoy cake that was ever made of stone. The Palace of the Legion of Honour is also a very distinguished piece of pastry. The Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market, is an English jockey-cap on a magnificent scale. The towers of Saint-Sulpice are two great clarinets; now, nobody can deny that a clarinet shape is a shape; and then, the telegraph, crooked and grinning, makes an admirable diversity upon the roof. The church of Saint-Rock has a doorway, with whose magnificence only that of Saint Thomas d'Aquin can compare; it has also a plum-pudding Mount Calvary down in a cellar, and a sun of gilt wood; these, it must be owned, are things positively marvellous. The lantern of the labyrinth at the Jardin des Plantes, too, is vastly ingenious. As for the Palais de la Bourse or Exchange, which is Grecian in its colonnade, Roman by the circular arches of its doors and windows, and of the Revival by its great depressed ceiling, it is doubtless a structure in great correctness and purity of taste; one proof of which is, that it is crowned by an attic story such as was never seen at Athens, a fine straight line, gracefully intersected here and there by stovepipes. We must add, that if it be a rule that the architecture of a building should be so adapted to the purpose of the building itself, as that the

aspect of the edifice should at once declare that purpose, we can not too much admire a structure which, from its appearance, might be either a royal palace, a chamber of deputies, a town-hall, a college, a riding-house, an academy, a repository, a court of justice, a museum, a barrack, a mausoleum, a temple, or a theatre—and which, all the while, is an Exchange. It has been thought, too, that an edifice should be made appropriate to the climate—and so this one has evidently been built on purpose for a cold and rainy sky.

The roof is almost flat, as in the East; and, consequently, in winter, when it snows, it has to be swept. But, for the purpose of which we have just now been speaking, the building fulfills it admirably. It is an Exchange in France, as it would have been a temple in Greece. True it is that the architect has had much ado to conceal the clock-face, which would have destroyed the purity of the noble lines of the façade; but to make amends, we have that colonnade running round the whole structure, under which, on the grand days of religious solemnity, may be magnificently developed the schemes of money-brokers and stock-jobbers.

Doubtless, these are very superb structures. Add to these many a pretty street, amusing and diversified, like the Rue de Rivoli; and we need not despair that Paris shall one day present, as seen in a balloon flight, that richness of outline and opulence of detail—that peculiar diversity of aspect—that something surpassingly grand in the simple and striking in the beautiful—which distinguishes a draught-board.

However, admirable as you may think the present Paris, reconstruct in your imagination the Paris of the fifteenth century—look at the sky through that surprising forest of spires, towers, and steeples—spread out amidst the vast city, tear asunder at the points of the islands, and fold round the piers of the bridges, the Seine, with its broad green and yellow flakes, more variegated than the skin of a serpent—project distinctly upon a horizon of azure the Gothic profile of that old Paris—make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its innumerable chimneys—plunge it in deep night, and observe the fantastic play of the darkness and the lights in that gloomy labyrinth of buildings—cast upon it a ray of moonlight, showing it in glimmering vagueness, with its towers lifting their great heads from that foggy sea—or draw that dark veil aside, cast into shade the thousand sharp angles of its spires and its gables, and exhibit it all fantastically indented upon the glowing western sky at sunset—and then compare.

If you would receive from the old city an impression which the modern one is quite incapable of giving you, ascend, on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, to some elevated point from which your eye can command the whole capital—and attend the awakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven —for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear only scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, all on a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold, ascending at the same moment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, as it were, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert. Then it is all one mass of sonorous vibrations, incessantly sent forth from the innumerable steeples—floating, undulating, bounding, and eddying, over the town, and extending far beyond the horizon of the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you perceive the windings of each group of notes that escapes from the several rings; you can follow the dialogue, by turns grave and clamorous, of the crecelle and the bourdon; you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another; you observe them spring aloft, winged, light, and whistling, from the bell of silver; falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. You admire among them the rich gamut incessantly descending and reascending the seven bells of Saint-Eustache; and you see clear and rapid notes, running across, as it were, in three or four luminous zigzags, and vanishing like flashes of lightning. Down there you see Saint-Martin's Abbey, a shrill and broken-voiced songstress; here is the sinister and sullen voice of the Bastille; and at the other end is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chime of the Palais unceasingly casts on every side resplendent trillings, upon which fall, at regular intervals, the heavy strokes from the great bell of Notre-Dame, which strike sparkles from them like the hammer upon the anvil. At intervals, you perceive sounds pass by, of every form, from the triple peal of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Then, again, from time to time, that mass of sublime sounds half opens, and gives passage to the stretto of the Ave-Maria, which glitters like an aigrette of stars. Below, you can distinguish confusedly the internal music of the churches.

Here, certainly, is an harmony worth listening to. Ordinarily, the murmur that escapes from Paris in the day-time, is the city talking; in the night, it is the city breathing; but here, it is the city singing. Diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people—the everlasting plaint of the river—the boundless breathings of the wind—the grave and far quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like so many vast organs—immersing in them, as in a demi-tint, all in the central concert that would otherwise be too rugged or too sharp; and then say whether you know of anything in the world more dazzling, than this vortex of bells and chimes—this furnace of music—these thousand voices, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high—this city which is all one orchestra—this symphony rushing loud as a tempest.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

A FOUNDLING.

NEARLY sixteen years before the period of this story in the year 1467, on a fine morning of the first Sunday after Easter—called in England Low Sunday, and in France, *le dimanche de la Quasimodo*, a child had been deposited, after mass, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame, upon the *crèche*, placed on the left hand of the entrance, opposite to the great image of St. Christopher. In this way it was customary to expose foundlings to the charity of the public.

The living creature that was found lying upon this rude crib appeared to excite the curiosity of a very considerable group of persons which had collected; many of whom were of the fair sex.

In the front line of the spectators, and stooping over the foundling, were to be seen four old women, who by their grey costume, appeared to be attached to some convent. The names of these venerable women were Agnès la Herme, Jehanne de la Tarme, Henriette la Gaultière, and Gauchère la Villette—all four widows, who had come thus far to hear the sermon.

"What ever is this, sister?" said Agnès to Gauchère, as she looked at the little exposed creature, which lay screaming and twisting itself about, frightened at being looked at by so many people.

"Oh dear!" said Jehanne, "what's to become of us all, if this is the way children are brought into the world?"

"I'm no special judge of children," rejoined Agnès, "but it must surely be a sin to look at such a one as this!"

"It's no child at all, Agnès—"

"It's a misshapen thing," observed Gauchère.

"It's a miracle," said Henriette la Gaultière.

"Then," remarked Agnès, "this is the third since Lætare Sunday; for it's not a week since we had the miracle of the

mocker of pilgrims divinely punished by Our Lady of the Aubervilliers; and that was the second miracle of the month."

"This foundling is a very monster of abomination," resumed Jehanne.

"He brawls loud enough to deafen one," added Gauchière; "hold your tongue, you little rascal."

"To say that it's monsieur of Reims that sends this monstrosity to monsieur of Paris!" exclaimed La Gaultière, clasping her hands.

"I should say," said Agnès la Herme, "that it's some strange animal—something, at all events, that should be thrown into the water or into the fire."

"Surely," resumed La Gaultière, "nobody will care to adopt it!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Agnès, "to think of those poor nurses that live down there in the foundling-house at the bottom of the alley; suppose they were to go and take them this little monster to rear!"

"Is she a simpleton, that poor La Herme?" rejoined Jehanne. "Don't you see, my dear sister, that this little monster is at least four years old, and wouldn't have half so much appetite for infant's food as for a piece of roast meat."

As a matter of fact, the "little monster" was not a new-born infant. It was a little restless mass, imprisoned in a canvas bag which was marked Guillaume Chartier, then bishop of Paris—with a head peeping out at one end. The head was very deformed, and it exhibited a mass of red hair. The eye was weeping; the mouth was crying; and the teeth seemed to desire, above all things, to bite. The whole lump was struggling violently in the bag, to the great amazement of the increasing crowd around it.

Dame Aloise de Gondelaurier, a wealthy and noble lady, holding by the hand a pretty little girl about six years of age, and drawing after her a long veil attached to the golden horn of her coif, stopped as she was passing before it, and looked for a moment at the unfortunate creature; while her charming little daughter, Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, clad in silk and velvet, was spelling with her pretty finger upon the permanent label attached to the bedstead, the words ENFANS TROUVES.

"I thought they exposed here nothing but children," said the lady in disgust, as she turned away; at the same time throwing into a basin a silver florin, which rang among the liards, and opened wide the eyes of the sisters of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry.

Shortly afterwards the grave and learned Robert Mistricolle, king's prothonotary, passed by, with an enormous missal under one arm, and his wife under the other (Damoiselle Guillemette-la-Mairesse), having thus at his side his two regulators, the spiritual and the temporal.

"Foundling, indeed!" said he, after examining the living mass; "yes—found, apparently, upon the parapet of the river Phlegethon!"

"I can only see one eye," observed Damoiselle Guillemette; "it has a great wart upon the other."

"It's no wart," exclaimed Maître Robert Mistricolle; "it's an egg, that contains just such another demon, which has upon its eye another little egg enclosing another devil—and so on."

"How do you know that?" asked Guillemette-la-Mairesse.

"That is my firm belief," answered he.

"Monsieur," asked Gauchère, "what do you prophecy from this pretended foundling?"

"The greatest calamities," answered Mistricolle.

"Good God!" exclaimed an old woman among the bystanders, "withal that there was a considerable pestilence last year, and that they say the English are going to land in great force at Harfleur!"

"Perhaps that will prevent the queen from coming to Paris in September," observed another; "and trade's so bad already!"

"I'm of opinion," cried Jehanne de la Tarme, "that it would be better for the inhabitants of Paris, for that little monstrosity there to be lying upon a fagot than upon a board."

"What a fine flaming fagot!" added the old woman.

"It would be more prudent," said Mistricolle.

For some time a young priest had been listening to the conversation, he had an austere and severe countenance, with a broad forehead and a penetrating eye. Silently making his way through the crowd, he examined the foundling with his eyes, and stretched out his hand over him. It was time; for all the devout old ladies were already regaining themselves with the anticipation of a fine flaming fagot.

"I will adopt the child," said the priest. He wrapped it in his cassock, and carried it away with him; the bystanders looking after him with looks of affright. In a minute he had disappeared through the Porte Rouge, which at that time led from the church into the cloisters.

When the surprise was over, Jehanne de la Tarme whispered in the ear of La Gaultière, "Did I not tell you, sister, that that young clerk, Monsieur Claude Frollo, is a wizard?"

CHAP[TER II.]

CLAUDE [FROLLO.]

CLAUDE FROLLO was no ordina[ry individual. He belonged to] one of those families of middle [rank which were called indiffer]ently, in the impertinent lang[uage of the last century, haute] bourgeoisie or petite noblesse. [This family had inherited from] the brothers Paclet the fief of Ti[re-chappe, which was held of the] Bishop of Paris, and the twenty-[one horses of which had been,] in the thirteenth century, the ob[ject of so many pleadings before] the official. As possessor of thi[s fief, Claude Frollo was one of] the septvingt-un, or hundred an[d forty-one seigneurs, claiming] censive, or manorial dues, in Pa[ris and its faubourgs; and in that] capacity his name was long to b[e seen inscribed between that of] the Hôtel de Tancarville, belong[ing to Maître François Le Rez,] and that of the college of Tours, [in the chartulary deposited at] Saint Martin-des-Champs. Fro[m his childhood the parents of] Claude Frollo had destined him [for the ecclesiastical state. He] had been taught to read in Latin[; and had otherwise been pre]pared for the Church. While yet [a child, his father had cloistered] him in the college of Torchi, in t[he University; and there it was] that he had grown up, over the n[issal and the lexicon.]

Moreover, he was grave, and se[rious, and studied ardently and] never shouted loud when at play. [It did not often happen that] he rallied the poor scholars of M[ontaign upon their cappettes,] from which they derived their Un[iversity nickname; nor the fel]lows of the college of Dormans, [upon their shaved heads and] peculiar dress—*azurini coloris et br[uni*, as the charter of Cardinal] des Quatre-Couronnes expresses it[, but on the other hand, he was] assiduous at the schools of the [Rue Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais.] The first scholar whom the abbot [of Saint-Pierre-de-Var, at the] moment of commencing his reading [in canon law, always observed] intently fixed, opposite to his chai[r, against a pillar of the école] Saint-Vendregesile, was Claude Fr[ollo. The first auditor whom] Messire Miles d'Isliers, docteur en [décret, saw arrive every Mon]day morning, quite out of breath, a[t the opening of the doors of] the schools Du Chef Saint-Denis, [was Claude Frollo. Thus, at] the age of sixteen, the young clerk [was a match, in mystical theo]logy, for a father of the Church; [in canonical theology, for a]

father of the Council; and in scho lastic theology, for a doctor of the Sorbonne.

Having mastered theology, he h ad then rushed into the decrét, or study of the decretals. After t he Master of the Sentences, he had fallen upon the Capitularies o f Charlemagne; and had successively devoured, in his appetite for knowledge, decretals upon decretals; those of Theodore, Bis hop of Hispalis; those of Bouchard, Bishop of Worms; those of Yves, Bishop of Chartres; then the decrét of Gratain, which succeeded the capitularies of Charlemagne; then the collecti on by Gregory IX.; then the epistle Super specula of Honoriu s III. He made himself clearly familiar with that vast and tumul uous period of the civil and the canon law, in collision and at str ife with each other in the chaos of the Middle Ages—a period whi ch opens with Bishop Theodore, in 618, and closes, in 1227.

Having digested the decretals, he plunged into medicine and the liberal arts. He studied th e science of herbs, the science of unguents. He became expert ir the treatment of fevers and of contusions, of wounds and of i mposthumes. Jacques d'Espars would have admitted him as a p hysician; Richard Hellain, as a surgeon. In like manner he ra through every degree in the faculty of arts. He studied the lar guages Latin, Greek, Hebrew; a triple sanctuary, then but very little frequented. He was possessed by an absolute fever of a cquiring and storing up science. At eighteen, he had made his w ay through the four faculties; it seemed to the young man that l ife had but one sole object, and that was, to gain further knowle dge.

About this period the excessi ve heat of the summer of 1466 gave birth to the great plague v which carried off more than forty thousand souls within the visco unty of Paris, and amongst others, says John of Troyes, "Maître Arnoul, the king's astrologer, a man of great wisdom. It was said in the University, that the Rue Tirechappe was one of th ose especially devastated by the pestilence. It was there, in the midst of their fief, that the parents of Claude resided. Th e young scholar hastened in great alarm to his paternal roof. On entering, he found that his father and his mother had both died the day before. A little brother, quite an infant, lay crying in it cradle. It was all that remained to Claude and his family. Th e young man took the child in his arms, and went away pensive. Hitherto he had lived only in science; now was the beginni g of a crisis in Claude's existence. An orphan, he felt himself rud ely aroused from the reveries of the school to the realities of this life. Then, moved with pity, he

was seized with passion and dev otion for this infant brother; and strange at once and sweet was t his human affection to him who had never yet loved anything bu t books.

This affection developed itsel f to a singular degree; and in a soul so new to the feeling it was like a first love. Separated since his childhood from his parents, whom he had scarcely known— wedded as it were, in his books —eager above all things to study and to learn—exclusively attenti ve, until then, to his understand- ing, which dilated in science—to his imagination, which expan- ded in literature—the poor scho ar had not yet had time to feel that he had a heart. This little brother, without father or mother —this infant which suddenly dro pped, as it were, from heaven into his charge—made a new m an of him; he discovered that there was something else in the world besides the speculations of the Sorbonne and the verses o f Homerus that man has need of affections—that life without t enderness and without love, is but a piece of dry machinery, n oisy and wearisome. Only he fancied—for he was still at that age when illusions are as yet replaced only by illusions—that t he affections of blood and kin- dred were the only ones necessar y; and that a little brother to love, was sufficient to fill up his w hole life.

Naturally then he threw himself, into the love of his little Jehan, with all the warmth of a character which was already deep, ardent, and concentrated. This poor, helpless creature, pretty, fair- haired, rosy, and curly—this orph an with another orphan for its only support—moved his inmost s oul; and, like the grave thinker he was, he began to reflect upon Jehan with a feeling of the tenderest pity. He bestowed all h is solicitude upon him, as upon something extremely fragile, espec ially commended to his care: and as little Jehan had lost his m other before he was weaned, Claude put him out to nurse. Bes ides the fief of Tirechappe, he inherited from his father that of M oulin, which was held of the square tower of Gentilly; it was a mill standing upon a hill, near the Château de Winchestre, since corrupted into Bicêtre. The miller's wife was suckling a fine b oy, it was not far from the University, and Claude carried his little Jehan to her in his arms.

Thenceforward, feeling that he h ad a burden to bear, he began to look on life as a serious matter and attached himself more strongly than ever to his studies. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the future life of the bei ng for whom he thought him- self answerable before God. His m erit, his learning, his quality as an immediate vassal of the Bish op of Paris, opened wide to him the gates of the Church. At t wenty years of age, by special

dispensation from the Holy See, he was ordained priest; and per-
formed the service, as the young est of the chaplains, of Notre-
Dame, at the altar called, on acc ount of the late mass that was
said at it, altare pigrorum, the al ar of the lazy.

There, more than ever ponde ring over his dear books, which
he quitted only to hasten for an hour to the fief Du Moulin, this
mixture of learning and austerity , so rare at his age, had speedily
gained for him the admiration and reverence of the cloister.
From the cloister his reputati n for learning had been commu-
nicated to the people, amongst whom it had been in some degree
converted, as not unfrequently happened in that day, into renown
for sorcery.

It was at the moment of retur ning, on the Quasimodo Sunday,
from saying his mass of the slo thful at their altar, which was at
the side of that gate of the ch oir which opened into the nave,
on the right hand, near the im age of the Virgin, that his atten-
tion had been awakened by th e group of old women screamin
around the bed of the foundlin gs.

Then it was that he had approached the unfortunate litt
creature, the object of so mu ch hatred and menace. That di
tress, that deformity, that aban donment, the thought of his lit
brother—the idea which sudde nly crossed his mind that, were
himself to die, his dear little Jehan, too, might chance to
miserably cast upon those bo ards—all that had rushed upon
heart at once—a deep feelin g of pity had taken possessio
him, and he had borne off the child.

When he had taken the chi d out of the bag, he found it t
very deformed indeed. The poor little imp had a great
covering its left eye—the hea d compress ed between the sho
—the spine crooked—the b reastbone pr minent—and th
bowed. Yet it seemed to b e full of li fe and although i
impossible to discover what l anguage it attered, yet its
dicated a certain degree of h ealth and st ength. Claude'
passion was increased by th is ugliness; and he vowed
heart to bring up this child f or the love of his brother; i
that, whatever might in the future be the faults of littl
there might be placed to his credit this act of charity.

He baptized his adopted child by the name of Qua
either he chose thereby to co mmemorate the day on whi
found him; or that he meant to mark by that name how in
and imperfectly moulded t he poor little creature was.
modo, one-eyed, hump-bac cked, and bow-legged, co
be considered as anything more than an apology for
human race.

CHAPTER III.

THE BELL-RINGER OF NOTRE-DAME.

In the year 1482, Quasimodo, who had grown up, had been for several years ringer of the bells of Notre-Dame, thanks to the interest of his foster-parent, Claude Frollo; who was become Archdeacon of Joas, by the grace of his suzerain, Messire Louis de Beaumont; who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, by the grace of his patron, Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

In course of time, a peculiar bond of intimacy had been contracted between the ringer and the church. Separated from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his natural deformity, the poor unfortunate had been accustomed to see nothing on this earth beyond the religious walls which had received him into their shade. Notre-Dame had been to him as grew up, his house—his world. There was a sort of mysterious harmony existing between this creature and the edifice. When quite young, he used to drag himself along under the dom of its arches, and now he seemed, with his human face bestial members, the native reptile of that damp dark floor, in which the shadows of the Saxon capitals projected so many stic forms; and when for the first time that he clung mically to the bell-rope in the towers, swung himself upon d set the bell in motion, the effect upon his foster-parent hat of a child flinging its tongue.

is, gradually unfolding his being, which constantly took its from the cathedral—living in it—sleeping in it—scarcely oing out of it—receiving every hour its mysterious im- he came at length to resemble it, to be fashioned to it as to make an integral part of it. His salient angles fitted ves (if we may be allowed the expression) into the re- angles of the structure, and he seemed to be not only pitant, but even its natural tenant. Between the old and himself, there was an instinctive sympathy so pro- at he in some sort adhered to it, like the tortoise to its le had made himself familiar with the whole place. time had he clambered up its front to one story after with no other help than the projections of its archi-

tecture and sculpture; the towers, over the external surface of which he was sometimes seen creeping, like a lizard gliding upon a perpendicular wall—those two giant cheeks of the building—so lofty, so threatening, so formidable—had for him neither giddiness, nor dizziness, nor terror. By dint of leaping, climbing, sporting amid the abysses of the the gigantic cathedral, he was become in some sort both monkey and chamois—like the Calabrian child, which swims before it can run, and plays in its infancy with the sea.

Moreover, not only did his body seem to have fashioned itself according to the cathedral, but his mind also. In what state was that soul of his? what bend had it contracted, what form had it taken, in that savage mode of life? This it would be difficult to determine. It was with great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality pursued the poor foundling. Made ringer of Notre-Dame at fourteen years of age, a fresh infirmity had come to complete his desolation—the bells had broken his tympanum, and he had become deaf. The only door that nature had left him open to the external world, had been suddenly closed for ever, and, in closing, it had intercepted the sole ray of joy and light that still penetrated to the soul of Quasimodo. That moonlight was veiled in deep night. The poor creature's melancholy became incurable and complete as his deformity; add to which, his deafness rendered him in sort dumb. For, that he might not make himself laughed at by others, from the moment that he found himself deaf, he resolutely determined to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke, except when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily that tongue which Claude Frollo had had so much trouble to untie. And hence it was that, when necessity compelled him to speak, his tongue moved stiffly and awkwardly, like a door of which the hinges have grown rusty.

Now if we endeavour to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through that thick, hard rind—could we but sound the depths of that ill-formed organization—were it possible for us to look, as it were, with a torch in our hands, behind the non-transparency of those organs—to explore the darksome interior of that opaque being—to elucidate its obscure corners and absurd no-thoroughfares, and throw all at once a strong light upon the Psyche chained down in that drear cavern—doubtless we should find the poor creature in some posture of decrepitude, stunted and rickety—like those prisoners that used to grow old in the low dungeons of

Venice, bent double in a stone chest too low and too short for them either to stand or to lie at full length.

The spirit pines in a misshapen body. Quasimodo scarcely felt, stirring blindly within him, a soul made after his own image. The impressions of external objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his apprehension. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which passed through it issued forth completely distorted. The reflection which proceeded from that refraction was necessarily divergent. Hence he was subject to a thousand optical illusions and errors of judgment, sometimes foolish, sometimes idiotic.

The first effect of this fatal organization was to disturb the look which he cast upon external objects. He received from them scarcely any immediate perception. The external world seemed to him far off.

The second effect of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was mischievous, indeed, because he was savage; and he was savage because he was ugly. There was logic in his nature to be sure, but his strength developed in so extraordinary a degree as to be a fruitful cause of his propensity for mischief.

But, we must do him the justice to observe that this mischievousness, perhaps, was not inherent in him. At his very steps among mankind, he had felt—and had seen himself—repulsed. Human speech had ever been to him a scoff or a malediction. As he grew up, he had found naught around him but hatred. What wonder then that he should have responded!

And, after all, he turned but reluctantly toward mankind—his cathedral was sufficient for him. It was peopled with figures in marble—with kings, saints, bishops—who, at all events, did not burst out laughing in his face, but looked upon him with uniform tranquillity and benevolence. The other figures, those of the monsters and demons, had no hatred for him, Quasimodo. He was too much like them for that. They seemed much rather to be scoffing at the rest of mankind. The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the monsters were his friends, and protected him. And, accordingly, he used to have long communings with them; he would sometimes pass whole hours squatted down before one of those statues, holding a solitary conversation with it; on which occasions, if any one happened to approach, he would fly at them, and the cathedral was not only society to him—it was the world—it was all nature. He dreamt of no hedgerows but the stained windows ever in flower—no shades but the stone foliage which unfolds itself loaded with birds in the

tufted Saxon capitals—no mountains but the colossal towers of the church—no ocean but Paris, murmuring at their feet.

What he loved above all in his maternal edifice—that which awakened his soul, and made it stretch forth its poor pinions, which it kept so miserably folded up within its cavern—that which sometimes made him happy—was, the bells. From the peal in the central steeple, to the great bell over the doorway, they all shared his affections. Their voices were the only ones that he was still capable of hearing. On this account, the great bell of all was his best beloved. She it was whom he preferred among this family of noisy sisters that fluttered about him on festival days. This great bell was named Marie, and was placed in the southern tower, where it had no companions but its sister Jacqueline, a bell of smaller dimensions, shut up in a smaller cage close by. This Jacqueline was so named after the wife of Jean Montagu, which Jean had given her to the church—a donation, however, which had not prevented him from going and figuring without his head at Montfaucon. In the northern tower were six other bells; while six smaller inhabited the central steeple, over the choir together with the wooden bell, which was rung only from the afternoon of Maunday-Thursday until the morning of Holy Saturday, or Easter-eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his care: but the big Marie was his favourite.

It is not easy to give an idea of his delight on those days on which they rang in full peal. The moment the archdeacon had set him off with the word "Go," he ascended the spiral staircase of the steeple quicker than any other person would have descended it. He rushed, all breathless, into the chamber of the large Marie; he gazed upon her for a moment intently and fondly; then he addressed her softly; patted her with his hand, like a good horse setting out on a long journey; expressing sorrow for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses, he called out to his assistants, placed in the lower story of the tower, to begin. The latter then hung their weight at the ropes; the capstan creaked, and the enormous round of metal swung slowly. Quasimodo, panting, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper against the brazen wall that encircled it shook the woodwork upon which he stood. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Vah!" he would cry, with a burst of insensate laughter. Meanwhile, the motion of the bell became quicker; and as it went on, taking a wider and wider sweep, Quasimodo's eye, in like manner, opened wider and wider, and became more and more phosphoric and flaming. At length the

great peal commenced—the whole tower trembled—wood, lead, stone,—all shook together—from the piles of the foundation to the trifoliations at the summit. Quasimodo was now in a violent perspiration, running to and fro, and shaking, with the tower, from head to foot. The bell, now in full and furious swing, presented alternately to each wall of the tower its brazen throat, from whence escaped that tempest breath which was audible at four leagues' distance. Quasimodo placed himself before this gaping throat—squatted down and rose up again at each turn of the bell—inhaled that furious breath—looked by turns down upon the Place which was swarming with people two hundred feet below him, and upon the enormous brazen tongue which came, second after second, and bellowed in his ear. It was the only speech that he understood—the only sound that broke to him the universal silence. His soul dilated in it, like a bird in the sunshine. All at once he would catch the frenzy of the bell; and then his look became extraordinary—he would wait the next coming of the vast mass of metal, as the spider waits for the fly, and then throw himself headlong upon it. Now, suspended over the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swing of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the ears—griped it between his knees—spurred it with both his heels—and redoubled, with the whole shock and weight of his body, the fury of the peal. Meanwhile, the tower trembled—while he shouted and ground his teeth—his red hair bristled up—his breath heaving like the blast of a forge—and his eyes flaming—while his monstrous steed was neighing and palpitating under him. Then it was no longer either the great bell of Notre-Dame, or Quasimodo the ringer—it was a dream—a tempest—dizziness astride upon clamour—a strange centaur, half man, half bell—a sort of horrible Astolpho, carried along upon a prodigious hippograff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being breathed, as it were, a breath of life through the whole cathedral. There seemed to escape from him—so at least said the exaggerating superstition of the multitude—a mysterious emanation, which animated all the stones of Notre-Dame, and heaved the deep bosom of the ancient church. To know that he was there, was enough to make you think you saw life and motion in the thousand statues of the galleries and doorways. The old cathedral did indeed seem a creature docile and obedient to his hand; she waited his will to lift up her loud voice; she was filled and possessed with Quasimodo as with a familiar spirit. One would have said that he made the immense building breathe. He was to be seen all over

it; he multiplied himself upon every point of the structure. Sometimes you beheld with dread, at the very top of one of the towers, a fantastic dwarfish-looking figure—climbing—twisting—crawling about—descending outside over the abyss—leaping from projection to projection—and then thrusting his arm into the throat of some sculptured gorgon; it was Quasimodo pulling the crows from their nests. Sometimes, in a dark corner of the church, you would stumble against a sort of living chimera, squatting and dogged-looking—it was Quasimodo musing. Sometimes you espied, upon one of the steeples, an enormous head and a parcel of deranged limbs, swinging furiously at the end of a rope—it was Quasimodo ringing the vesper-bell, or the Angelus. Often, at night, a hideous form was seen wandering upon the light delicate balustrade which crowns the towers and borders the top of the chancel—it was still the hunchback of Notre-Dame. Then, the good women of the neighbourhood would say, something fantastic, supernatural, horrible, was to be seen in the whole church—eyes and mouths opened in it here and there—the stone dogs, griffons, and the rest, that watch day and night, with outstretched necks and open jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, were heard to bark. And if it was a Christmas night—while the great bell, that seemed to rattle in its throat, was calling the faithful to the blazing midnight mass, there was such an air spread over the gloomy front, that the great doorway seemed to be devouring the multitude, while the round window above it was looking down upon them—and all this came from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of this temple—the Middle Ages believed him to be its demon—he was in fact its soul.

So much was this the case that, to those who know that Quasimodo has existed, Notre-Dame is now solitary, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has disappeared. That vast body is empty—it is a skeleton—the spirit has quitted it—they see the place of its habitation, but that is all. It is like a skull, which still has holes for the eyes, but no look shining through them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

THERE was, however, one human being whom Quasimodo excepted from his antipathy, and to whom he was as much, nay, perhaps more strongly attached than to his cathedral—that being was Claude Frollo.

It was perfectly natural. Claude Frollo had taken pity on him, adopted him. It was to Claude Frollo, that, when quite small, he had ran to for refuge when teased by boys or barked at by dogs. Claude Frollo had taught him to speak, to read, and to write, and had made him bell-ringer.

The gratitude of Quasimodo was in consequence unbounded; and though the countenance of his foster-father was frequently gloomy and morose, though his way of speaking was habitually short, harsh, and imperious, never had his gratitude ceased for a moment. The archdeacon had in Quasimodo the most submissive of slaves, the most docile of attendants, the most vigilant of warders. After the poor bell-ringer had lost his hearing, Claude Frollo and he conversed in a language of signs, mysterious and understood by themselves alone. Thus the archdeacon was the only human creature with whom Quasimodo had kept up communication. There were but two things in the world with which he still had intercourse—Notre-Dame and Claude Frollo.

Nothing on earth can be compared with the empire of the archdeacon over the bell-ringer, and the attachment of the bell-ringer to the archdeacon. A sign from Claude, and the idea of giving him pleasure, would have sufficed to make Quasimodo throw himself from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame. It was extraordinary to see all that physical strength, which had attained such a surprising development in Quasimodo, placed implicitly by him at the disposal of another. It bespoke undoubtedly filial submission and domestic attachment; but it proceeded also from the fascination which mind exercises upon mind. It was an imperfect, distorted, defective organisation, with head abased and supplicating eyes, before a superior, a lofty, a commanding intelligence: but, above all, it was gratitude—but gratitude carried to its extreme limit, that we know not what to compare with. This virtue is not one of those of which the most striking examples are to be sought among men. We shall therefore say that Quasimodo loved the archdeacon as never dog, never horse, never elephant, loved his master.

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER STUDIES OF CLAUDE FROLLO.

QUASIMODO was now about twenty years old, and Claude Frollo about thirty-six. The latter was no longer the simple scholar of the Torchi college. He was a priest, austere, grave, morose—having cure of souls—Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas—the second acolyte of the bishop—having charge of the two deaneries of Monthléry and Châteaufort and of a hundred and seventy-four curés ruraux or country parochial clergy. He was an imposing and sombre personage, before whom trembled the chorister boys in aube and jaquette, the machicos, the brethren of St. Augustine, and the cercles matutinels of Notre-Dame, when he passed slowly under the lofty pointed arches of the choir, majestic, pensive, with his arms crossed, and his head inclined upon his breast, nothing could be seen of his face but his large bald forehead.

Dom Claude Frollo, however, had abandoned neither science nor the education of his brother, the two occupations of his life. But in the course of time, some bitterness had been mingled with these things which he had found so sweet. Little Jehan Frollo, surnamed Du Moulin, from the place where he had been nursed, had not grown up in the direction which Claude had been desirous of giving him. The elder brother had reckoned upon a pupil pious, docile, learned, creditable. But the younger brother like those young plants which baffle the endeavours of the gardener, and turn obstinately toward that side alone from which they receive air and sunshine,—the younger brother grew up, and shot forth full and luxuriant branches, only on the side of idleness, ignorance, and debauchery. Claude had consigned him to that same college de Torchi, in which he himself had passed his earlier years in study and modest seclusion; and it grieved him that this sanctuary, once edified by the name of Frollo, should be scandalized by it now. He sometimes read Jehan very long and very severe lectures upon the subject, which the latter intrepidly sustained. After all, the young rake had a good heart—as all our comedies take care to assure us on a like occasion. But when the lecture was over, he did not the less quietly resume the course of his seditions and enormities. Sometimes it was a béjaune, as a new-comer at the University was called, whom he had plucked for his entrance-money—a precious tradition, which h

been carefully handed down to the present day. Sometimes he had set in motion a band of scholars, who had classically fallen upon a cabaret—*quasi classico excitati*—then had beaten the tavern-keeper *avec bâtons offensifs*, and merrily pillaged the tavern, even to the staving in of the hogsheads of wine in the cellar. And then there was a fine report, drawn up in Latin, which the sub-monitor of the Torchi college brought piteously to Dom Claude, with this dolorous heading—*Rixa; prima causa vinum optimum potatum.* At the age of sixteen, his gambling propensities often led him as far as the Rue de Glatigny.

It was owing to all this, that Claude, saddened and discouraged in his human affections, had thrown himself the more ardently into the arms of science. He became, then, more and more learned—and, at the same time, by a natural consequence, more and more rigid as a priest, more and more melancholy as a man.

As Claude Frollo had, in his youth, gone through nearly the whole circle of positive human knowledge, external and lawful, he was under the absolute necessity, unless he was to stop *ubi defuit orbis*, of going further, and seeking other food for the insatiable activity of his intellect. The ancient symbol of the serpent biting his tail is especially appropriate to science; and it seems that Claude Frollo had experienced this. Many grave persons affirmed, that after exhausting the *fas* of human knowledge, he had ventured to penetrate into the *nefas*. He had, they said, successively tasted all the apples of the tree of knowledge; and, whether from hunger or disgust, he had ended with tasting of the forbidden fruit. He had taken his place by turns, as our readers have seen, at the conferences of the theologians at the Sorbonne; at the meetings of the faculty of arts at the image of St. Hilary; at the disputations of the decretists at the image of St. Martin; at the congregations of the physicians at bénitier of Notre-Dame, *ad cupam nostræ dominæ*. All the viands, permitted and approved, which those four great cuisines called the four faculties could prepare and serve up to the understanding, he had devoured; and he had been satiated with them before his hunger was appeased. Then he had penetrated further—lower—underneath all that infinite, material, limited science; he had perhaps risked his soul, and seated himself in the cavern, at that mysterious table of the alchemists, the astrologers, the hermetics, of which Averroës, Guillaume de Paris, and Nicolas Flamel occupy the lower extremity in the Middle Ages, and which extends in the East, under the light of the seven-branched candlestick, up to Solomon, Pythagoras, and Zoroaster. At least, it was supposed, whether rightly or not.

It is certain that the archdeacon often visited the cemetery of the Holy Innocents; in which, it is true, his father and mother had been buried, with the other victims of the plague in 1466; but that he testified much less devotion to the cross at the head of their grave, than to the strange figures upon the tomb of Nicolas Flamel and his wife Claude Pernelle, which stood close by it. He had often been seen to pass along the Rue des Lombards, and enter stealthily into a small house at the corner of the two streets, the Rue des Écrivains and the Rue Marivaux. It was the house which Nicolas Flamel had built, in which he had died about the year 1417, and which, uninhabited ever since, was beginning to fall into ruins, so much had the hermetics and alchemists of all countries worn away its walls by simply engraving their names upon them. Some of the neighbours even affirmed, that they had once seen, through an air-hole, the archdeacon Claude digging and turning over the earth at the bottom of those two cellars, the buttresses in which had been scrawled over with innumerable verses and hieroglyphics by Nicolas Flamel himself. It was supposed that Flamel had buried the philosopher's stone in these cellars; and the alchemists for two centuries, from Magistri down to Father Pacifique, never ceased to turn about the ground, until the house itself, so mercilessly ransacked and turned inside out, had at last crumbled into dust under their feet. The archdeacon had been seized with a singular passion for the symbolical doorway of Notre-Dame, that page of conjuration written in stone by Bishop William of Paris, who has undoubtedly been damned for attaching so infernal a frontispiece to the sacred poem eternally chanted by the rest of the structure. Archdeacon Claude had also the credit of having sounded the mysteries of the colossal St. Christopher, and of that long enigmatical statue which then stood at the entrance of the Parvis, and which the people had nicknamed Monsieur Legris. But what everybody might have remarked, was the interminable hours which he would often spend, seated upon the parapet of the Parvis, in contemplating the sculptured figures of the portal—now examining the light maidens with their lamps turned upside down, and the prudent ones with their lamps the right end up—at other times calculating the angle of vision of that crow which clings to the left side of the doorway, casting its eye upon a mysterious point within the church—where the philosopher's stone is certainly hidden, if it be not in Nicolas Flamel's cellar.

It was a singular destiny for the church of Notre-Dame, at that period, to be thus beloved in two different ways, and with so m[illegible]

devotion, by two beings so unlike as Claude and Quasimodo—loved by the one a sort of half-human creature, instinctive and savage, for its beauty, for its stature, for the harmonies dwelling in the magnificent whole—loved by the other, a being of cultivated and ardent imagination, for its signification, its mystic meaning, the symbolic language lurking under the sculpture on its front, like the first text under the second in a palimpsest—in short, for the enigma which it eternally proposes to the understanding.

And, furthermore, it is certain that the archdeacon had fitted himself up, in that one of the two towers which looks upon the Grève, close by the cage of the bells, a little cell of great secrecy, into which no one entered—not even the bishop, it was said—without his leave. This cell had been constructed of old, almost at the top of the tower, among the crows' nests, by Bishop Hugo de Besançon, who had played the necromancer there in his time. What this cell contained, no one knew. But from the strand of the Terrain, at night, there was often seen to appear, disappear, and reappear, at short and regular intervals, at a small round window or luthern that admitted light into it from the back of the tower, a certain red, intermittent, singular glow, seeming as if it followed the successive puffings of a pair of bellows, and as if it proceeded from a flame rather than from a light. In the dark, at that elevation, it had a very odd appearance; and the good women of the neighbourhood used to say: "There's the archdeacon blowing? Hell-fire's casting sparks up there!"

Not that here were, after all, any great proofs of sorcery; but still there was quite as much smoke as was necessary to make the good people suppose a flame; and the archdeacon had a reputation not a little formidable. We are bound to declare, however, that the sciences of Egypt—that necromancy—that magic—even the fairest and most innocent—had no more violent enemy, no more merciless denouncer before messieurs of the officiality of Notre-Dame, than himself. Whether it was sincere abhorrence, or merely the trick of the robber who cries Stop thief! this did not prevent the archdeacon from being considered by the learned heads of the chapter as one who had risked his soul upon the threshold of hell—as one lost in the caverns of the Cabala—feeling his way in the darkness of the occult sciences. Neither were the people blinded to the real state of the case; to the mind of every one possessed of the smallest sagacity, Quasimodo was the demon, and Claude

Frollo the sorcerer; it was evident that the ringer was to serve the archdeacon for a given time, at the expiration of which he was to carry off his soul by way of payment. So that the archdeacon, despite the excessive austerity of his life, was in bad odour with all pious souls.

And if, as he grew older, he had formed to himself abysses in science, others had opened themselves in his heart. So at least they had reason to believe who narrowly observed that face of his, in which his soul shone forth only through a murky cloud. Whence that large bald forehead—that head constantly bent forward—that breast constantly heaved with sighs? What secret thought wreathed that bitter smile about her lips, at the same moment that his lowering brows approached each other fierce as two encountering bulls? Why were his remaining hairs already gray? What internal fire was that which occasionally shone in his glance, to such a degree as to make his eye look like a hole pierced through the wall of a furnace?

These symptoms of a violent moral preoccupation had acquired an especially high degree of intensity at the period to which our narrative refers. More than once had a chorister-boy fled affrighted at finding him alone in the church, so strange and fiery was his look. More than once, in the choir, at service-time, the occupant of the stall next his own had heard him mingle, in the plain-chant *ad omnem tonum*, unintelligible parentheses. More than once had the laundress of the Terrain, whose business it was "to wash the chapter," observed, not without dread, marks of finger-nails and clenched fingers in the surplice of Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas.

However, he became doubly rigid, and had never been more exemplary. By character, as well as by calling, he had always kept at a distance from women; and now he seemed to hate them more than ever. The mere rustling of a silken cotte-hardie brought his hood down over his eyes. On this point so jealous were his austerity and reserve, that when the king's daughter, the Lady of Beaujeu, came in December, 1481, to visit the cloister of Notre-Dame, he gravely opposed her entrance, reminding the bishop of the statue in the Livre Noir or Black Book of the chapter, dated St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1344, forbidding access to the cloister to every woman "whatsoever, old or young, mistress or maid." Whereupon the bishop having been constrained to cite to him the ordinance of the legate, Odo, which makes an exception in favour of certain ladies of high rank—*aliquæ magnates mulieres, quæ sine scandalo evitari non*

possunt—the archdeacon still protested; objecting that the legate's ordinance being dated as far back as the year 1207, was a hundred and twenty-seven years anterior to the Livre Noir, and was consequently, to all intents and purposes, abrogated by it. And accordingly he had refused to make his appearance before the princess.

It was moreover remarked that, for some time past, his abhorrence of gypsy-women and zingari had been redoubled. He had solicited from the bishop an edict expressly forbidding the gypsies from coming to dance and play the tambourine in the Place du Parvis; and for the same length of time he had been rummaging among the mouldy archives of the official, in order to collect all the cases of wizards and witches condemned to the flames or the halter for having been accomplices in sorcery with he-goats, she-goats, or sows.

When Claude and Quasimodo walked abroad on divers occasions, and they were observed in company traversing the clean, but narrow and dusky, streets of the neighbourhood of Notre-Dame, the servant following his master, more than one malicious word, or ironical smile, or insulting jest, greeted them on their way; unless Claude Frollo—though this happened rarely—walked with head erect, exhibiting his stern and almost noble brow to the gaze of the astonished gossips,

The pair were in that neighbourhood almost like the "poets," of whom Regnier speaks:

> Toutes sortes de gens vont après les poètes,
> Comme après les hiboux vont criant les fauvettes.

Sometimes an ill-natured body would risk his head and bones for the ineffable pleasure of running a pin into Quasimodo's hump. Sometimes a pretty girl, more full of frolic and boldness than became her, would rustle the priest's black gown, singing to his face the sarcastic song beginning: "Nestle, nestle, the Devil is caught." Sometimes a squalid group of old women, crouching down in the dusk along the steps of a porch, grumbled aloud as the archdeacon and the bell-ringer passed, or called after them with curses—this encouraging greeting: "Ho! here comes one with a soul as crooked as the other's body." Sometimes a band of scholars playing at hop-scotch would jump up together and salute them classically with some cry in Latin, as "*Eia! eia! Claudius cum claudo!*"

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT MAGISTRACY.

In the year 1482 there lived Robert d'Estouteville, knight, Sieur of Beyne, Baron of Ivry and Saint Andry in Marche, councillor and chamberlain to the king, and keeper of the provostry of Paris. By his confrère's he was looked upon as an enviable personage. It was nearly seventeen years since he had received from King Louis, that exalted position of Provost of Paris. It was considered marvellous, that, in the year 1482, there should be a gentleman holding the king's commission, whose letters of institution were dated as far back as the time of the marriage of Louis XI.'s natural daughter with monsieur the bastard of Bourbon. On the same day that Robert d' Estouteville had taken the place of Jacques de Villiers in the provostry of Paris, Maître Jean Dauvet succeeded Messire Hêlye de Thorrettes in the first presidency of the court of parliament, Jean Jouvénel des Ursins supplanted Pierre de Morvilliers in the office of Chancellor of France, and Regnault des Dormans relieved Pierre Puy of the post of master of requests in ordinary to the king's household. Now, over how many heads had the presidency, the chancellorship, and the mastership travelled since Robert d'Estouteville had held the provostry of Paris? It had been "granted into his keeping," said the letters patent: and certainly he kept it well. He had clung to and identified himself with it so thoroughly that he had escaped that rage for changes which possessed Louis XI., a distrustful parsimonious, and laborious king, bent upon maintaining, by the frequent appointments and dismissals, the elasticity of his power. Nay, more—the worthy chevalier had procured the reversion of his office for his son; and already, for two years, had the name of noble Jacques d'Estouteville, Esquire, figured at full length behind his own at the head of the register of the ordinary of

the provostry of Paris—a rare, and signal favour! True it is that Robert d'Estouteville was a good soldier; that he had loyally lifted his pennon against "the league of the public weal;" and that he had made a present to the queen, on the day of her entry into Paris in the year 14—, of a very wonderful stag, all made of confectionery. And, moreover, he had a good friend in Messire Tristan l'Hermite, provost-marshal of the king's household. So that Messire Robert enjoyed a very comfortable and agreeable existence. First of all, he had a very good salary; to which were attached, depending like so many additional bunches from his vine, the revenues of the registries, civil and criminal, of the provostry; then the revenues of the Auditoires d'Embas, or inferior courts, of the Châtelet; besides a toll from the bridges of Mante and Corbeil, and other emoluments. Add to all this the pleasure of displaying, in his official rides through the town, in contrast with the gowns, half red and half tawny, of the échevins and the quarteniers, his fine military dress, which you may still admire sculptured upon his tomb at the abbey of Valmont in Normandy, as you may his richly embossed morion at Montlhéry. And then, was it nothing to have all supremacy over the sergeants of the douzaine, the keeper and the watcher of the Châtelet, the sixteen commissioners of the sixteen quarters of the city, the jailor of the Châtelet, the four enfeoffed sergeants, the hundred and twenty mounted sergeants, the hundred and twenty sergeants of the wand, and the knight of the watch, with his men of the watch, the under-watch, the counter-watch, and the rear-watch? Was it nothing to exercise high and low justice, the right of turning, hanging, and drawing, besides the jurisdiction, over minor offences in the first resort, over that viscounty of Paris, to which were so gloriously appended seven noble bailiwicks? Can anything be imagined more gratifying than to pass judgment and sentence, as Messire Robert d'Estouteville daily did in the Grand Châtelet, under the wide, depressed, Gothic arches of Philip-Augustus; and to go, as was his wont, every evening to that charming house situated in the Rue Galilee, within the precincts of the Palais-Royal, which he held in right of his wife, Madame Ambroise de Loré, to repose from the fatigue of having sent some poor devil to pass his night in "that small cage in the Rue de l'Escorcherie, which the provosts and échevins of Paris were wont to make their prison; the dimensions of the same being eleven feet in length, seven feet four inches in width, and eleven feet in height?"

And not only had Messire Robert d'Estouteville his particular

justice as provost and viscount of Paris; but also he had his share, both by presence and action, in the grand justice of the king. There was no head of any elevated rank but had passed through his hands before it came into those of the executioner. It was he who had gone to the Bastille St. Antoine, to fetch Monsieur de Nemours from thence to the Halles; and to the same place, to carry from thence to the Grève Monsieur de St. Pol, who grumbled and complained, to the great joy of monsieur the provost, who was no friend to monsieur the constable.

Here, assuredly, was more than enough to make a man's life illustrious and happy, and to earn some day a notable page in that interesting history of the provosts of Paris, from which we learn that Oudard de Villeneuve had a house in the Rue des Boucheries, that Guillaume de Hangest bought the great and the little Savoie; that Guillaume Thiboust gave his houses in the Rue Clopin to the nuns of Ste. Geneviève; that Hugues Aubriot lived in the Hôtel du Porc-Épic; with other facts of the like importance.

And yet, with all these reasons for taking life patiently and cheerfully, Messire Robert d'Estouteville had waked on the morning of the 7th of January, 1482, very sulky—quite, indeed, in a massacring humour—though for what cause he himself could not well have told. Was it because the sky was dingy? or because the buckle of his old Montlhéry sword-belt was ill fastened, and girded too militarily his provost-beseeming portliness? or because he had seen the army of ribalds marching through the street, four by four, under his window, jeering at him as they passed by, in doublets without shirts, under hats with their crowns out, and scrip and bottle at their sides? Was it a vague presentiment of the three hundred and seventy livres sixteen sols eight deniers, which the future king, Charles VIII., was to deduct the following year from the revenues of the provostry? Among these reasons, the reader is at liberty to choose for our own parts, we are much inclined to believe that he was in an ill-humour simply because he was in an ill-humour.

Besides, it was the day after a holiday—a day of disgust for everybody, and especially for the magistrate whose business it was to sweep away all the filth, whether in the literal or the figurative sense of the word, that a holiday accumulated in Paris. And then he was to hold a sitting in the Grand Châtelet.

The magisterial operations, however, had commenced without him. His deputies *au civil, au criminel,* and *au particulier,* were acting for him, according to custom; and as early as eight o'clock

in the morning, some scores of townspeople, men and women, crowded together in a dark corner of the Auditoire d'Embas of the Châtelet, between the wall and a strong barrier of oak, were blissfully attending at the varied and exhilarating spectacle of the administration of civil and criminal justice by Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet, deputy of monsieur the provost—a little pell-mell, to be sure, and altogether at random.

The room was small, low, and vaulted. At the farther end was a table, figured over with fleur-de-lis, with a great arm-chair of carved oak for the provost, which was empty, and, on the left hand of it, a stool for the auditor, Maître Florian. Below sat the registrar, scribbling away. In front were the people, and before the door, and before the table, were a number of sergeants of the provostry in their violet hacquetons with white crosses upon them. Two sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, or Common-hall, in jackets half red and half blue, stood sentry before a low closed door, which was visible at the other end, behind the table. One solitary pointed window, straightly encased in the massive wall, threw a few pale January rays upon two grotesque countenances; that of the fantastic demon carved upon the key-stone of the vaulted ceiling, and that of the judge, seated at the extremity of the chamber, upon the fleurs-de-lis.

At the prevotal table, between two bundles of cases, and leaning upon his elbows, sat Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet, with his foot upon the tail of his gown of plain brown cloth, and his face in its lining of white lamb-skin, with which his brows seemed to be of a piece—red-faced—harsh-looking—winking, carrying majestically the load of flesh upon his cheeks, which met from either side under his chin.

Now, the auditor was deaf—a slight defect for an auditor, and Maître Florian did not the less decide without appeal and quite competently. It is certainly quite sufficient that a judge should appear to listen; and the venerable auditor the better fulfilled this condition, the only one essential to the good administration of justice, as his attention could not possibly be distracted.

However, there was among the audience a merciless censor of his deeds and gestures, in the person of our friend Jehan Frollo du Moulin, the little scholar of the day before—that stroller who was sure to be met with everywhere in Paris, except before the professor's chair.

"Look," said he to his companion Robert Poussepain, who was tittering beside him while he commented on the scenes that were passing before them; there's Jehanneton du Buisson, the

pretty girl at the Cagnard-au-Marché-Neuf! On my soul, he's condemning her, the old fellow! Then he's no more eyes than ears! Fifteeen sous four deniers parisis for wearing two strings of beads—that's rather dear. *Lex duri carminis*—Who's that?—Robin Chief-de-Ville, hauberk-maker, for being passed and admitted a master in the said art and mystery. It's his entrance-money. Ah! what! two gentlemen among these rascals—Aiglet de Soins, Hutin de Mailly, two esquires! *Corpus Christi!*—Oh! they've been playing at dice. When shall we see our rector here, I wonder? Fined a hundred livres parisis to the king! Barbedienne hits like a deaf man as he is! May I be my brother the archdeacon, if that shall hinder me from playing by day, playing by night, living at play, dying at play, and staking my soul when I've lost my shirt! Holy Virgin! what lots of girls!—one after another, my lambs. Ambrose Lécuyère! Isabeau-la Paynette! Berarde Gironin! I know them all, *par Dieu!* Fine them! fine them! We'll teach you to wear gilt belts! Ten sols parisis a-piece, you coquettes!—Oh, the old muzzle of a judge, deaf and doting! Oh, Florian the lubber! Oh, Barbedienne the dolt! There you see him at table—he dines off the pleader—dines off the case—he eats—he chews—he swallows—he fills himself! Fines—estrays—dues—expenses—costs—wages—damages—torture—jail and stocks—are to him Christmas camichons and midsummer marchpanes. Look at him, the pig! Go on. Good again!—another amorous lady! Thibaude-la-Thibaude, I declare, for going out of the Rue Glatigny. What's this youth? Gieffroy Mabonne, gendarme bearing the cross-bow—he's been profaning the name of the Father. A fine for La Thibaude! a fine for Gieffroy! a fine for them both! The old deaf boy! he must have jumbled the two things together! Ten to one but he makes the girl pay for the oath, and the gendarme for the amour! Attention, Robin Poussepain! What are they bringing in now? Here are plenty of sergeants, by Jupiter! all the hounds of the pack. This must be the grand piece of game of all—a wild boar, at least! It is one, Robin—it is one! and a fine one, too!—Hercle! it's our prince of yesterday—our fool's pope—our ringer—our one-eye—our hunchback—our grin of grins! It's Quasimodo!"

It was he indeed. It was Quasimodo, bound, girded, hooped, pinioned, and well guarded. The detachment of sergeants that surrounded him were accompanied by the chevalier du guet or knight of the watch, in person, bearing the arms of France embroidered on his breast, and those of the Town of Paris on his

back. However, there was nothing in Quasimodo, his deformity excepted, to justify all this display of halberts and arquebusses. He was gloomy, silent, and tranquil; his one eye only just throwing, from time to time, a sullen and resentful glance upon the bonds that covered him. He cast the same look around him; but it seemed so dull and sleepy, that the women pointed him out to each other with their fingers in derision only.

Meanwhile, Maître Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the leaves of the written charge drawn up against Quasimodo, and presented to him by the registrar; and, after taking that glance, appeared to be meditating for a minute or two. Owing to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment of proceeding to an interrogatory, he knew beforehand the name, quality, and offence of the accused, made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to find his way through all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much betraying his deafness. The written charge was to him as the dog to the blind man. If it so happened that his infirmity discovered itself here and there, by some incoherent apostrophe or unintelligible question, it passed with some for profundity, with others for imbecility. In either case the honour of the magistracy did not suffer; for a judge had better be considered either imbecile or profound than deaf. So he took great care to disguise his deafness to the observation of all; and he commonly succeeded so well that he had come at last even to deceive himself about the matter—a species of deception, indeed, which is not so difficult as it may be thought; all hunchbacks walk with head erect; all stammerers are given to speechifying; and the deaf always talk in a whisper. For his part, the utmost admission that he made to himself on this point was, that his hearing was not quite so quick as some people's—it was the only concession in this respect that he could bring himself to make to public opinion, in his moments of candour and examination of conscience.

Having, then, well ruminated on the affair of Quasimodo, he threw back his head and half closed his eyes, by way of greater majesty and impartiality; so that, at that moment, he was blind as well as deaf—a double condition, without which no judge is perfect. It was in this magisterial attitude that he commenced the interrogatory:

"Your name?"

Now here was a case which had not been "foreseen by the law," that of one deaf man interrogated by another.

Quasimodo, receiving no intimation of the question thus addressed to him, continued to look fixedly at the judge, without making any answer. The deaf judge, on the other hand, receiving no intimation of the deafness of the accused, thought that he had answered, as the prisoners generally did; and continued, with his mechanical and stupid right-forwardness.

"Well—your age?"

Quasimodo made no more answer to this question than to the preceding one; but the judge, thinking it replied to, went on:

"Now—your calling?"

The culprit was still silent. The by-standers, however, were beginning to whisper and to look at each other.

"Enough!" added the imperturbable auditor, when he supposed that the accused had consummated his third answer. "You stand charged before us—*primo*, with nocturnal disturbance; *secundo*, with dishonest violence upon the person of a light woman—*in prejudicium meretricis; tertio*, of rebellion, and disloyalty toward our lord the king's archers. Explain yourself on all these points. Registrar, have you taken down what the prisoner has said so far?"

At this unlucky question a burst of laughter was heard, caught by the audience from the registrar—so violent, so uncontrollable, so contagious, so universal, that neither of the deaf men could help perceiving it. Quasimodo turned round, shrugging up his hump in disdain; while Maître Florian, astonished like himself, and supposing that the laughter of the spectators had been excited by some irreverent reply from the accused, rendered visible to him by that shrug, apostrophised him indignantly.

"Fellow," said he, "you gave me an answer then that deserves the halter. Know you to whom you speak?"

This sally was not at all calculated to extinguish the explosion of the general merriment. It seemed to all present so incongruous and left-handed, that the wild laugh caught even the sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, a sort of serving-men carrying pikes, with whom stupidity was part of their uniform. Quasimodo alone preserved his gravity; for the very good reason, that he understood nothing at all of what was passing around him. The judge, growing more and more angry, thought himself bound to go on in the same tone, hoping thereby to strike terror into the accused, which would react upon the by-standers, and bring them back to a proper sense of respect:

"So it seems, then, master, perverse and riotous that you are,

that you presume to be impertinent to the auditor of the Châtelet; to the magistrate entrusted with the popular police of Paris; charged to make search into all crimes, offences, and bad courses; to control all trades, and interdict monopolies; to repair the pavements; to prevent forestalling and regrating of poultry and wild fowl; to superintend the measuring of firewood and other sorts of wood; to cleanse the town of mud, and the air of contagious distempers; in a word, to be doing continually the work of the public, without fee or reward, or expectation of any. Know you that my name is Florian Barbedienne, monsieur the provost's own proper deputy, commissioner, inquisitor, controller, and examiner, with equal power in provostry, bailiwick, conservatorship, and presidial court?"

There is no reason why a deaf man talking to a deaf man should ever stop. Goodness only knows where and when Maître Florian would have finished, had not the low door behind him opened all at once for the entrance of monsieur the provost in person.

At his entrance Maître Florian did not stop short; but, turning half round upon his heel, and suddenly aiming at the provost the harangue with which, the moment before, he had been battering Quasimodo, "Monsieur," said he, "I have to request such penalty as it shall please you, upon the accused here present, for flagrant and aggravated contempt of court."

Then he sat down, quite out of breath, wiping away the big drops that fell from his forehead. Messire Robert d'Estouteville knitted his brow, and made a motion to Quasimodo to attend, in a manner so imperious and significant, that the deaf prisoner in some degree understood it.

The provost addressed him with severity. "Rascal, what hast thou done to be brought hither?"

The hunchback, supposing that the provost was asking him his name, now broke the silence which he had habitually kept, and answered in a hoarse and guttural voice, "Quasimodo."

The answer so little corresponded to the question, that the loud laugh again became general; and Messire Robert exclaimed, all reddening with anger: "What, you arrant rogue, you jest at me, too, do you?"

"Ringer at Notre-Dame," answered Quasimodo, thinking that this time he was commanded to state to the judge who he was.

"Ringer!" returned the provost, who, as we have already said, had got up that morning in so bad a humour that his fury

needed not to be kindled by such unaccountable answers—"Ringer, indeed!" I'll make them ring a peal of rods on thy back through every street in Paris—dost thou hear, rascal?"

"If it's my age you want to know," said Quasimodo, "I believe I shall be twenty next Martinmas."

This was rather too strong. The provost could endure it no longer.

"Ha! so you jeer at the provostry, you wretch! Messieurs the sergeants of the wand, you'll take this fellow to the pillory in the Grève, and there flog him. And I order that this present sentence be proclaimed by four sworn trumpeters, in the seven castellanies of the viscounty of Paris."

The registrar set about drawing up the sentence.

"That's a good sentence," cried the little scholar, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, from his corner.

The provost turned round, and again fixed his eyes, all flashing, upon Quasimodo. "I believe the fellow muttered something. Registrar, add a fine of twelve deniers parisis for swearing; and let one-half of it go toward the repairs of St. Eustache's church.

In a few minutes the judgment was drawn out. The tenor of it was simple and brief. The custumel of the provostry and viscounty of Paris had not yet been elaborated by the president, Thibaut Baillet, and Roger Barmue, king's advocate; it was not yet obscured by that deep forest of chicanery and circumlocution which the two jurisconsults planted in it at the commencement of the sixteenth century. All was clear, expeditive, explicit, going direct to the point.

The registrar presented the sentence to the provost, who affixed his seal to it, and then went away, to continue his round at the several auditories, in a temper of mind which seemed destined that day to fill every jail in Paris. Jehan Frollo and Robin Poussepain were laughing in their sleeves; while Quasimodo looked upon the whole with an air of indifference.

However, the registrar, at the moment that Maître Florian Barbedienne was in his turn reading over the judgment previous to signing it, felt himself moved with pity for the poor devil under condemnation; and, in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of the penalty, he approached the auditor's ear as close as he could, and said, pointing to Quasimodo, "That man is deaf."

He hoped that a sense of their common infirmity would awaken some interest for the condemned in the breast of Maître Florian. But, in the first place, as we have already observed, Maître Florian did not care to have his deafness remarked; and,

in the next place, his ear was so obtuse that he did not distinguish a single word of what the registrar said to him; nevertheless, choosing to seem as if he heard, he replied, "Ha, ha! that makes a difference—I didn't know that—in that case, let him have an hour more on the pillory." And he signed the sentence with this modification.

"Well done!" said Robin Poussepain, who still had a grudge against Quasimodo, "that'll teach him to handle folks less roughly."

CHAPTER II.

THE RAT-HOLE.

We will now return to the Place de Grève, which we quitted yesterday with Gringoire, to follow Esmeralda.

It is ten in the morning. We find everything denoting the day after a holiday. The ground is covered with shreds, ribbons, trimmings, feathers dropped from the plumes, drops of wax from the torch-lights, and fragments from the public banquet. A good many of the townspeople are sauntering about—turning over with their feet the extinguished brands of the bonfire—bursting into rapture before the Maison-aux-Piliers, at the recollection of the fine hangings exhibited there the day before, and now contemplating the nails that fastened them, the only remnant of the ravishing spectacle. The venders of beer and cider are rolling about their barrels among the several groups. On the other hand, some individuals are going this way and some that, evidently on business. The tradespeople are talking and calling to one another from their shop-doors. The holiday, the ambassadors, Coppenole, the Fools Pope, is the one topic of conversation; they seem to be striving who shall make the smartest comments and laugh the most. Meanwhile, however, four sergeants on horseback, who have just now posted themselves at the four sides of the pillory, have already concentrated around them a good part of the *populaire* that had been scattered over the Place, which crowd are condemning themselves to stand wearisomely waiting, in expectation of witnessing the punishment of some criminal.

If the reader will now, after contemplating this stirring and clamorous scene which is enacting upon every point of the square, turn his eyes toward that ancient house of demi-Romanish archi-

tecture, of the Tour-Roland, which stands at the western corner next the quay, he may remark, at the angle of its front, a large public breviary richly illuminated, protected from the rain by a small penthouse, and from thieves by a grating, which, however, allows the passenger to turn over its leaves. Close by this breviary is a narrow, pointed window-hole, guarded by two iron bars placed crosswise, and looking toward the square—the only aperture by which a little air and light are admitted into a small cell without a door, constructed on the level of the ground, in the thickness of the wall of the old mansion—and filled with a stillness the more profound, a silence the more dead, inasmuch as a public square, the most populous and the noisiest in Paris, is swarming and clamouring around.

This cell had been famous in Paris for three centuries, since Madame Rolande, of Roland's Tower, in mourning for her father who died in the crusades, had caused it to be hollowed out of the wall of her own house, to shut herself up in it for ever, keeping of all her palace only this wretched nook, the door of which was walled up, and the window open to the elements, in winter as in summer—giving all the rest to God and to the poor. The desolate lady had, in fact, awaited death for twenty years in that anticipated tomb, praying day and night for the soul of her father, sleeping in ashes, without even a stone for her pillow, clad in black sackcloth, and living only upon such bread and water as the pity of the passers-by deposited upon the edge of her window-place—thus receiving charity after she had given it. At her death, she had bequeathed this one in perpetuity to women in affliction, mothers, widows, or maidens, who should have many prayers to offer up for others or for themselves, and should choose to bury themselves alive in the greatness of their grief or their penitence. The poor of her time had honoured her funeral with tears and benedictions; but to their great regret, the poor maiden had been unable, for want of patronage, to obtain the honours of canonization. Such of them as were a little given to impiety, had hoped that the thing would be done more easily in Heaven than at Rome, and had actually presumed to offer up their prayers for the deceased to God Himself, in default of the Pope. Most of them, however, had contented themselves with holding Rolande's memory sacred, and converting the rags she left behind her into relics. The Town of Paris, too, had founded, in pursuance of the lady's intention, a public breviary, which had been permanently fixed near to the window of the cell, in order that the passengers might stop at it now and then, if only to pray;

that prayer might make them think of almsgiving; and that the poor female recluses, inheriting the stony cave of Madame Rolande, might not absolutely die of famine and neglect.

These sort of tombs were to be found in the towns of the middle ages. There was not unfrequently to be met with, in the most frequented street, in the most crowded and noisy market-place—in the very midst—under the horses' feet and the wagon wheels, as it were—a cave—a well—a walled and grated cabin—at the bottom of which was praying, day and night, a human being, voluntarily devoted to some everlasting lamentation or some great expiation. And all the reflections that this strange spectacle would awaken in us of the present day—that horrid cell, a sort of intermediate link between the dwelling-house and the tomb, between the city and the cemetery—that living being cut off from the communion of mankind, and thenceforth numbered with the dead—that lamp consuming its last drop of oil in the darkness—that remnant of life already wavering in the grave—that breath, that voice, that everlasting prayer, encased in stone—that face forever turned toward the outer world—that eye already illumined by another sun—that ear inclined intently to the walls of the sepulchre—that soul a prisoner in that body—that body a prisoner in that dungeon and under that double envelope of flesh and granite, the murmuring of that soul in pain—nothing of all that struck upon the apprehension of the multitude. The piety of that age, little reasoning and little refined, did not find in an act of religion so many different points of view. It took things in the gross; honouring, venerating, and, upon occasion, making the sacrifice; but not analyzing the sufferings attending it, nor feeling any depth of pity for them. It brought some pittance, from time to time, to the wretched penitent; looked through the hole, to see if he were yet living; knew not his name; scarcely knew how many years it was since he had begun to die; and to the stranger, who questioned them respecting the living skeleton rotting in that cave, the neighbours would simply answer, "It's the recluse."

In Paris there was a considerable number of these cells of penitence and prayer; and nearly all of them were occupied. It is true that the clergy were rather solicitous that they should not be left empty, as that implied lukewarmness in the faithful; and that lepers were put into them when penitents were not to be had. Besides the logette or cell already described at the Grève, there were, one at Montfaucon, one at the charnel-house of the Holy Innocents, another at the logis Clichon, we believe—and others

at many different spots, where, in default of monuments, their memory is perpetuated by tradition. The University, too, had its share of them. On the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, a sort of Job of the middle ages sang for thirty years the seven penitential psalms, upon a dung-heap at the bottom of a cistern, beginning again immediately each time that he came to the end—singing louder in the night time, *magna voce per umbras;* and the antiquary still fancies that he hears his voice, as he enters the Rue du Puits-qui-parle, or street of the talking well.

To confine ourselves here to the den in Roland's Tower—we are bound to declare that it had scarcely ever lain idle for want of a tenant. Since Madame Rolande's death, it had rarely been vacant even for a year or two. Many a woman had come and wept there until de[illegible]r the memory of her parent, her lover, or her failings. Th[illegible]hievousness of the Parisians, which meddles with everythi[illegible]en with those things which concern them least, used to pret[illegible]hat among the number there had been very few widows.

After the manner of the period, a Latin legend, inscribed upon the wall, indicated to the lettered passenger the pious purpose of the cell. This usage continued until the middle of the sixteenth century, of placing a brief explanatory motto above the entrance of a building. Thus in France we still read, over the wicket of the prison belonging to the seigniorial mansion of Tourville, *Sileto et spera;* in Ireland, under the escutcheon placed above the great gateway of Fortescue Castle, *Forte scutum, salus ducum;* and in England, over the principal entrance of the hospitable mansion of the Earls Cowper, *Tuum est.* Every edifice was then, as it were, a thought.

As there was no door to the walled-up cell of the Tour-Roland, there had been engraved over the window, the two words "Tu, ora," an invitation to prayer, whence it was that the people, whose straightforward good sense sees not so many subtleties in things, but readily translates Ludovico Magno into Porte-Saint-Denis, had given to this dark, damp, dismal cavity the name of Trou-aux-Rats—an explanation less sublime, perhaps, than the other, but on the other hand, more picturesque.

CHAPTER III.

THE RECLUSE.

AT the period at which the principal events of this history occurred, the cell of the Tour-Roland was occupied. If the reader desires to know by whom, he has only to listen to the conversation of three fair gossips, who, at the moment that we have called his attention to the Trou-aux-Rats were directing their steps precisely to the same spot, going up the river side from the Châtelet toward the Grève.

Two of these women were attired [illegible]anner of the good bourgeoises of Paris. The fine wh[illegible]et; the petticoat of tiretaine, with red and blue stripes; [illegible]ite knitted stockings, worked in colours at the ankles, and[illegible]n tight upon the leg; the square-toed shoes, of brown lea[illegible]r with black soles; and especially their head-dress, that sort of tinsel-covered horn, loaded with ribbons and lace, which is still worn by the Champenoises, or women of Champagne, in common with the grenadiers of the Russian imperial guard; announced that they belonged to that class of rich tradeswomen who hold the medium between what Parisian lackeys call a woman and what they call a lady. They wore neither rings nor golden crosses; but it was easy to perceive that this was owing, not to their poverty, but simply to their apprehension of the fine incurred by so doing. Their companion was decked out nearly in the same manner; but there were in her mise and her tournure, that is to say in the arrangement of her dress, and in her carriage, that certain something which indicates the wife of a notaire de province, or country attorney. It was evident, from the shortness of her waist, that she had not been long in Paris; to which were to be added a gorgerette pellissée—knots of ribbon upon her shoes—her skirt striped across instead of downward—and fifty other enormities revolting to *le bon goût*.

The two first walked with the step peculiar to Parisian women showing Paris to ladies from the country; and the provincial one held by the hand a big chubby boy, who carried in his hand a large, thin cake. This boy made his mother drag him along, and stumbling every moment, to her great annoyance.

"Let us make haste, Damoiselle Mahiette," said the youngest of the three, who was also the fattest, to the provincial. "I'm

Mahiette shook her head thoughtfully.

"It's curious enough," observed Oudarde, "that the Sachette has the same notion about the Egyptian women."

"What's the Sachette?" inquired Mahiette.

"Why," said Oudarde, "It's Sister Gudule."

"And who's Sister Gudule?" returned Mahiette.

"It's the recluse of the Trou-aux-Rats."

"What!" exclaimed Mahiette; "that poor woman that we're carrying this cake to?"

Oudarde nodded affirmatively. "Precisely," said she, "You'll see her directly, at her window-place on the Grêve. She looks as you do upon those vagabonds of Egypt that go about tambourining and fortune-telling. Nobody knows what has given her this horror of Zingari and Egyptians. But what makes you run away so, Mahiette, at the very sight of them?"

"Oh!" said Mahiette, taking in both hands the chubby head of her boy; "I wouldn't have that happen to me which happened to Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

"Ha, now you're going to tell us a story, my good Mahiette," said Gervaise, taking her arm.

"I'm quite willing," answered Mahiette; "but you must be very knowing—with your Paris—not to know that. I must tell you, then—but we needn't stand still to go through our story—that Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie was a pretty girl of eighteen when I was one too, that is to say eighteen years ago; and that it's her own fault if she's not now, as I am, a good fat fresh-looking mother of six-and-thirty, with a husband and a boy—but alack! from the time that she was fourteen years old, it was too late. I must tell you, then, that she was the daughter of Guybertaut, a boat-minstrel at Reims—the same who had played before King Charles VII. at his coronation; when he went down our river Vesle from Sillery to Muison, and Madame la Pucelle was in the boat. The old father died while Pâquette was quite a child, so that she had only her mother left, who was sister to Monsieur Matthieu Pradon, a master brazier and tinman at Paris, Rue Parin-Garlin, who died last year. You see that she was of some family. The mother was a good simple woman unfortunately, and taught Pâquette nothing but a little needle-work and toy making, which did not hinder the little girl from growing very tall and remaining very poor. They lived both of them at Reims, by the river side, Rue de Folle-Peine—mark that! for, I believe that's what brought misfortune to Pâquette. In '61, the year of the coronation of our King Louis XI., whom God preserve! Pâquette was so gay and

so pretty, that everywhere they called her nothing but La Chantefleurie. Poor girl! she'd pretty teeth, and she was fond of laughing to show them. Now a girl that's fond of laughing is on the way to cry—fine teeth are the ruin of fine eyes; so she was La Chantefleurie. She and her mother got their bread hardly—they were fallen very low since the death of the musician—their needlework brought them hardly above six deniers a week, which is not quite two liards à l'aigle. Where was the time when the father Guybertaut used to get twelve sols parisis, at a single coronation, for a song! One winter—it was in that same year '61—when the two women had neither logs nor fagots, and it was very cold—that gave such beautiful colours to La Chantefleurie, that the men would call after her 'Pâquette'—that some of them called her a 'Pâquerette'—and that she was ruined——Eustache, let me see you bite the cake, if you dare——We saw directly that she was ruined, one Sunday when she came to church with a gold cross on her neck. At fifteen!—only think of that! At first it was the young Viscount de Cormontreuil, who has his bell-tower three-quarters of a league from Reims; then, Messire Henri de Traincourt, the king's master of the horse; then, going down lower, Chiart de Beaulion, sergeant-at-arms; then lower still, Guery Aubergeon, king's carver; then Macé de Frépus, monsieur the dauphin's barber; then Thévenin le Moine, the king's first cook; then, going on, from one to another, from the younger to the older, and from more noble to less noble, she came to Guillaume Racine, viol-player—and to Thierry-de-Mer, lamp-maker. Then, poor Chantefleurie, she was all things to all men—she was come to the last sou of her piece of gold. What think you, mesdamoiselles? At the coronation, in the same year '61, it was she that made the bed for the king of the ribalds!"

Mahiette sighed, and wiped away a tear that had started to her eyes.

"Here's a story," said Gervaise, "that's not very uncommon; and I find nothing in it about gypsies or children."

"Patience!" resumed Mahiette—"As for a child there's one coming for you. In '66, it'll be sixteen years ago this month, on St. Paul's day, Pâquette was brought to bed of a little girl, unfortunate creature, she was in great joy at it—she'd long been wishing to have a child. Her mother, poor simple woman, who'd never known how to do anything but shut her eyes; her mother was dead. Pâquette had nothing in the world left to love or anything that loved her. For five years past, since she had gone astray, poor Chantefleurie had been a wretched creature. She

was alone in this world; pointed at, shouted after, through the streets; beaten by the sergeants; laughed at by the little ragged boys. And then she had seen her twentieth year—and twenty is old age for your amorous women. Her way of life was beginning to bring her no more than her needle-work had brought formerly. For every wrinkle that came, a crown less found its way into her pocket; she was beginning again to find the winter severe; again was wood growing scarce in her fire-place, and bread in her cupboard. She couldn't work now; for in giving way to pleasure she'd given way to idleness, and she suffered much more than formerly, because while giving way to idleness she'd given way to pleasure. At least, that's the way that monsieur the curé of St. Remy explains how it is that those sort of women feel more cold and hungry than other poor females do, as they get old—"

"Yes," interrupted Gervaise; "but the gypsies?"

"Do wait a moment, Gervaise!" said Oudarde, whose attention was less impatient; "what should we have at the end, if everything was at the beginning? Pray, Mahiette, go on. That poor Chantefleurie!—"

Mahiette continued:

"Well, then—she was very sorrowful, very wretched, and furrowed her cheeks with her tears. But in her shame, her infamy, and her abandonment, she thought she would be less ashamed, less infamous, and less abandoned, if there were something in the world, or somebody, that she could love, and that could love her. She knew it must be a child, because only a child could be innocent enough for that. She was aware of this after trying to love a thief, the only sort of man that could have anything to say to her—but in a little time she had found out that the thief despised her. Those women of love must have a lover or a child to fill up their hearts, else they are very unhappy. As she could not have a lover, all her wishes turned toward having a child; and, as she had all along been pious, she prayed to God everlastingly to send her one. So God took pity on her and gave her a little girl. I cannot tell you what was her joy—it was a fury of tears, kisses and caresses. She suckled the child herself; she made it swaddling-clothes out of her coverlet, the only one she had upon her bed; and now she felt neither cold nor hunger. Her beauty came again—an old maid makes a young mother—so poor Chantefleurie came into fashion again, and once more had visitors. And out of all those horrors she made baby-clothes—lace robes and little satin caps—without so much as thinking of

buying herself another coverlet——Master Eustache, I've told you once not to bite of that cake——Sure enough it is, that little Agnès—that was the child's name—its christian name—for, as for a surname, it was long since La Chantefleurie had lost hers! —certain it is that the little thing was more wrapped about with ribbons and embroidery than a dauphiness of Dauphiny Among other things, she'd a pair of little shoes, that it's certain King Louis himself never had the like. Her mother had stitched them and embroidered them herself; she'd spent upon them all the art of a seamstress and all the passequilles of a Holy Virgin's gown. Indeed, they were the two prettiest little rose-coloured shoes that ever were seen. They were not longer than my thumb at the most; and unless you saw the infant's little feet come out of them, you could hardly have believed they had ever gone in. To be sure, the little feet were so little, so pretty, so rosy—rosier than the satin of the shoes! When you have children, Oudarde, you'll know that nothing's so pretty as those little feet and those little hands."

"I wish for nothing better," said Oudarde, sighing; "but I must wait the good pleasure of Monsieur Andry Musnier."

"And then," resumed Mahiette, "Pâquette's infant had not pretty feet only. I saw her when she was only four months old —she was a perfect little love. She had eyes larger than her mouth, and such charming fine black hair, that was curling already. She'd have made a brave brunette at sixteen! Her mother grew fonder and fonder of her every day. She hugged her—kissed her—tickled her—washed her—dressed her out—devoured her. She thanked God for giving her this baby. In fact, it quite turned her head. It's pretty rosy feet especially—there was wondering without end—a very intoxication of joy. She was always pressing her lips to them—always admiring their littleness. She would put them into the little shoes—take them out again—admire them—wonder at them—hold them up to the light—pity them while she was teaching them to step one before the other upon her bed—and would gladly have passed her life upon her knees, covering and uncovering those little feet as if they'd been the feet of an infant Jesus."

"The tale's all very fine and very good," said Gervaise, in a half whisper, "but what is there about gypsies in all that?"

"You shall hear," replied Mahiette. "One day there came to Reims a very odd sort of gentry. They were beggars and truands, strolling about the country, led by their dukes and their counts. Their faces were tawny, their hair all curly, and they'd

rings of silver in their ears. The women were still uglier than the men. Their faces were darker, and always uncovered; they wore a sorry roquet about their body; an old piece of linen cloth interwoven with cords, bound upon their shoulder; and their hair hanging like a horse's tail. The children that scrambled about their legs would have frightened as many monkeys. An excommunicated gang! They were all come in a straight line from lower Egypt to Reims, through Poland. The Pope had confessed them, it was said, and had set them for a penance to go through the world for seven years together without sleeping in a bed; and so they called themselves penitents, and smelt horribly. It seems they'd formerly been Saracens; and that's why they believed in Jupiter, and demanded ten livres tournois from all archbishops, bishops, and abbots that carried crosier and mitre. It was a bull of the Pope that gave them that. They came to Reims to tell fortunes in the name of the King of Algiers and the Emperor of Germany. You may suppose that was quite enough for them to be forbidden to enter the town. Then the whole gang encamped of their own accord near the Braine gate, upon that mound where there's a windmill, close by the old chalk-pits. Then none of the folks in Reims could rest till they'd been to see them. They looked into your hand, and told you wonderful prophecies—they were bold enough to have foretold to Judas himself that he should be pope. At the same time there were shocking stories told about them—of child-stealing, purse-cutting, and eating of human flesh. The wise folks said to the foolish ones, 'Don't go!' and then went themselves by stealth. It was quite a rage. The fact is, that they said things enough to astonish a cardinal. Mothers made a great fuss with their children after the gypsy-women had read in their hands all sorts of miracles, written in Turkish and Pagan. One of them had got an emperor—another a pope—another a captain. Poor Chantefleurie was taken with curiosity—she'd a mind to know what she had got, and whether her pretty little Agnès wasn't some day to be Empress of Armenia, or something. So she carried her to the gypsies; and the gypsy-women admired the child, fondled it, kissed it with their black mouths, and wondered over its little hand—alas! to the great joy of its mother. Above all things they were delighted with the pretty feet and pretty shoes. The child was not yet a year old. She was already beginning to splutter—laughed at her mother like a little mad thing—was so fat and plump—and had a thousand little gestures of the angels in paradise. She was very much frightened at the gypsy-women,

and cried. But her mother kissed her the harder, and went away delighted at the good fortune which the conjuring women had told her Agnès. She was to be a beauty—a virtue—a queen. So the mother went back to her garret in the Rue Folle Peine, quite proud to carry with her a queen. The next day, she seized a moment when the child was sleeping upon her bed (for she always had it to sleep with herself), pulled the door to softly, and left it ajar, for fear of disturbing the infant; and ran to relate to one of her neighbours, in the Rue de la Séchesserie, that the day was to come when her daughter Agnès was to be waited on at table by the King of England and the archduke of Ethiopia—and a hundred other marvels. When she came back, hearing no cry as she went up the staircase, she said to herself, 'Good—the child's asleep still.' She found her door more open than she had left it—the poor mother, however, went in and ran to the bed. The child was not there—the place was empty. Nothing was left of the baby but one of its pretty shoes. She rushed out of the room, flew down-stairs, and began to beat the walls with her head, crying out, 'My child! my child! who has taken my child?' The street was solitary—the house stood alone—nobody could tell her anything about it; she went through the town—she sought through every street—ran up and down the whole day, wild, mad, terrible, peeping at the doors and windows like a wild beast that has lost its little ones. She was panting, disheveled, frightful to look upon—and in her eyes there was a fire that dried her tears. She stopped the people that she met, and cried, 'My girl! my girl! my pretty little girl!—he that will restore my girl, I will be his servant—the servant of his dog, and he shall eat my heart if he likes.' She met monsieur the curé of St. Remy, and said to him, 'Monsieur le curé, I'll dig the ground with my nails—but do give me back my child!' It was heart-rending, Oudarde—and I saw a very hard-hearted man, Maître Ponce Lacabre, the attorney, that shed tears. Ah! the poor mother! At night she went back to her garret. While she was away, one of her neighbours had seen two gypsy-women steal up to it with a bundle in their arms; then go down again, after shutting the door, and make haste away. After they were gone, a sort of crying of a child was heard in Pâquette's room—the mother laughed aloud—flew up the staircase as if she'd had wings—burst in her door as if it was a cannon going off, and entered the room. A frightful thing to tell, Oudarde!—instead of her sweet little Agnès, so fresh and rosy, who was a gift from God, there was a sort of little monster, hideous, shapeless, one-eyed, with its limbs

all awry, crawling and squalling upon the floor. She turned her eyes away with horror. 'Oh!' said she, 'can the witches have changed my girl into that frightful animal!' They carried the little clump foot, as quick as possible, out of her sight. He'd have driven her mad. It was a monstrous child of some gypsy woman given to the Devil. It was a boy, that seemed to be about four years old, and spoke a language which was not a human tongue—they were words that are quite impossible. La Chantefleurie had thrown herself upon the little shoe, all that was left her of all she had loved. There she remained so long motionless, speechless, breathless, that they thought she was dead. All at once her whole body trembled—she covered her relic with frantic kisses, and sobbed violently, as if her heart had burst. I assure you we all wept with her. She said, 'Oh, my little girl! my pretty little girl! where art thou?' and she said it in a tone that went to the bottom of your heart. I weep yet when I think of it. Our children, you see, are the very marrow of our bones. My poor Eustache! thou art so handsome! If you did but know how clever he is! Yesterday he said to me, 'I'll be a gendarme.' Oh, my Eustache, if I were to lose thee! La Chantefleurie got up all on a sudden, and went running through Reims, crying out, 'To the gypsies' camp! to the gypsies' camp! Sergeants, to burn the witches!' The gypsies were gone—it was a dark night, so that they couldn't pursue them. The next day, two leagues from Reims, on a heath between Gueux and Tilloy, they found the remains of a great fire, some ribbons that had belonged to Pâquette's child, some drops of blood, and some goat's dung. The night that was just gone over was a Saturday night. Nobody doubted but the gypsies had kept their sabbath upon that heath, and had devoured the baby in company with Beelzebub, as is done among the Mahometans. When La Chantefleurie heard of these horrible things she shed no tears—she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. The next day her hair was gray; and the next but one, she had disappeared."

"A dreadful story, indeed!" said Oudarde, "enough to draw tears from a Burgundian!"

"I don't wonder now," added Gervaise, "that the fear of the gypsies should haunt you so."

"And you have done the better," resumed Oudarde, "in running away just now with your Eustache; seeing that these, too, are gypsies from Poland."

"No," said Gervaise, "it's said they're come from Spain and Catalonia."

"Catalonia!—well, that may be," answered Oudarde; "Polonia, Catalonia, Valonia—I always confound those three provinces. The sure thing is they are gypsies,"

"And it's certain," added Gervaise, "that they've teeth long enough to eat little children. And I shouldn't be surprised if Esmeralda herself eats a little in that way, too, for all that she screws up her mouth so. That white goat of hers has got too many mischievous tricks for there not to be some wickedness behind."

Mahiette was walking on in silence. She was absorbed in that species of musing which is, as it were, a prolongation of a mournful story, and which does not stop until it has communicated the thrilling, from vibration to vibration, to the last fibre of the heart. Gervaise, however, addressed her: "And so it was never known what became of La Chantefleurie?" Mahiette made no answer—Gervaise repeated her question, at the same time shaking her by the arm and calling her by her name. Mahiette seemed to awake from her reverie.

"What became of La Chantefleurie?" said she, mechanically repeating the words whose impression was yet fresh in her ear. Then, making an effort to bring her attention to the sense of those words—"Ah," said she, emphatically, "it was never known." And after a pause she added: "Some said they had seen her go out of Reims, in the dusk of the evening, at the Port Fléchembault; others, at daybreak, by the old Port Basée. A poor man found her gold cross hung upon the stone cross in the close where the fair is held. It was that trinket that had ruined her in '61. It was a gift from the handsome Viscount de Cormontreuil, her first lover. Pâquette would never part with it, even in her greatest wretchedness—she clung to it as if it had been her life. So that when we saw this cross abandoned, we all thought she was dead. However, there were some people, at the Cabaret-les-Vautes, who said they'd seen her go by on the Paris road, walking barefoot over the stones. But then she must have gone out at the Porte de Vesle, and all those things don't agree. Or rather I'm inclined to think that she did indeed go out by the gate of the Vesle, but that she went out of this world."

"I don't understand you," said Gervaise.

"The Vesle," answered Mahiette, with a melancholy smile, "is the river."

"Poor Chantefleurie!" said Oudarde, shuddering—"what, drowned?"

"Drowned," replied Mahiette. "And who would have fore-

told to the good father Guybertaut, when he was passing down the stream under the Tinqueux bridge, singing in his boat, that his dear little Pâquette should one day pass under that same bridge, but with neither song nor boat!"

"And the little shoe?" inquired Gervaise.

"Disappeared with the mother," answered Mahiette.

"Poor little shoe!" said Oudarde.

Oudarde, a woman of full habit and tender fibre, would have been quite content to sigh along with Mahiette. But Gervaise, more curious, had not yet got to the end of her questions.

"And the monster?" said she all at once to Mahiette.

"What monster?" asked the other.

"Why, the little gypsy monster that the witches left at La Chantefleurie's in exchange for her daughter. What did you do with it? I hope you drowned it too."

"No," answered Mahiette, "we did not."

"What? burned it then? By my faith, that was a better way of disposing of a witch's child."

"We did neither the one nor the other, Gervaise. Monsieur the archbishop took an interest in the child of Egypt; he exorcised it, blessed it, carefully took the devil out of its body, and sent it to Paris to be exposed upon the wooden bed at Notre-Dame as a foundling."

"Those bishops!" muttered Gervaise; "because they're learned, forsooth, they can never do anything like other folks. Only consider, Oudarde—to think of putting the devil among the foundlings—for its quite certain that little monster was the devil. Well, Mahiette, and what did they do with it at Paris? I'll answer for it that not one charitable person would take it."

"I don't know, indeed," answered the good lady of Reims. "It was just at that time that my husband bought the tabellionage of Beru, two leagues from the town; and we thought no more of all that story—for you must know, that just in front of Beru there are two mounds of Cernay, that take the towers of Reims cathedral out of your sight."

While talking thus, the three worthy bourgeoises had arrived at the Place de Grève. In the pre-occupation of their minds, they had passed by the public breviary of the Tour-Roland without observing it, and were proceeding mechanically towards the pillory, around which the crowd was every moment increasing. It is probable that the sight, which at that moment drew every eye towards it, would have made them completely forget the Trouaux-Rats and the station they had intended to perform there, had

not the big Eustache of six years old, whom Mahiette held by the hand, suddenly reminded them of it. "Mother," said he, as if some instinct apprised him that they had left the Trou-aux-Rats behind them, "now may I eat the cake?"

Had Eustache been more adroit, that is to say, less greedy, he would have waited a little longer; and not until they had reached home, in the University, at Maître Andry Musnier's, in the Rue Madame-la-Valence, when the two channels of the Seine and the five bridges of the city would have been between the cake and the Trou-aux-Rats, would he have hazarded that timid question —"Mother, now may I eat the cake?"

This same question, imprudent at the moment at which Eustache made it, aroused Mahiette's attention.

"By-the-by," exclaimed she, "we were forgetting the recluse! Show me this Trou-aux-Rats of yours, that I may carry her her cake."

"To be sure," said Oudarde, "it'll be a charity."

This was not the thing for Eustache. "Let me have my cake!" said he, rubbing first one of his ears upon his shoulder, and then the other—the sign in such cases, of supreme dissatisfaction.

The three women retraced their steps; and when they had nearly reached the house of the Tour-Roland, Oudarde said to the other two: "We must not all three look into the hole at once, lest we should frighten the Sachette. Do you two make as if you were reading Dominus in the breviary, while I peep in at the window hole. The Sachette knows me a little. I'll let you know when you may come."

She went by herself to the window-place. The moment that she looked in, profound pity depicted itself in all her features; her cheerful, open countenance changing its expression and its hue as suddenly as if it had passed out of a gleam of sunshine into one of moonlight; her eye moistened, and her mouth took that contraction which is the forerunner of weeping. A moment after, she laid her finger on her lip, and beckoned to Mahiette to come and look.

Mahiette came, tremulous, silent, and stepping on the points of her toes, like one approaching a death-bed.

It was in truth a sorrowful sight that presented itself to the eyes of the two women, while they looked, without stirring or drawing their breath, through the grated window of the Trou-aux-Rats.

The cell was of small dimensions, wider than it was deep, with a gothic-vaulted ceiling, and looking, internally, much in

the shape of the inner part of a bishop's mitre Upon the bare flag-stones that formed its floor, in one corner, a woman was seated, or rather squatted down. Her chin was resting on her knees, with her arms, crossed before her, pressed close against her chest. Thus—gathered up, as it were, into a heap—clad in a brown sackcloth which wrapped her all round in large folds —with her long gray hair turned upon her forehead and hanging over her face, and down by her legs to her feet—she presented, at first sight, only a strange form, projected on the dark background of the cell—a sort of dusky triangle, which the daylight from the window-place crudely distinguished into two tints, the one light, the other dark. It was one of those spectres, half light, half shade, such as are seen in dreams, and in the extraordinary work of Goya—pale—motionless—dismal—squatting on a tomb, or reared against the grating of a dungeon. It was neither woman nor man, nor living being, nor definite form; it was a figure, a sort of vision, in which the real and the fanciful were intermingled like light and shadow. Beneath her hair, that fell all about it to the ground, scarcely could you distinguish a severe and attenuated profile, scarcely did there peep from under the hem of her flowing gown, the extremity of a naked foot, contracted upon the rigid and frozen pavement. The little of human that was discernible under that mourning envelope made you shudder.

This figure, which looked as if it had been fixed in the floor, seemed to have neither motion, thought, nor breath. In that covering of thin brown linen, in January, lying upon a pavement of granite, without fire, in the darkness of a dungeon, the oblique loophole of which admitted only the north-east wind, and never the sun—she seemed not to suffer, not even to feel. You would have thought that she had turned to stone with the dungeon, to ice with the season. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fixed. At the first glance you took her for a spectre; at the second, for a statue.

However, at intervals, her blue lips half opened with a breath, and trembled, but as deadly and mechanically as leaves parted by the wind. And from those dull, stony eyes, there proceeded a look, ineffable, profound, lugubrious, imperturbable, constantly fixed upon one angle of the cell, which could not be seen from the outside; a look which seemed to concentrate all the gloomy thoughts of that suffering spirit upon some mysterious object.

Such was the creature who from her tenement was called the

recluse, and from her coarse linen or sacking garment, the Sachette.

The three women (for Gervaise had come up to Mahiette and Oudarde) were looking through the window-place. Their heads intercepted the feeble light of the dungeon, apparently without at all calling the wretched creature's attention in that direction. "Let us not disturb her," whispered Oudarde; "she's in her ecstasy, she's praying."

Meanwhile, Mahiette was gazing with a constantly increasing anxiety upon that wan, withered, disheveled head, and her eyes filled with tears. "That would be very singular!" muttered she.

She passed her head through the bars of the window, and succeeded in obtaining a glance into the angle of the cell upon which the unfortunate woman's look was immovably fixed. When she drew her head out again, her face was covered with tears.

"What is that woman's name?" said she to Oudarde.

Oudarde answered, "We call her Sister Gudule."

"And I," returned Mahiette, "call her Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie."

Then, laying her finger upon her lip, she made a sign to the amazed Oudarde, to put her head through the bars as she had done, and to look.

Oudarde looked and saw, in that corner upon which the eye of the recluse was fixed in that gloomy absorption, a little shoe of rose-coloured satin, decorated all over with gold and silver spangles.

Gervaise looked after Oudarde; and then the three women, gazing upon the unhappy mother, began to weep.

However, neither their looks nor their weeping had disturbed the recluse. Her hands remained clasped; her lips mute; her eyes fixed; and to any one who knew her story, that gaze of hers upon that little shoe was heart-rending.

The three women had not uttered a word; they dared not speak, even in a whisper. That deep silence, that deep forgetfulness, in which every object had disappeared, save one, had upon them the effect of a high altar at Easter or Christmas. They kept silence; they collected themselves; they were ready to kneel. They felt as if they had just entered a church on the Saturday in Passion-week.

At length Gervaise, the most curious of the three, and therefore the least sensitive, tried to make the recluse speak, by calling to her, "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

She repeated this call, to the third time, raising her voice higher every time. The recluse did not stir—there was not a word, not a look, not a sigh, not a sign of life.

Now, Oudarde herself, in a softer and kinder tone, said to her, "Sister—holy Sister Gudule!" There was the same silence, the same immobility.

"An odd woman!" exclaimed Gervaise, "that would not start at a bombard."

"Perhaps she's deaf," said Oudarde, with a sigh.

"Perhaps blind," added Gervaise.

"Perhaps dead," observed Mahiette.

It is certain that if the soul had not yet quitted that inert, torpid, lethargic body, it had at least retired within it, and hidden itself in depths to which the perceptions of the external organs did not penetrate.

"We shall be obliged, then," said Oudarde, "to leave the cake lying upon the window-case; and some lad or other will take it. What can we do to rouse her?"

Eustache, whose attention had until that moment been diverted by a little carriage drawn by a great dog, which had just passed them, all at once observed, that his three conductresses were looking at something through the hole in the wall; and his own curiosity being thus excited, he mounted upon a curb-stone, sprang up on his toes, and put his great, rosy face to the opening, crying out, "Mother, let me see, too."

At the sound of this voice of a child, clear, fresh, and sonorous, the recluse started. She turned her head with the dry and sudden motion of a steel spring; her two long, fleshless hands threw aside her hair upon her forehead; and she fixed upon the child a look of astonishment, bitterness, and despair. That look was but a flash. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, all at once, hiding her head between her knees—and it seemed as if her hoarse voice tore her breast in passing—"at least don't show me those of others!"

"Good-day, madame," said the boy, gravely.

This shock, however, had, as it were, awakened the recluse. A long shiver ran over her whole body, from head to foot; her teeth chattered; she half raised her head, and said, pressing her elbows against her hips, and taking her feet in her hands, as if to restore their warmth, "Oh, the severe cold."

"Poor woman," said Oudarde, with deep pity, "will you have a little fire?"

She shook her head in token of refusal.

"Well," resumed Oudarde, offering her a flask, "here is some hippocrass, that will warm you. Drink."

She shook her head again, looked steadfastly at Oudarde, and answered, "some water!"

Oudarde insisted: "No, sister; that's not a January beverage. You must drink a little hippocrass, and eat this cake leavened with maize, that we've baked for you."

She rejected the cake, which Mahiette offered her, and said, "some black bread!"

"Here," said Gervaise, seized with charity in her turn, and taking off her woollen roquet—"here's a cloak rather warmer than yours—put this over your shoulders."

She refused the cloak as she had done the liquor and the cake, at the same time answering, "A sack!"

"But at all events," resumed the kind Oudarde, "you must be aware, I should think, that yesterday was a holiday."

"I am aware of it," said the recluse. "For two days past I have had no water in my pitcher."

She added, after a pause, "It's a holiday, and they forget me—they do well. Why should the world think of me, who think not of it? Cold ashes are fitting to a dead coal."

And then, as if fatigued with having said so much, she let her head drop upon her knees again. The simple and charitable Oudarde, thinking that she was to understand, from these last words, that the poor woman was still complaining of the cold, answered her with simplicity, "Then will you have a little fire?"

"Fire?" said the Sachette in a strange tone—"and will you make a little, too, for the poor little one that has been under ground these fifteen years?"

All her limbs trembled, her speech vibrated, her eye shone. She had risen up on her knees, she suddenly stretched out her white hands toward the child, which was gazing at her with an astonished look. "Take away that child!" she cried, "the gypsy woman's coming by."

Then she fell with her face to the ground, and her forehead striking the floor with the noise of a stone upon a stone. The three women thought she was dead. A minute afterwards she stirred, and they saw her crawl upon her hands and knees into the corner that contained the little shoe. Then they did not venture to look; they saw her no longer, but they heard a thousand kisses and sighs, intermingled with afflicting exclamations, and with dull strokes, like those of a head knocking

against a wall; then, after one of these strokes, so violent that it startled them all three, all was silent.

"Has she killed herself, I wonder?" said Gervaise, venturing to put her head between the bars. "Sister, Sister Gudule!"

"Sister Gudule!" repeated Oudarde.

"Ah, my God, she doesn't stir!" resumed Gervaise. "Is she dead, think you?—Gudule! Gudule!"

Mahiette, whose utterance had been choked until then, now made an effort. "Wait a moment," said she; and then, putting her head to the window, "Pâquette!" she cried, "Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

A child that should blow unsuspectingly upon the ill-lighted match of a petard, and make it explode in his face, would not be more frightened than Mahiette was at the effect of this name thus suddenly breathed into the cell of Sister Gudule.

The recluse was agitated in every limb; she rose erect upon her naked feet, and flew to the loop-hole with eyes so flaming that Mahiette and Oudarde, their companion and the child, all retreated as far as the parapet of the quay.

Meanwhile, the sinister visage of the recluse appeared close to the window-grate. "Oh, oh," she cried, with a frightful laugh, "it's the gypsy woman that calls me."

At that moment, a scene which was passing at the pillory arrested her haggard eye. Her forehead wrinkled with horror—she stretched out of her den her two skeleton arms, and cried out, with a voice that rattled in her throat:—"So, it's thou again, daughter of Egypt—it's thou that call'st me, thou child-stealer! Well, cursed be thou! cursed! cursed! cursed!——"

CHAPTER IV.

THE PILLORY.

THESE words were, if we may so express it, the point of junction of two scenes which had thus far been acting contemporaneously, each on its particular stage; the one, that which has just been detailed, at the Trou aux Rats; the other, which we are about to describe, at the pillory. The first had been witnessed only by the three females with whom the reader has just made acquaintance; the spectators of the other consisted of the crowd

which we some time since saw collecting in the Place de Grève around the pillory and the gallows.

This crowd, to whom the appearance of the four sergeants posted at the four corners of the pillory ever since nine in the morning intimated that some poor wretch was about to suffer, if not capital punishment, yet flogging, the loss of ears, or some other infliction—this crowd had increased so rapidly that the sergeants had been obliged more than once to keep it back by means of their horses' heels and the free use of their whips.

The mob, accustomed to wait whole hours for public executions, did not manifest any vehement impatience. They amused themselves with gazing at the pillory, a very simple contrivance, consisting of a cube of masonry some ten feet high, hollow within. A rude flight of steps of rough stone led to the upper platform, upon which was seen a horizontal wheel of oak. Upon this wheel the culprit was bound upon his knees and with his hands tied behind him. An axle of timber, moved by a capstan concealed from sight within the little building, caused the wheel to revolve in the horizontal plane, and thus exhibited the culprit's face to every point of the place in succession. This was called *turning* a criminal.

Thus, you see, the pillory of the Grève was by no means so interesting an object as the pillory of the Halles. There was nothing architectural, nothing monumental about it: it had no roof with iron cross, no octagon lantern, no slender pillars spreading at the margin of the roof into capitals of acanthi and flowers, no fantastic and monstrous water-spouts, no carved wood-work, no delicate sculpture deeply cut in stone.

Here the eye was forced to be content with four flat walls and two buttresses of unhewn stone, and a plain bare gibbet, likewise of stone, standing beside it. The treat would have been a sorry one for the lovers of Gothic architecture. It is true, however, that no people ever held works of art in greater contempt than the Parisian populace in the middle ages, and that they cared not a pin about the beauty of a pillory.

The culprit, tied to the tail of a cart, was at length brought forward; and when he had been hoisted upon the platform, where he could be seen from all points of the Place, bound with cords and thongs upon the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting, mingled with loud laughter and acclamations, burst from the mob. They had recognised Quasimodo.

It was a strange reverse for the poor fellow to be pilloried on the same spot, where the preceding day he had been hailed and

proclaimed Pope and Prince of Fools, escorted by the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, and the Emperor of Galilée. So much is certain, that there was not a creature in that concourse, not even himself, alternately the object of triumph and of punishment, who could clearly make out the connection between the two positions. Gringoire and his philosophy were lacking to the spectacle.

Presently Michael Noiret, sworn trumpeter of our lord the King, commanded silence and proclaimed the sentence agreeably to the provost. He then fell back behind the cart with his men in their official liveries.

Quasimodo never stirred; he did not so much as frown. All resistance, indeed, on his part was rendered impossible by what was called in the language of criminal jurisprudence, "the vehemence and the firmness of the bonds," which means that the chains and the thongs cut into the very flesh. In jails and at the galleys we have not forgotten this tradition, and our handcuffs perpetuate the idea, amidst a civilized, gentle and humane race (of the guillotine and the galley speak in a whisper). He had suffered himself to be led, and pushed, and carried, and lifted, and bound again and again. His face betrayed no other emotion than the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf; and you would have supposed him to be blind also.

He was placed on his knees upon the circular floor. His doublet and shirt were taken off and he allowed himself to be stripped to the waist without opposition. He was laced in a fresh series of thongs: he suffered himself to be bound and buckled: only from time to time he breathed hard, like a calf whose head hangs dangling over the tail of a butcher's cart.

"The stupid oaf!" exclaimed Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the culprit as a matter of course), "he has no more idea of what they are going to do than a ladybird shut up in a box."

A loud laugh burst from the mob, when they beheld Quasimodo's naked hump, his camel breast, and his scaly and hairy shoulders. Amidst all this mirth, a man of short stature and robust frame, clad in the livery of the city, ascended the platform and placed himself by the side of the culprit. His name was quickly circulated among the crowd. It was Maître Pierrat Torterue, sworn tormentor of the Châtelet.

The first thing he did was to set down upon one corner of the pillory an hour-glass, the upper division of which was full of red sand, that dropped into the lower half. He then threw back his

cloak, and over his left arm was seen hanging a whip composed of long white glistening thongs, knotted, twisted, and armed with sharp bits of metal With his left hand he carelessly turned up the right sleeve of his shirt as high as the elbow. At length he stamped with his foot. The wheel began to turn. Quasimodo shook in his bonds. The amazement suddenly expressed in his hideous face drew fresh shouts of laughter from the spectators.

All at once, at the moment when the wheel in its revolution presented the mountain-shoulders of Quasimodo to Maître Pierrat, he raised his arm; the thin lashes hissed sharply in the air like a handful of vipers, and descended with fury upon the back of the unlucky wight.

Quasimodo started like one awakened from a dream. He began to comprehend the meaning of the scene, he writhed in his bonds; a violent contraction of surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face, but he heaved not a single sigh. He merely turned his head, first one way, then the other, balancing it the while, like a bull stung in the flank by a gadfly.

A second stroke succeeded the first, then came a third, and another, and another. The wheel continued to turn and the blows to fall. The blood began to trickle in a hundred little streams down the swart shoulders of the hunchback; and the slender thongs, whistling in the air in their rotation, sprinkled it in drops over the gaping crowd.

Quasimodo had relapsed, in appearance at least, into his former apathy. He had endeavoured, at first quietly and without great external effort, to burst his bonds. His eye was seen to flash, his muscles to swell, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the thongs cords, and chains to stretch. The effort was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the old shackles of the provost proved too tough. They cracked and that was all. Quasimodo sank down exhausted. Stupor gave place in his countenance to an expression of deep despondency. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and counterfeited death.

After that he stirred not. Nothing could make him flinch—neither the blood which oozed from his lacerated back, nor the lashes which fell with redoubled force, nor the fury of the executioner, roused and heated by the exercise, nor the hissing and whizzing of the horrible thongs. At length an usher of the Châtelet, habited in black, and mounted upon a black horse, who had taken his station by the steps at the commencement of the flogging, extended his ebony wand towards the hour-glass. The

executioner held his hand; the wheel stopped; Quasimodo's eyes slowly opened.

Two attendants of the sworn tormentor's washed the bleeding back of the sufferer, rubbed it with a sort of ointment, which in an incredibly short time closed all the wounds, and threw over him a kind of yellow frock shaped like a priest's cope; while Pierrat Torterue drew through his fingers the thongs saturated with blood which he shook off upon the pavement.

Quasimodo's punishment was, however, not yet over. He had still to remain in the pillory that hour which Maître Florian Barbedienne had so judiciously added to the sentence of Messire Robert d'Estouteville; to the great glory of the old physiological and psychological pun of Jean de Camêne: *Surdus absurdus.* The hour-glass was therefore turned, and the hunchback left bound as before, that justice might be fully satisfied.

The populace, especially in a half-civilized era, are in society what the boy is in a family. So long as it continues in a state of primitive ignorance, of moral and intellectual minority, so long you may say of it as of the mischievous urchin—"That age is without pity." We have already shown that Quasimodo was generally hated, for more than one good reason, it is true. There was scarcely a spectator among the crowd, but either had or imagined that he had some ground to complain of the malicious hunchback of Notre-Dame. His appearance in the pillory had excited universal joy; and the severe punishment which he had undergone, and the pitiful condition in which it had left him, so far from softening the populace, had but rendered their hatred more malignant by arming it with the sting of mirth.

Thus when the "public vengeance," *la vindicte publique,* was once satisfied—according to the jargon still used by the square caps—it was the turn of private revenge to seek gratification. Here, as in the great hall, the women were most vehement. All bore him some grudge—some for his mischievous disposition, and others for his ugliness: the latter were the most furious.

"O! thou mask of Anti Christ," exclaimed one.

"Thou broomstick rider," cried another.

"What a fine tragical grin," bawled a third, "and one that would have made him Fools' Pope, if to-day had been yesterday."

"That is good," chimed in an old woman, "that is the *pillory* grin; when is he to give us the *gallows* grin?"

"When shalt have thy big bell clapped upon thy head a hundred feet under ground, thou cursed ringer," shouted one.

"And yet it is the devil that rings the Angelus."

"Oh! deaf as a post, one eye, hunchback, monster!"

And the two scholars, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain sang out as loud as they could bawl the *refrain* of a popular song.

A halter for the gallows rogue,
A faggot for the witch.

A shower of other abuse was poured upon him, accompanied by hootings, and imprecations, and laughter, and here and there by stones.

Quasimodo was deaf, but he was sharp-sighted, and the fury of the populace was expressed not less energetically in their countenances than in their words. Besides, the pelting of the stones explained the meaning of the bursts of laughter. This annoyance passed for a while unheeded; but by degrees that patience, which had braced itself up under the lash of the executioner, gave way under all these stings of petty insects. The bull of the Asturias, who scarcely deigns to notice the attacks of the picador, is exasperated by the dogs and the banderillos.

At first he slowly rolled around a look of menace at the crowd; but, shackled as he was, this look could not drive away the flies which galled his wound. He then struggled in his bonds, and his furious contortions made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its axis. This served only to increase the jeers and the derisions of the populace.

The wretched sufferer, finding, like a chained beast, that he could not break his collar, again became quiet; though at times a sigh of rage heaved all the cavities of his chest. Not a blush, not a trace of shame, was to be discerned in his face. He was too far from the social state and too near to the state of nature to know what shame is. Besides, is it possible that disgrace can be felt by one cast in a mould of such extreme deformity? Rage, hatred, despair, however, slowly spread over that hideous face a cloud which gradually became more and more black, more and more charged with an electricity that darted in a thousand flashes from the eye of the Cyclop.

This cloud, however, cleared off for a moment at the appearance of a mule bearing a priest. The instant he caught a glimpse of this mule and this priest in the distance, the face of the poor sufferer assumed a look of gentleness. The rage which had contracted it was succeeded by a strange smile, full of ineffable meekness, kindness, tenderness. As the priest approached this smile became more expressive, more distinct, more radiant. The

prisoner seemed to be anticipating the arrival of a deliverer: but the moment the mule was near enough to the pillory for its rider to recognize the sufferer, the priest lowered his eyes, wheeled about, clapped spurs to his beast, as if in a hurry to escape a humiliating appeal, and by no means desirous of being known or addressed by a poor devil in such a situation. The priest was the archdeacon Claude Frollo.

Quasimodo's brow was overcast by a darker cloud than ever. For some time a smile mingled with the gloom, but it was a smile of bitterness, disappointment, and deep despondency. Time passed. For an hour and a half at least he had been exposed to incessant ill-usage—lacerated, jeered, and almost stoned. All at once he again struggled in his chains with a redoubled effort of despair that made the whole machine shake; and breaking the silence which he had hitherto kept, he cried in a hoarse and furious voice, more like the roaring of a wild beast than the articulate tones of a human tongue: "Water!"

This cry of distress, heard above the shouts and laughter of the crowd, so far from exciting compassion, served only to heighten the mirth of the good people of Paris, who surrounded the pillory, and who, to confess the truth, were in those days not much less cruel or less brutalized than the disgusting crew of Vagabonds whom we have already introduced to the reader; these merely formed, in fact, the lowest stratum of the populace. Not a voice was raised around the unhappy sufferer, but in scorn and derision of his distress. It is certain that at this moment he was still more grotesque and repulsive than pitiable; his face empurpled, and trickling with perspiration, his eye glaring wildly, his mouth foaming with rage and agony, and his tongue lolling out of it. It must also be confessed that had any charitable soul of either sex been tempted to carry a draught of water to the wretched sufferer, so strongly was the notion of infamy and disgrace attached to the ignominious steps of the pillory, that it would have effectually deterred the good Samaritan.

In a few minutes Quasimodo surveyed the crowd with anxious eye, and repeated in a voice more rugged than before: "Water!" He was answered with peals of laughter.

"There is water for thee, deaf scoundrel," cried Robin Poussepain throwing in his face a sponge soaked in the kennel. "I am in thy debt."

A woman hurled a stone at his head. "That will teach thee to waken us at night," said she, "with thy cursed ringing."

"Take that to drink thy liquor out of!" shouted another fellow,

throwing at him a broken jug, which hit him upon the chest.

"Water!" roared the panting Quasimodo, for the third time.

At that moment he saw the populace make way. A young female, in a strange garb, approached the pillory. She was followed by a little white goat, with gilt horns, and carried a tambourine in her hand. Quasimodo's eye sparkled. It was the Gypsy, whom he had attempted to carry off the preceding night, and he had a confused notion that for this prank he was suffering his present punishment, though in fact it was because he had the misfortune to be deaf and to be tried by a deaf judge. He surmised that she was coming to take revenge also, and to give him her blow as well as the rest.

He watched her with nimble foot ascend the steps. Rage and vexation choked him. Had the lightning of his eye possessed the power, it would have blasted the Egyptian before she reached the platform. Without uttering a word she approached the sufferer, who vainly writhed to avoid her; and taking a gourd from her girdle, she gently lifted it to the parched lips of the exhausted wretch. Then a big tear was seen to start from his dry and bloodshot eye, and to trickle slowly down his deformed face so long contracted by despair. It was perhaps the first that he had ever shed.

Meanwhile he forgot to drink. The Egyptian pouted her pretty lip with impatience, and then put the neck of the gourd between Quasimodo's jagged teeth; he drank greedily, for his thirst was extreme.

When he had finished, the hunchback protruded his dark lips, no doubt to kiss the kind hand which had brought so welcome a relief: but the damsel, perhaps recollecting the violent assault of the foregoing night, quickly drew back her hand with the same start of terror that a child does from a dog which it fears will bite him. The poor fellow then fixed on her a look full of reproach and unutterable woe.

Under any circumstances it would have been a touching sight to see this beautiful girl, so fresh, so pure, so lovely, and at the same time so weak, humanely hastening to the relief of so much distress, deformity, and malice. On a pillory, the sight was sublime. The populace themselves were moved, and began clapping their hands and shouting, "Huzza! huzza!"

It was precisely at this moment that the recluse perceived from the window of her den the Egyptian on the pillory, and pronounced upon her a bitter imprecation.

Esmeralda turned pale, and with faltering step descended from

the pillory. The voice of the recluse still pursued her: "Get thee down! get thee down, Egyptian child-stealer! thou wilt have to go up again one of these days!"

"Sachette is in her vagaries to-day," said the people grumbling: and that was all they did. Women of her class were deemed holy and reverenced accordingly. Nobody liked to attack persons who were praying night and day.

The time of Quasimodo's punishment having expired, he was released, and the mob dispersed.

Mahiette and her two companions had reached the foot of the Grand Pont on their return, when she suddenly stopped short. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "what has become of the cake, Eustache?"

"Mother," said the boy, "while you were talking with the woman in that dark hole, a big dog came and bit a great piece out of it, so I ate some too."

"What, sir," she asked, "have you eaten it all?"

"It was the dog, mother. I told him to let it alone, but he didn't mind me—so I just took a bite too."

"'Tis a sad greedy boy!" said his mother smiling and scolding at once. "Look you, Oudarde, not a cherry or an apple in our garden is safe from him; so his grandfather says he will make a rare captain.—Let me catch you at it again, Master Eustache!—Go along, you greedy glutton!"

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

THE RESULT OF CONFIDING A SECRET TO A GOAT.

MANY weeks had elapsed. It was now the beginning of the month of March. The sun, which Dubartas, that classic ancestor of periphrasis, had not yet named "the grand duke of the candles," was not, therefore, the less cheerful and radiant. It was one of those days of the early spring which are so mild and beautiful that all Paris turns out into the squares and promenades, to enjoy them as if they were holidays. On those days of clearness, warmth, and serenity, there is one hour in particular, at which you should go and admire the portal of Notre-Dame. It is that moment when the sun, already declining toward his setting, darts his rays almost directly upon the front of the cathedral. Becoming more and more horizontal, they gradually retire from the pavement of the Place, and mount up the perpendicular face of the structure, streaming full upon the thousand rotundities of its sculpture, while the great round central window flames like a cyclop's eye lit up by the reverberations of the forge.

At this hour it was that, opposite to the front of the lofty cathedral, reddened by the setting sun, upon the stone balcony constructed over the porch of a rich-looking Gothic house, at the angle formed by the Place with the Rue du Paris, some handsome girls were laughing and talking together with all manner of grace and sportiveness. By the length of the veil which fell from the top of their pointed coif, all scrolled with pearls, down to their heels—by the fineness of the worked chemisette which covered their shoulders, revealing, according to the engaging fashion of that time, the swell of their fair virgin bosoms—by the richness of their under petticoats, yet more costly than the upper garments; by the gauze, the silk, and the velvet, with which the whole was loaded—and above all, by the whiteness of their hands—it was

easy to divine that they were noble and wealthy heiresses. The little group were, in fact, Damoiselle Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, and her companions, Diane de Christeuil, Amelotte de Montmichel, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, and the little De Champchevrier, all girls of family, assembled at that moment at the mansion of the lady widow De Gondelaurier, on account of Monseigneur de Beaujeu and madame his wife, who were to come to Paris in April, to choose *accompagneresses d'honneur*, or maids of honour, to accompany the Dauphiness Marguerite, on the occasion of her reception in Picardy, at the hands of the Flemings, on her way to the court of France. Now, all the hobereaux or gentry for thirty leagues round, were seeking this honour for their daughters, and a good many of them had already brought or sent them to Paris. The young ladies in question had been entrusted by their parents to the discreet and reverend keeping of Madame Aloïse de Gondelaurier, widow of a ci-devant master of the king's cross-bowmen, now living in retirement with her only daughter. at her house in the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, at Paris.

The balcony at which these young ladies were amusing themselves, opened into an apartment richly hung with fawn-coloured Flanders leather printed with golden foliage. The beams that ran across the ceiling, diverting the eye with a thousand fantastic carvings, painted and gilt. Splendid enamels were glittering here and there upon the lids of cabinets curiously carved; and a boar's head in china crowned a magnificent side-board, the two steps of which announced that the mistress of the house was the wife or widow of a knight banneret. At the upper end of the room, beside a lofty chimney-piece, covered with emblazonry from top to bottom, was seated, in a rich fauteuil of red velvet, the lady of Gondelaurier, whose fifty-five years of age were no less distinctly written on her dress than on her face. Beside her a young man was standing, of very imposing mien, though partaking somewhat of vanity and bravado—one of those fine fellows whom all women agree to admire, although their physiognomy is precisely that which makes grave and discerning men shake their heads. This young cavalier wore the brilliant uniform of a captain of archers of the ordonnance du roi or household troops —which uniform too closely resembled the costume of Jupiter, which the reader has already had an opportunity of admiring in the first chapter of this history, for us to weary him with a second description of it.

The young ladies were seated, part in the room, part in the balcony; the former on cushions of Utrecht velvet with gold

corner-plates; the latter on oak stools carved in flowers and figures. Each of them held in her lap part of a large piece of tapestry, on which they were all at work, while one long end of it lay on the matting which covered the floor.

They were talking among themselves, in that whispering voice, and with those half-stifled laughs, so common in an assembly of young girls where there is a young man among them. The young man himself, whose presence had the effect of bringing into play all this feminine vanity, appeared, on his part, to care very little about it; and, while the lovely girls were vying with each other in endeavouring to attract his attention, he was specially occupied in polishing, with his doeskin glove, the buckle of his sword-belt.

From time to time, the old lady addressed him in a low voice, and he answered as well as he was able, with a sort of awkward and constrained politeness. From the smiles and significant gestures of Madame Aloïse as well as the glances which she threw toward her daughter Fleur-de-Lys as she spoke low to the captain, it was evident that the subject of their conversation was some previous betrothing, some marriage doubtless about to take place between the young man and Fleur-de-Lys. And from the cold embarrassed air of the officer, it was easy to see that so far at least as he was concerned, love had no longer any part in the matter. His whole demeanour conveyed an idea of constraint and ennui. The good lady, infatuated with her daughter's charms, did not perceive the officer's want of enthusiasm, but exerted herself strenuously to point out in a whisper the infinite grace with which Fleur-de-Lys wound her silk.

"Do look now," said she, pulling him by the sleeve, and speaking in his ear. "Look at her! see, now she stoops."

"Yes, indeed," answered he, and fell back into his cold abstracted silence.

Shortly afterwards, Dame Aloïse again engaged his attention—saying to him: "Did you ever see a more charming face than that of your betrothed? Can anything be more fair or more lovely? Are not those hands perfect? and that neck, does it not assume every graceful curve of the swan's?—How I envy you at times! and how happy you are, in being a man, wicked rogue that you are! Is not my Fleur-de-Lys adorably beautiful? and are you not passionately in love with her?"

"Assuredly," answered he, absently.

"Speak to her, then," said Madame Aloïse, abruptly pushing him by the shoulder; "say something to her; you've grown quite timid."

Our readers may be assured that timidity was not a defect of the captain's. He endeavoured, however, to do as was bid.

"Belle cousine," said he, approaching Fleur-de-Lys, "what is the subject of this tapestry you are so busy with?"

"Beau cousin," answered Fleur-de-Lys, in a pettish tone, "I have already told you three times; the subject is the grotto of Neptunus."

It was evident that Fleur-de-Lys saw more clearly than her mother through the cold, absent manner of the captain, and the latter felt the necessity of entering into conversation.

"And for what is all this fine Neptune-work intended?" asked he.

"For the abbey of Saint-Antoine des Champs," said Fleur-de-Lys, without raising her eyes.

The captain took up a corner of the tapestry: "And pray, ma belle cousine, who is that big gendarme fellow disguised as a fish, and blowing his trumpet till his cheeks are bursting?"

"This is Trito," answered she.

There was still a degree of pettishness in the tone of the few words uttered by Fleur-de-Lys. The young man understood that it was indispensable he should whisper in her ear something pretty. He accordingly leaned over, but his imagination could furnish nothing more tender or familiar than this: "Why does your mother always wear that petticoat with her arms worked upon it, like our great-grandmothers of Charles the VII.'s time? Pray tell her, belle cousine, that it's not the fashion of the present day, and that, emblazoned in that way, her dress makes her look like a walking mantelpiece. 'Pon honour, no one sits under their banner in that way now, I assure you."

Fleur-de-Lys raised her fine eyes toward his reproachfully: "Is that all you have to say?" said she.

Meanwhile the good Dame Aloïse, delighted to see them thus leaning over and whispering with each other, exclaimed, playing all the while with the clasps of her prayer-book: "Touching picture of love!"

The captain, more and more at a loss, passed to the subject of the tapestry again. "It is really a beautiful piece of work!" said he.

Just then, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, another beautiful blonde, dressed up to the neck in blue damask, ventured to put in a word, addressed to Fleur-de-Lys, but in the hope that the handsome captain would answer her: "My dear Gondelaurier, did you ever see the tapestry at the Hôtel de la Roche-Guyon?"

"Is that the hôtel where the garden is belonging to the Lingère of the Louvre?" asked Diane de Christeuil, laughing.

"And where that big old tower is, part of the ancient wall of Paris?" added Amelotte de Montmichel, a pretty curly-headed fresh-looking brunette, who had a habit of sighing, just as the other laughed, without knowing why.

"My dear Colombe," said Dame Aloïse, "are you speaking of the hôtel which belonged to Monsieur de Bacqueville in the reign of Charles the VIth? There is indeed magnificent tapestry there."

At that moment, Bérangère de Champ-chevrier, an airy little creature of seven years of age, who was looking into the square through the tri-foliated ornaments of the balcony, cried out, "Oh! do look, dear god-mamma Fleur-de-Lys, at that pretty dancing-girl who is dancing in the street, and playing the tambourine in the midst of those common people!"

The sound of a tambourine was, in fact, heard by the party. "Some gypsy girl," said Fleur-de-Lys, turning her head carelessly toward the square.

"Let us see! let us see!" cried her lively companions; and they all ran to the front of the balcony, while Fleur-de-Lys, musing over the coldness of her affianced lover, followed them slowly; and the latter, relieved by this incident, which cut short an embarrassed conversation, returned to the farther end of the room with the satisfied air of a soldier relieved from duty. And yet no unpleasing service was that of the lovely Fleur-de Lys; and such it had appeared to him formerly; but the captain had by degrees become dissipated, and the prospect of an approaching marriage grew more and more repulsive to him every day. Besides, he was of a fickle disposition: and, if one may say so, of rather vulgar tastes. Although of very noble birth, he had contracted, under his officer's accoutrements, more than one habit of the common soldier. He delighted in the tavern and its accompaniments, and was never at his ease but amidst gross language, military gallantries, easy beauties, and as easy successes. He had notwithstanding received from his family some education and some politeness of manner; but he had early been a rover, had too early kept garrison, and each day the polish of the gentleman became more and more worn away under the friction of the gendarme's baldric. Though still continuing to visit her occasionally, through some small remnant of common respect, he felt doubly constrained with Fleur-de-Lys; first, because by dint of dividing his love among so many different objects he had very little left for her; and next, because, surrounded by a number of fine women

of stiff, decorous, and formal manners, he was constantly in fear lest his lips, accustomed to the language of oaths, should inadvertently break through their bounds and let slip some unfortunate tavern-slang or other. The effect may be imagined!

And yet, with all this were mingled great pretensions to elegance, taste in dress, and noble bearing. Let these things be reconciled as they may—our office is simply that of the historian.

He had been for some minutes thinking of something or of nothing, leaning in silence against the carved mantelpiece, when Fleur-de-Lys turning suddenly round, addressed him—for after all, the poor girl only pouted in self-defence:

"Beau cousin, did you not tell us of a little gypsy girl you saved from a parcel of thieves about a month ago, as you were going the counter-watch at night?"

"I believe I did, belle cousine," said the captain.

"Well," rejoined she, "perhaps it is that very gypsy girl who is now dancing in the Parvis. Come and see if you recognize her, beau cousin Phœbus."

A secret desire of reconciliation was perceptible in the gentle invitation she gave him to draw near her, and in the care she took to call him by his name. Captain Phœbus de Chateupers (for it is he whom the reader has had before him from the beginning of this chapter) with tardy steps approached the balcony.

"Look," said Fleur-de-Lys tenderly, placing her hand on his arm, 'look at that little girl with her goat, dancing there in the ring!—Is that your gypsy girl?"

Phœbus looked, and said: "Yes—I recognise her."

"Ah!—see!—what a pretty little goat!" said Amelotte, clasping her hands with delight.

Without moving from her fauteuil, Dame Aloïse inquired: "Is it one of those gypsy girls that arrived last year by the Porte Gibard?"

"Godmamma," exclaimed Bérangère, whose eyes incessantly in motion, were suddenly raised toward the top of the towers of Notre-Dame, "who is that black man up there?"

All the girls raised their eyes. A man in fact was leaning with his elbows upon the topmost balustrade of the northern tower, which looked towards the Grève. It was the figure of a priest: and they could clearly discern both his costume and his face, which was resting on his two hands. Otherwise he was as motionless as a statue; his steady gaze seemed riveted to the Place. There was in it something of the immobility of the kite when it has just discovered a nest of sparrows and is looking down upon it.

"It is monsieur the archdeacon of Joas," said Fleur-de-Lys.

"You've good eyes if you know him at this distance," observed La Gaillefontaine.

"How he looks at the little dancing-girl," remarked Diane de Christeuil.

"Let the gypsy girl beware," said Fleur-de-Lys; "for he loves not Egypt."

"It's a great pity that man looks at her so," added Amelotte de Montmichel; "for she dances delightfully."

"Beau cousin Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys, suddenly, "since you know this little gypsy girl, beckon to her to come up. It will be an amusement for us."

"Oh, yes!" cried all her companions, clapping their hands.

"It's really not worth while," answered Phœbus, "she has forgotten me, I dare say; and I don't so much as know her name. However, since you wish it, ladies, I will see." And leaning over the balustrade of the balcony, he began to call out—"Little girl!"

The dancing-girl was not at that moment playing her tambourine; and, turning her head towards the point from whence she had heard herself called, her brilliant eyes rested on Phœbus, and she stopped short suddenly.

"Little girl," repeated the captain, and he beckoned to her to come in.

The young girl looked at him again; then blushed as if a flame had risen to her cheeks; and, taking her tambourine under her arm, she made her way through the midst of the gaping spectators, towards the door of the house where Phœbus was, with slow and tottering steps, and with the troubled air of a bird yielding to the fascination of a serpent.

A moment or two after, the tapestry hanging at the entrance was raised, and the gypsy girl made her appearance on the threshold of the room, blushing, confused, and out of breath, her large eyes cast down, and not daring to advance a step further remained motionless at the entrance of the apartment. Her appearance had produced on this group of young women a singular effect It is certain that a vague and undefined desire of pleasing the handsome officer at once animated the whole party; that the splendid uniform was the object at which all their coquetry was aimed; and that, from the time of his being present, there had arisen among them a certain tacit, covert rivalry, scarcely acknowledged to themselves, but which did not the less constantly display itself in all their gestures and remarks. Nevertheless, as they all possessed nearly the same degree of beauty, they contended

with equal arms, and each might reasonably hope for victory. The arrival of the gipsy girl suddenly destroyed this equilibrium. Her beauty was of so rare a cast that, the moment she entered the apartment, she seemed to shed around it a sort of light peculiar to herself. Within this enclosed chamber, surrounded by its dusky hangings and wainscotings, she was incomparably more beautiful and radiant than in the public square. She was as the torch suddenly brought from the mid-day light into the shade. The noble damsels were dazzled by it in spite of themselves. Each felt that her beauty had in some degree suffered; and, in consequence, their line of battle (if we may be allowed the expression) was changed immediately, without a single word being uttered by any of them. But they understood each other perfectly. The instincts of woman comprehend and correspond with each other more quickly than the understandings of men. An enemy had arrived in the midst of them; all felt it —all rallied. One drop of wine is sufficient to tinge a whole glass of water; and to diffuse a certain degree of ill-temper throughout a company of pretty women, it is only necessary for one still prettier to make her appearance—especially when there is but one man in the way. Thus the gypsy girl's reception proved mightily freezing. They eyed her from head to foot; then looked at each other; and that was enough—all was understood. Meanwhile the young girl, waiting for them to speak to her, was so much affected that she dared not raise her eyelids.

The Captain was the first to break silence.

"'Pon honour," said he, with his tone of brainless assurance, "here's a charming creature! What do you think of her, belle cousine?"

This observation, which a more delicate admirer would at least have made in an undertone, did not tend to dissipate the feminine jealousies which were on the alert in the presence of the gypsy girl.

Fleur-de-Lys answered—"Ah, not amiss," and the others whispered together.

At length, Madame Aloïse, who was not the less jealous for being so on her daughter's account, addressed the dancing-girl:

"Come hither, little girl," said she.

The gypsy girl advanced toward the noble lady.

"My pretty girl," said Phœbus, significantly, likewise advancing a few paces toward her, "I don't know whether I have the supreme felicity of being remembered by you."

She interrupted him by saying, with a look and smile of infinite sweetness, "Oh! yes."

"She has a good memory," observed Fleur-de-Lys.

"So," resumed Phœbus, "you contrived to make your escape in a hurry the other evening. Did I frighten you?"

"Oh! no," said the gipsy girl. There was, in the accent with which this "Oh! no," following immediately the "Oh! yes," was pronounced, an indescribable something which stung poor Fleur-de-Lys.

"You left me in your stead, my fair one," continued the captain, whose tongue became unloosed while speaking to the girl out of the street, "a rare grim-faced fellow, hump-backed and one-eyed, the ringer of the bishop's bells, I believe. They tell me he's an archdeacon's bastard and a devil by birth. He has a pretty name too; they call him Quatre-Temps, Pâques-Fleuries, Mardi-Gras, I don't know what!—a bell-ringing, holiday name, in short. And so he thought fit to carry you off, as if you were made for such fellows as beadles! That is going a little too far. What the deuce could that screech-owl want with you? eh!"

"I don't know," answered she.

"Only imagine his insolence! a bell-ringer to carry off a girl like this! a clown poaching the game of gentlemen! a rare piece of assurance, truly! But he paid pretty dear for it. Maître Pierrat Torterue is as rough a groom as ever curried a rascal; and your ringer's hide—if that will please you—got a thorough dressing at his hands, I warrant you."

"Poor man!" said the gypsy girl, the scene of the pillory brought back to her remembrance by these words.

The captain burst out laughing. "*Corne-de-bœuf!* your pity's about as well placed as a feather in a pig's tail. May I have a belly like a pope, if....." He stopped suddenly short. "Pardon me, ladies—I fear I was about to let slip some non sense or other."

"Fie, monsieur!" said La Gaillefontaine.

"He speaks to this creature in her own language," added Fleur-de-Lys in an undertone, her vexation increasing every moment. This vexation was not diminished by seeing the captain, delighted with the gypsy girl, and above all with himself, turn round on his heels and repeat with naïve and soldier-like gallantry: "A lovely girl, upon my soul!"

"Very barbarously dressed!" said Diane de Christeuil, laughing to show her fine teeth.

This remark was like a flash of light for the others. It gave to view the gypsy's assailable point; having nothing to find fault with in her person, they all fell upon her dress.

"It's very true," said La Montmichel. "Pray, little girl, where did you learn to run about the streets in that way, without either neckerchief or tucker?"

"What a dreadful short petticoat!" added La Gaille fontaine.

"You'll get yourself taken up, child, by the sergeants of the douzaine, for your gilt belt," continued Fleur-de-Lys harshly.

"Little girl, little girl," resumed Christeuil with an unmerciful smile, "if you had the decency to wear sleeves on your arms, they would not get so sun-burned."

It was a sight worthy a more intelligent spectator than Phœbus, to watch how those fine girls, with their envenomed and angry tongues, turned, glided, and wound, as it were, around the street dancer; they were at once cruel and courteous; they searched and pried maliciously into every part of her poor wild dress of spangles and tinsel. Then followed the laugh, the ironical jest, humiliations without end. Sarcasms, haughty condescensions, and evil looks were poured upon the gypsy girl. One might have fancied them some of those young Roman ladies that used to amuse themselves with thrusting golden pins into the bosom of some beautiful slave; or have likened them to elegant greyhounds, turning, wheeling, with distended nostrils and eager eyes, around some poor hind of the forest whom nothing but their master's eye prevents them from devouring.

And what, in fact, was a poor dancing-girl of the public square to those high-born maidens? They did not seem so much as to recognize her presence; but spoke of her, before her, and to herself, aloud, as of something, pretty enough perhaps, but at the same time loathsome and abject.

The gypsy girl was not insensible to these petty stings. From time to time, a glow of shame or a flash of anger inflamed her eyes and cheeks—a disdainful exclamation seemed to hover on her lips—she made contemptuously the little grimace with which the reader is already familiar—but remained motionless, her eyes fixed, with a sweet, resigned, and melancholy expression upon Phœbus. In this look, too, were mingled delight and tenderness. It seemed as if she restrained herself for fear of being driven away.

As for Phœbus himself, he laughed, and took the gypsy girl's part, with a mixture of pity and impertinence. "Let them talk,

little one," repeated he, jingling his gold spurs; "doubtless, your dress is a little wild and extravagant; but in a charming girl like you, what does that signify?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the blonde Gaillefontaine, drawing up her swan-like neck with a bitter smile, "I see that messieurs the king's archers take fire easily at bright gypsy eyes."

"And why not?" said Phœbus.

At this rejoinder, uttered carelessly by the captain, like a stone thrown at random, the fall of which one does not so much as turn to watch, Colombe began to laugh, as did Amelotte, Diane, and Fleur-de-Lys; while a tear rose at the same time to the eyes of the latter.

The gypsy girl, who had cast her eyes on the ground as Colombe and Gaillefontaine spoke, raised them all beaming with joy and pride, and fixed them again on Phœbus. She looked angelic at that moment.

The old lady, who observed this scene, felt herself piqued without well understanding why.

"Holy Virgin!" cried she suddenly, "what's that about my legs? Ah! the nasty animal!"

It was the goat, which had just arrived in search of its mistress, and which, in hurrying toward her, had got itself entangled by the horns in the pile of stuff which the noble lady's ample habiliments heaped around her whenever she was seated.

This made a diversion. The gypsy girl, without saying a word, disentangled the little creature's horns.

"Oh! here's the pretty little goat with golden feet," cried Bérangère, jumping with joy.

The gypsy girl squatted on her knees, and pressed her cheek against the fondling head of the goat, as if to beg its pardon for having left it behind.

Meanwhile, Diane bent over and whispered in Colombe's ear: "Ah! mon Dieu! how is it I did not think of it before? It's the gypsy girl with the goat. They say she's a sorceress, and that her goat performs very miraculous tricks."

"Well," said Colombe, "let the goat amuse us now in its turn, and perform us a miracle."

Diane and Colombe eagerly addressed the gypsy girl: "Little girl, do let your goat perform a miracle."

"I do not understand," she replied. And she again fondled and caressed the pretty animal, repeating, "Djali! Djali!"

Just then Fleur-de-Lys remarked a little embroidered leathern

bag hanging about the goat's neck. "What's that?" asked she of the gypsy girl.

The girl raised her large eyes toward her, and answered gravely, "That's my secret."

Meanwhile, the noble dame had risen angrily. "Come, come, gypsy girl; if neither you nor your goat have anything to dance to us, what do you do here?"

The gypsy girl, without answering, directed her steps slowly toward the door. But the nearer she approached it, the slower was her pace. Something seemed to arrest her steps. Suddenly, she turned her eyes moistened with tears toward Phœbus, and stood still.

"No, no!" cried the captain, "you shall not go away thus. Come back and dance us something or other. By-the-by, sweet love, what's your name?"

"Esmeralda," said the dancing girl, without taking her eyes off him.

At this strange name the girls burst forth into an extravagant laugh.

"A formidable name for a young lady," said Diane.

"You see, plainly enough," remarked Amelotte, "that she's an enchantress."

"My dear," cried dame Aloïse, seriously, "your parents never found that name for you at the baptism."

Meanwhile Bérangère, without any one's observing it, had, a few minutes before, enticed the goat into a corner of the room with a piece of sweet cake. In an instant they had become good friends; and the curious child had untied the little bag which hung at the goat's neck, had opened it, and spread its contents on the matting; it was an alphabet, each letter of which was inscribed separately on a small tablet of wood. No sooner were these toys displayed on the matting, than the child saw, with surprise, the goat (one of whose miracles, doubtless, it was) draw toward her, with her golden paw, certain letters, and arrange them, by pushing them about gently, in a particular order. In a minute, they formed a word which the goat seemed practiced in composing, so little was she at a loss in forming it; and Bérangère suddenly cried out, clasping her hands with admiration, "Godmamma, Fleur-de-Lys—do see what the goat has been doing!"

Fleur-de-Lys ran to look, and started at the sight. The letters arranged on the floor formed the word, *Phœbus!* "Did the goat write that?" asked she, with a faltering voice.

"Yes, godmamma," answered Bérangère. It was impossible to doubt it, for the child could not spell.

"This is the secret!" thought Fleur-de-Lys. Meanwhile, at the child's exclamation they had all hurried forward to look; the lady mother, the young ladies, the gypsy, and the officer.

The gypsy girl saw the blunder the goat had committed. She turned red—then pale—and began to tremble like a guilty thing before the captain, who looked at her with a smile of satisfaction and astonishment.

"Phœbus!" whispered the girls, in amazement, "that's the captain's name!"

"You have a wonderful memory!" said Fleur-de-Lys to the petrified gypsy girl. Then bursting into sobs: "Oh!" she stammered sorrowfully, hiding her face between her two fair hands, "she is a sorceress!" while she heard a voice yet more bitter whisper from her inmost heart, "she is a rival!" And thereupon she fainted.

"My child! my child!" cried the terrified mother, "Begone, you diabolical gypsy."

Esmeralda gathered together the unlucky letters, called to Djali, and quitted the room at one door as Fleur-de-Lys was being carried out at the other.

Captain Phœbus, left alone, hesitated a moment between the two doors; then followed the gypsy girl.

CHAPTER II.

A PRIEST AND A PHILOSOPHER.

THE priest whom the young ladies had observed on the top of the northern tower, leaning over towards the square, and so attentive to the gypsy girl's dancing, was, in fact, the Archdeacon Claude Frollo.

Our readers have not forgotten the mysterious cell which the archdeacon had appropriated to himself in this tower. By-the-way, we do not know whether it is not the same, the interior of which may be seen to this day through a small square window, opening toward the east, at about the height of a man from the floor, upon the platform from which the towers spring; a mere dog-hole now, naked, empty, and falling to decay; the ill-plastered walls of which are even at this time decorated here and there with

a parcel of sorry yellow engravings representing cathedral fronts. We presume that this hole is jointly inhabited by bats and spiders, and that, consequently, a double war of extermination is carried on there against the unfortunate flies.

An hour before sunset, the archdeacon ascended the staircase of the tower every day, and shut himself up in this cell, where he sometimes passed whole nights. On this day, just as he had reached the low door of his little nook, and was putting into the lock the small key, with its intricate wards, which he always carried about him in the escarcelle or large purse suspended at his side, the sound of a tambourine and castanets reached his ears. This sound proceeded from the Place de Parvis. The cell, as we have already said, had but one window, looking upon the back of the church. Claude Frollo had hastily withdrawn the key, and in an instant was on the summit of the tower, in that gloomy, thoughtful attitude in which the young ladies had first seen him.

There he was, grave, motionless, absorbed in one look, one thought. All Paris lay at his feet; with her thousand spires of its buildings, and circular horizon of softly-swelling hills; with her river winding under her bridges, and her people flowing to and fro through her streets; with the cloud of her smoke; with her hilly chain of roofs pressing round Notre-Dame with redoubled folds; yet in all that city the archdeacon saw but one spot on its pavement, the Place du Parvis; in all that crowd, but one figure, that of the gypsy girl.

It would have been difficult to say what was the nature of that look, or whence arose the flame that issued from it. It was a fixed gaze, and yet full of trouble and tumult. And, from the profound stillness of his whole body, only agitated at intervals by an involuntary shiver, like a tree shaken by the wind, his stiffened elbows more marble than the balustrade on which they leaned, and the petrified smile which contracted his countenance, one might have said that no part of Claude Frollo was alive but his eyes.

The gypsy girl was dancing, twirling her tambourine on the point of her finger, and throwing it aloft in the air as she danced the Provençal sarabands; agile, light, joyous, and unconscious of the formidable gaze which lighted directly on her head.

The crowd swarmed around her; occasionally, a man, tricked out in a red and yellow casaque or long loose coat, went round to make the people keep the ring; then returned to seat himself in a chair, a few steps off the dancer, and took the head of the goat

upon his knees. This man appeared to be the companion of the gypsy girl. Claude Frollo, from the elevated spot on which he stood, could not distinguish his features.

No sooner had the archdeacon perceived this unknown, than his attention seemed to be divided between him and the dancer, and his countenance became more and more sombre. Suddenly he drew himself up, and a trembling ran through his whole frame. "Who's that man?" muttered he to himself; "I've always seen her alone before."

He then disappeared under the winding vault of the spiral staircase, and once more descended. Passing before the door of the bell-room, which was partly open, he saw something which struck him; it was Quasimodo, who, leaning toward an opening in those great slate eaves which resemble enormous projecting blinds, was likewise looking earnestly into the square. He was engaged in such profound contemplation that he did not observe his adoptive father passing by. His wild eye had in it a singular expression; it was a look at once tender and fascinated. "That's strange!" murmured Claude; "is it at the gypsy girl that he is looking?" He proceeded to descend. In a few minutes the moody archdeacon entered the square by the door at the bottom of the tower.

"What's become of the gypsy girl," said he, mingling with the group of spectators which the sound of the tambourine had collected together.

"I don't know," answered one of those nearest him, "she's just disappeared. I think she's gone to dance some fandango or other in the house opposite, whither they called her."

In the place of the gypsy girl, on that same carpet, the arabesques of which, but the moment before, seemed to vanish beneath the no less fantastic figures of her dance, the archdeacon saw no one but the red and yellow man, who, in order to gain a few testons in his turn, was parading around the circle, his elbows on his hips, his head thrown back, his face all red, his neck stretched out, with a chair between his teeth. On this chair he had fastened a cat, which a woman of the neighbourhood had lent him, and which was swearing with terror.

"Notre Dame!" cried the archdeacon, just as the mountebank, the perspiration rolling off his face, was passing before him with his pyramid of chair and cat: "what does Maître Pierre Gringoire do there?"

The harsh voice of the archdeacon struck the poor devil with such commotion that he lost his equilibrium; and down fell the whole edifice, chair and cat and all, pell-mell upon the heads of

the bystanders in the midst of inextinguishable hootings.

It is probable that Maître Pierre Gringoire (for he indeed it was) would have had a fine account to settle with the cat's mistress, and all the bruised and scratched faces around him, if he had not hastily availed himself of the tumult to take refuge in the church, whither Claude Frollo beckoned him to follow.

The cathedral was already dark and solitary; the transepts were in darkness; and the lamps of the chapels were beginning to twinkle, so black had the vaulted roofs become. The great central window of the front alone, whose thousand tints were steeped in one horizontal stream of the sun's decaying rays, glistened in the shade like a mass of diamonds, and cast against the other extremity of the nave its dazzling many-coloured image.

When they had proceeded a few steps, Dom Claude, leaning his back against a pillar, looked steadfastly at Gringoire. This look was not the one which Gringoire had apprehended, in his shame at being surprised by so grave and learned a personage in his merry-andrew costume. There was in the priest's glance neither scoff nor irony; it was serious, calm, and searching. The archdeacon was the first to break silence.

"Maître Pierre," said he, "you have many things to explain to me. And first, how is it that I have not seen you for the last two months, and that I meet with you again in the public street, in rare guise, forsooth, half red, half yellow, like a Caudebec apple!"

"Messire," said Gringoire, piteously, "it is indeed a strange dress, and one in which I feel as comfortable in as a cat with a calabash clapped on her head. Most hard it is, too, I acknowledge, that I should subject those gentlemen, the sergeants of the watch, to the risk of beating, under their casaque, the humerus of Pythagorean philosopher. But what would you, my reverend master? The fault is all in my old coat, which basely forsook me in the depth of winter, under pretence that it was falling in tatters, and that it was under the necessity of reposing itself in the ragman's pack. What was to be done? Civilization has not yet arrived at such a pitch that one may go quite naked, as old Diogenes could have wished. Add to this, that the wind blew very cold, and the month of January is not the time to attempt successfully that new step in refinement. This casaque offered itself—I took it, and left off my old black souquenille, which, for an hermetic philosopher like myself, was far from being hermetically closed. Behold me, then, in my buffoon's habit, like St. Genest. What would you have? It's an eclipse.

Apollo, you know, tended the flocks of Admetus."

"It's a fine trade you've taken up," replied the priest.

"I must confess, my master, that it's better to blow a flame in the furnace, or receive one from heaven—than to be carrying cats in triumph. And that's why, when you addressed me, I felt so silly. But what was to be done, messire!—one must eat every day; and the finest Alexandrine verses, to an empty stomach, are not to be compared to a piece of good cheese. Now, I composed for the Lady Margaret of Flanders, that famous epithalamium, you know; and I have not been paid for it, on the ground that it was not excellent—as if, for four écus, one could write a tragedy of Sophocles. Well, you see I was near dying of hunger. Fortunately for me, I am rather strong in the jaw; so I said to my jaw: 'Perform some feats of strength and equilibrium—work and find food for thyself.' A parcel of vagabonds, who are become my good friends, taught me twenty different kinds of Herculean tricks; and now I feed my teeth every night with the bread they have earned in the day by the sweat of my brow. After all, I concede that it is but a sorry employ of my intellectual faculties, and that man is not formed to pass his life in tambourining and biting chairs. But, reverend master,—one must do something to live."

Dom Claude listened in silence. All at once his sunken eyes assumed an expression so sagacious and penetrating, that Gringoire felt as if searched to his inmost soul by that look.

"Very well, Maître Pierre; but how is it that you are now in company with that dancing-girl of Egypt?"

"Why, just," said Gringoire, "because she is my wife and I am her husband."

The priest's dark eye took fire. "And hast thou done that, miserable man?" he cried, furiously grasping Gringoire's arm, "and hast thou been so abandoned of God as to lay thy hand upon that girl?"

"By my hopes of paradise, monseigneur," answered Gringoire, trembling, "I swear to you that I have never touched her—if that be what disturbs you."

"But what do you mean then, by husband and wife?" said the priest.

Gringoire eagerly related to him, as succinctly as possible, what the reader is acquainted with—his adventure of the Cour des Miracles, and the incident of the broken-pitcher marriage—which marriage appeared, as yet, to have had no result whatever, the gypsy girl contriving to leave him every night, as she had done

on the first, in single blessedness. "It's a bore," said he, "but that comes of my having had the misfortune to marry a maid."

"What do you mean?" inquired the archdeacon, whom this account had gradually appeased.

"It's very difficult to explain," answered the poet. "It is a superstition. My wife, I am told, is a foundling. She wears about her neck an amulet which they say will one day be the means of her finding her parents again, but would lose its virtue if the girl lost hers. It follows as a matter of course! that we both of us remain virtuous."

"So," resumed Claude, whose mind was now clearing, "you believe, Maître Pierre, that this creature is still a virgin."

"Why, Dom Claude, what would you have a man do with a superstition? She has got that in her head. I do, indeed, believe it to be rarity enough, to find such a nunnish prudery keeping its wildness amidst all those gypsy girls so easily tamed; but she has three things to protect her: the Duke of Egypt, who has taken her under his safeguard; her whole tribe, who hold her in singular veneration, as tho' she were a second Notre Dame; and a certain pretty little poniard, which the jade always carries about her in spite of the provost's ordinances, and which darts forth in her hand when you press her waist. She is a fierce wasp, I can tell you."

The archdeacon continued to press Gringoire with questions.

Esmeralda was, in Gringoire's opinion, a creature inoffensive, charming and pretty—allowance being made for a certain little grimace which was peculiar to herself—a girl artless and impassioned, ignorant of everything, and enthusiastic about everything, fond, above all things, of dancing, of bustle, of the open air—a sort of a bee of a woman, with invisible wings to her feet, and living in a continual whirl. She owed this nature to the wandering life she had always led. Gringoire had contrived to ascertain, that while quite a child, she had gone all through Spain and Catalonia, to Sicily, he thought, too, that the caravan of zingari to which she belonged, had carried her into Algeria. The Bohemians said Gringoire, were vassals to the king of Algeria. Certain it was, that Esmeralda had come into France while yet very young, by way of Hungary. From all those countries the girl had brought with her fragments of fantastic jargons, foreign songs and ideas, which made her almost as motley as her half Parisian, half African costume. However, the people of the quarters which she frequented loved her for her gaiety, her gracefulness, her lively step, her dances, and her songs. In all the

town, she believed herself to be hated by two persons only, of whom she often spoke with dread; the Sachette of the Tour-Roland, a miserable recluse, that bore a strange malice against gypsy women, and was in the habit of heaping curses upon the poor dancing-girl every time she passed before her loop-hole; and a priest who never met her without casting upon her looks and words that frightened her. The mention of this latter circumstance visibly disturbed the archdeacon, but without Gringoire's much attending to his perturbation; the two months that had elapsed having been quite sufficient to make the poet forget the singular particulars of that evening when he had first met with the gypsy girl, and the apparent presence of the archdeacon on that occasion. For the rest, the little dancer, he said, feared nothing. She did not tell fortunes, and so was secure from those prosecutions for magic that were so frequently instituted against the gypsy women. And then Gringoire was as a brother to her, if not as a husband. After all, the philosopher very patiently endured this kind of Platonic marriage. At all events there were food and lodging for him; each morning he set out from the truandry, most frequently in company with the gypsy girl; he helped her to make in the crossways her gathering of targes and petits-blancs, each evening he returned with her under the same roof, let her bolt herself in her own little chamber, and slept the sleep of the just—a very agreeable existence on the whole, said he, and very favourable to reverie. And then, in his heart and conscience, the philosopher was not quite sure that he was desperately in love with the gypsy. He loved her goat almost as much. It was a charming animal, gentle, intelligent, clever, and knowing. Nothing was more common in the middle ages than these knowing animals; at which the people mightily wondered, and which frequently brought their instructors to the stake. However, the sorceries of the goat with the gilded feet were very harmless tricks indeed. Gringoire explained them to the archdeacon whom these particulars seemed strongly to interest. In most cases it was sufficient to present the tambourine to the animal in such or such a manner, to obtain from it the action desired. It had been trained to that by its mistress, who had so singular a talent for that species of tuition, that two months had been sufficient for her to teach the goat to compose, with movable letters, the word Phœbus.

"Phœbus!" said the priest. "Why Phœbus?"

"I don't know," replied Gringoire; "perhaps it's a word that she thinks endowed with some magical and secret virtue. She

often repeats it in an undertone when she thinks she's by herself."

"Are you sure?" rejoined Claude, with his penetrating look, "that it's only a word, and that it's not a name?"

"Name of whom?" said the poet.

"How should I know?" said the priest.

"This is what I imagine, messire; these gypsies are something of Guebres, and worship the sun—whence this Phœbus."

"That does not seem so clear to me as it does to you, Maître Pierre."

"Well, it's no matter to me. Let her mutter her Phœbus to her heart's content. It's a sure thing that Djali loves me already almost as much as she does."

"Who's Djali?"

"It's the goat."

The archdeacon placed his hand under his chin, and seemed ruminating for a moment. All at once he turned round abruptly to Gringoire:

"And you swear to me that you have not touched her?"

"Touched what?" said Gringoire. "The goat?"

"No—that woman."

"My wife? I swear to you I have not."

"And yet you are often alone with her."

"Every night for a full hour."

Dom Claude knit his brows. "Oh, oh," said he, "*Solus cum solâ non cogitabuntur orare Pater Noster.*"

"Upon my soul, I might say the *Pater*, and the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentum* without her taking any more notice of me than a hen does of a church."

"Swear to me by thy mother's soul," repeated the archdeacon with vehemence, "that thou hast not so much as touched that creature with thy finger's end."

"I could swear it, too, by my father's head," answered the poet. "But, my reverend master, just permit me to ask you a single question."

"Speak, sir."

"What does that signify to you?"

The pale countenance of the archdeacon reddened like the cheek of a girl. He kept silence for a moment; then answered with visible embarrassment: "Hearken, Maître Pierre Gringoire. You are not yet damned, that I know of. I feel interested for you, and wish you well. Now, the slightest contact with that gypsy girl of the demon would make you a vassal of Satan. You know it's always the body that ruins the soul. Woe to you if you

approach that woman! That's all I have to say."

"I tried once," said Gringoire, scratching his ear; "it was the first day, but I only got myself stung."

"And had you that audacity, Maître Pierre?" and the priest's brow darkened again.

"Another time," continued the poet, smiling, "before I went to bed, I looked through her keyhole, and indeed I saw the most delicious damsel in her shift that ever stepped upon a bedside with her naked foot."

"Go to the devil with you!" cried the priest, with a terrible look; and pushing the amazed Gringoire by the shoulders, he plunged his hasty strides under the darkest arches of the cathedral.

CHAPTER III.

THE CATHEDRAL BELLS.

SINCE the morning of his being pilloried, the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Notre-Dame thought they perceived that Quasimodo's bell-ringing ardour had remarkably abated. Before that time the bells were going on all occasions; long matin chimes which lasted from Primes to Complins; peals of the great bell for high mass; rich gamuts running up and down the small bells for a wedding or a christening, and mingling in the air like a rich embroidery of all sorts of delightful sounds. The old church, all vibrating and sonorous was in a perpetual joyous whirl of bells. Some spirit of noise and whim appeared to be sending forth a never-ending carol through those brazen lips. Now that spirit seemed to have departed. The cathedral seemed to have grown wilfully sullen and silent. The holidays and interments had their simple accompaniment, bare and unadorned—just what the ritual demanded, and nothing more; of the double sound proceeding from a church, that of the organ within, and the bells without, the organ only was heard. It seemed as if there was no longer any musician in the steeples. Nevertheless, Quasimodo was still there; what had come to him, then? was it that the shame and desperation of the pillory scene still lingered about his heart, that the lashes of the torturer were ever present to his mind, and that his grief at such treatment had extinguished

all feeling in him, even to his passion for the bells? Or was it rather that Marie had a rival in the heart of the ringer of Notre-Dame, and that the great bell and her fourteen sisters were neglected for something more beautiful and pleasing?

It happened that in the year of Our Lord 1482, the Annunciation fell on Tuesday, the 25th of March. On that day the air was so pure and light, that Quasimodo felt a little returning affection for his bells. He accordingly ascended the northern tower, while the beadle below threw wide the large doors of the church, which were formed, at that time, of enormous panels of strong wood, covered with leather, bordered with iron nails gilt, and encased with sculpture "very skilfully wrought."

Arrived in the high cage of the bells, Quasimodo fixed his eye for some time, with a sorrowful shake of the head, on his six songstresses, as if he sighed to think that something strange had intruded into his heart between himself and them. But when he had set them going—when he felt the whole cluster of bells moving under his hand—when he saw, for he did not hear it, the palpitating octave ascending and descending in the sonorous diapason like a bird hopping from branch to branch—when the demon of music, that demon who shakes a sparkling bundle of stretti, trills, and arpeggios, had taken possession of the poor deaf creature, then he became happy again; he forgot everything, and the dilation of his heart expanded on his countenance.

He went to and fro, clapping his hands; he ran from one rope to another, animating the six songsters by his voice and gestures, like a leader of the band spurring on scientific musicians.

"Come, come, Gabrielle," said he, "pour forth all your sound into the square: it's a holiday. Thibauld, none of your idleness. What! you are lagging! Get on with you. Are you grown rusty, lazybones? That's it!—quick! quick!—don't let the clapper be seen. Make them all as deaf as I am. Bravo! Thibauld. Go it, Guillaume! Guillaume, you are the biggest, and Pasquier's the least, and Pasquier goes best. I'll lay anything that those that can hear, hear him better than you. Well done, Gabrielle—harder! harder! Hey! you there, The Sparrows, what are you both about? I don't see you make the least noise. What's the meaning of those brazen beaks of yours, that seem to be gaping when they ought to be singing? Come—work away! it's the Annunciation. There's a fine sunshine, and we'll have a merry peal. Poor Guillaume—what! are you out of breath, my old fellow?"

He was fully occupied in goading on his bells, which were all

six leaping one against another as in rivalry, and shaking their shining backs, like a noisy team of Spanish mules urged forward by the apostrophizings of the driver.

All at once, happening to cast his eye between the large scales which cover, at a certain height, the perpendicular wall of the steeple, he saw in the square a young girl fantastically dressed, who had stopped, and was laying down a carpet on which a little goat came and placed itself, and around whom a group of spectators was gathering. This view suddenly changed the course of his ideas, and cooled his musical enthusiasm. He stopped, turned his back to the bells, and squatted behind the slate eaves, fixing on the dancer that thoughtful, tender, and softened look which had already once astonished the archdeacon. Meanwhile, the forgotten bells all at once became utterly silent, to the great disappointment of the amateurs of ringing, who were listening to the peal in good earnest from off the Pont-au-Change, and who went away as confounded as a dog that has a bone offered him and a stone given him instead.

CHAPTER IV.

CLAUDE FROLLO'S CELL.

ONE fine morning in the same month of March, I believe it was Saturday, the 29th, the festival of Saint Eustache, it so happened that our young friend Jehan Frollo du Moulin perceived, while dressing himself, that his breeches, containing his purse, gave out no metallic sound. "Poor purse!" said he, drawing it forth from his pocket; "not one little Parisis! How cruelly thou hast been gutted by dice, Venus, and the tavern! There thou art, empty, wrinkled, flaccid. Thou art like the bosom of a fury. I would just ask you, Messer Cicero and Messer Seneca, whose dog's-eared works lie scattered yonder, of what use is it to me to know, better than a master of the mint or a Jew of the Pont aux Changeurs, that a gold crown is worth thirty-five unzains, at twenty-six sous six deniers Parisis each, if I have not a single miserable black liard to risk on the double six! O Consul Cicero! this is not a calamity from which one may extricate one's self with periphrases, with *quemadmodums* and *verumenimveros*."

He began to put on his clothes in silent sadness. While lacing his buskins, a thought occurred to him, but he gave it up immediately. Again it presented itself, and he put on his vest the wrong side out, an evident sign of some violent inward struggle. At length, dashing his cap upon the ground, he exclaimed—"Yes, I will go to my brother; I shall get a lecture, but I shall also get a crown."

Then hastily throwing on his surcoat trimmed with fur, and picking up his cap, he rushed out of the room. He went down the Rue de la Harpe towards the City. As he passed the Rue de la Huchette his olfactories were gratified by the smell of the joints incessantly roasting there, and he cast a sheep's eye at the gigantic apparatus which one day drew from Calatagirone, the Franciscan, this pathetic exclamation—*Veramente, queste rotisseric sono cosa stupenda?* But Jehan had not wherewithal to get a breakfast, and with a deep sigh he pursued his course under the gateway of the Petit Châtelet, that enormous cluster of massive towers which guarded the entrance to the city.

He did not even take the time to throw a stone in passing, as it was then customary, at the mutilated statue of that Perinet Leclerc, who had surrendered the Paris of Charles VI. to the English—a crime for which his effigy, defaced by stones and covered with mud, did penance for three centuries, at the corner of the streets of La Harpe and de Bussy, as in a perpetual pillory.

Having crossed the Petit Pont, Jehan at length found himself before Notre-Dame. Again he wavered in his purpose, and he walked for a few moments round the statue of M. Legris, repeating to himself,—"I am sure of the lecture, but shall I get the *écu?*"

He stopped a verger who was coming from the cloisters. "Where is the Archdeacon of Josas?" he enquired.

"I believe he is in his closet in the tower," replied the verger; "and I would not advise you to disturb him there, unless you have a message from some such person as the pope or Monsieur the king."

Jehan clapped his hands. "*Diable!*" he exclaimed—"a fine opportunity for seeing that famous den of sorcery!"

Determined by this reflection, he resolutely entered at the little black door, and began to ascend the winding stairs leading to the upper stories of the tower. "We shall see," said he to himself by the way. "By our Lady! it must be a curious place, that

cell which my reverend brother keeps so carefully to himself. They say that he has a roaring fire there sometimes to cook the philosopher's stone at. By my fay, I care no more about the philosopher's stone than any cobble-stone, and I would rather find a savoury omelette on his furnace than the biggest philosopher's stone in the world!"

Having reached the pillar gallery, he stood puffing for a moment, and then swore at the endless stairs by I know not how many million cart-loads of devils. Having somewhat vented his spleen, he recommenced his ascent by the little door of the north tower, which is now shut against the public. Just after he had passed the bell-room, he came to a lateral recess in which there was a low pointed door. "Humph!" said the scholar; "this must be the place, I suppose."

The key was in the lock, and the door not fastened: he gently pushed it open far enough to look in.

The reader has no doubt turned over the admirable work of Rembrandt, that Shakespeare of painting. Among so many wonderful engravings, there is one in particular, representing Dr. Faustus, as it is conjectured, which you cannot look at without being dazzled. The scene is a dark cell, in the middle of which is a table covered with hideous objects—skulls, globes, alembics, compasses, parchments with hieroglyphics. Before this table is the doctor dressed in a coarse loose great coat, and with his fur cap pulled down to his eyebrows. The lower part of his dress is not to be seen. Half risen from his immense arm-chair, he leans with his clenched fists upon the table, and is looking with curiosity and terror at a large luminous circle, composed of magic letters, which glares upon the opposite wall, like the solar spectrum in a dark room. This cabalistic sun seems to tremble to the eye, and fills the gloomy cell with its mysterious radiance. It is terrible, and it is beautiful.

A scene not unlike the cell of Dr. Faustus presented itself to the view of Jehan, when he ventured to look in at the half-open door. This, too, was a gloomy hole into which the light was very sparingly admitted. It contained, too, a great arm-chair and a large table, compasses, alembics, skeletons of animals hanging from the ceiling, a globe lying upon the floor pell-mell with glass jars, filled with liquids of various colours, skulls placed on parchments scrawled over with figures and letters, thick manuscripts wide open and heaped one upon another—in short all the rubbish of science—and the whole covered with dust and cobwebs: but there was no circle of luminous letters, no doctor in

ecstasy contemplating the flaming vision as the eagle gazes at the sun.

The cell, however, was not unoccupied. A man seated in the arm-chair was stooping over the table. His back was turned to Jehan, who could see no more than his shoulders and the hinder part of his head; but he had no difficulty in recognizing that bald crown, on which Nature had made an everlasting tonsure, as if to mark by this outward symbol the irresistible clerical vocation of the archdeacon.

The door had opened so softly that Dom Claude was not aware of the presence of his brother. The young scapegrace took advantage of the circumstance to explore the cell for a few moments. To the left of the arm-chair and beneath the small window was a large furnace, which he had not remarked at the first glance. The ray of light which entered at the aperture passed through a circular cobweb, in the centre of which the motionless insect architect looked like the nave of this wheel of lace. On the furnace lay in disorder all sorts of vessels, glass phials, retorts, and mattresses. There was no fire in the furnace, nor did it appear to have been lighted for a considerable time. A glass mask, which Jehan observed among the implements of alchymy, and which no doubt served to protect the archdeacon's face when he was at work upon any dangerous substance, lay in one corner, covered with dust, and as it were forgotten. By its side was a pair of bellows equally dusty, the upper surface of which bore this legend inlaid in letters of brass: SPIRA, SPERA.

Other mottoes in great number were inscribed, according to the custom of the hermetic philosophers, upon the walls, some written with ink and others cut as tho' by a carver. Gothic, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman letters were all mixed together; the inscriptions ran into one another, the more recent effacing the older, and all dovetailing like the boughs of a clump of trees, or pikes in a battle. They composed in fact a confused medley of all human philosophies, reveries, and knowledge. There was one here and there which was conspicuous above the rest like a pennon among the heads of lances. Most of them were short Latin or Greek mottoes, such as the middle age was so clever at devising. Sometimes there occurred a word without any apparent signification, which might possibly disguise some bitter allusion to the monastic system; sometimes a simple maxim of clerical discipline in the form of a regular hexameter. There were also by the way Hebrew scrawls, which Jehan, who knew very little of Greek, could not decipher, and the whole was crossed in all directions

by stars, figures of men and beasts, and triangles, which intersected one another, and contributed not a little to make the wall of the cell resemble a sheet of paper upon which a monkey has been scribbling with a pen.

In other respects the cell exhibited a general appearance of neglect and dilapidation: and from the state of the utensils it might be inferred that the master had long been diverted from his usual pursuits by other occupations.

This master, meanwhile, bending over a vast manuscript adorned by grotesque paintings, appeared to be tormented by an idea which incessantly obtruded itself upon his meditations. So at least Jehan judged, on hearing him utter this soliloquy, with the pensive pauses of one in a brown study who thinks aloud:—

"Yes, so Manon asserted and Zoroaster taught. The sun is the offspring of fire, the moon of the sun; fire is the soul of the universe. Its elementary atoms are innumerable currents. At the points where these currents intersect one another in the atmosphere they produce light; at their points of intersection in the earth they produce gold.—Light, gold—one and the same thing! —From the state of fire to the concrete state.—The difference between the visible and palpable, between the fluid and solid in the same substance, between steam and ice, nothing more.—This is not a dream—'tis the general law of nature. But how is science to set about detecting the secret of this general law? Why, this light which floods my hand is gold! These same atoms, which expand according to a certain law, need but be condensed according to a certain other law.—How is this to be done?—Some have proposed to effect it by burying a ray of the sun.—Averroës —yes, it was Averroës—buried one under the first pillar on the left, in the sanctuary of the Koran, in the grand mosque at Cordova; but the vault must not be opened to see whether the operation has been successful for the space of eight thousand years."

"*Diable!* 'tis a long time to wait for a crown!" said Jehan to himself.

"Others have thought," continued the archdeacon, "that it would be better to operate upon a ray of Sirius. But it is very difficult to obtain one of his rays pure, on account of the simultaneous presence of the other stars, whose light mingles with it. Flamel conceives that it is more simple to operate upon terrestrial fire.—Flamel! what a name for an adept!—*Flamma*—yes, fire. That is all.—The diamond is in charcoal, gold is in fire— But how is it to be extracted?—Magistri affirms that there are

certain names of women possessing so sweet and so mysterious a charm, that it is sufficient to pronounce them during the operation.—Let us see what Manou says on the subject:—'Where women are honoured the gods are pleased; where they are despised it is useless to pray to the gods.—The mouth of a woman is constantly pure; it is a running water, a ray of sunshine.—The name of a woman ought to be agreeable, soft, imaginary; to terminate with long vowels, and to be like words of blessing.'—Yes, the philosopher is right: thus, Maria, Sophia, Esmeralda—Perdition! always—always—that thought."

He closed the book with violence. He passed his hand over his brow, as if to chase away the idea which annoyed him; and then took up a nail and a small hammer, the handle of which was curiously painted with cabalistic letters.

"For some time," said he, with a bitter smile, "I have failed in all my experiments. One fixed idea haunts me and pierces my brain like a red-hot iron. I have not even been able to discover the secret of Cassiodorus, who made a lamp to burn without wick and without oil. A simple matter, nevertheless!"

"*Peste!*" muttered Jehan.

"One single miserable thought then," continued the priest, "is sufficient to make a man weak or mad! Oh! how Claude Pernelle would laugh at me!—She who could not for a moment divert Nicholas Flamel from the prosecution of the great work! But, have I not in my hand the magic hammer of Zechiélé! At every blow which the dread rabbi, in the recesses of his cell struck upon this nail with his hammer, some one of his enemies whom he had doomed to destruction sank into the earth which swallowed him up. The king of France himself, having one night knocked for a frolic at his door, sank up to his knees in the pavement of Paris.—This happened not three centuries ago.—Well, I have the hammer and the nail; but then these tools are not more formidable in my hands than a rule in the hands of a carpenter.—And yet I should possess the same power could I but discover the magic word pronounced by Zechiélé while striking the nail."

"Nonsense!" thought Jehan.

"Let's see! let's try," resumed the archdeacon with vehemence. "If I succeed, a blue spark will fly from the head of the nail—Emen Hétan! Emen Hétan!—That's not it—Sigéani! Sigéani!—May this nail open a grave for every man named Phœbus . . .!—Curses on it! for ever and ever the same idea!"

He angrily threw down the hammer, and then sunk forward in

his arm-chair upon the table, so that the enormous back completely hid him from Jehan's sight. For a few minutes he saw no part of him but his hand convulsively clenched upon a book. All at once Dom Claude rose, took up a pair of compasses, and engraved in silence on the wall in capital letters, the Greek word

'ANA'ΓKH.

"My brother's a fool," said Jehan to himself. "It would have been much more simple to write *Fatum*. Everybody is not obliged to understand Greek."

The archdeacon returned, seated himself again in his arm-chair, and laid his head on both his hands like one whose head aches to such a degree that he cannot hold it up.

The student watched his brother with astonishment. He, who carried his heart in his hand, who observed no other law in the world but the good law of nature, who let his passions run off by his inclinations, and in whom the lake of powerful emotions was always dry, so assiduous was he every morning in making new channels to drain it—he knew not how furiously this sea of human passions ferments and boils when it is refused any outlet; how it swells, how it rises, how it overflows; how it heaves in inward convulsions, till it has broken down its dykes and burst its bed. The austere and icy envelope of Claude Frollo, that cold surface of inaccessible virtue, had always deceived Jehan. The jovial scholar never dreamt of the lava, deep and furious, which boils beneath the snowy brow of Etna.

We know not whether these ideas occurred to him at the moment; but, volatile as he was, he apprehended that he had surprised the soul of his elder brother in one of its most secret attitudes, and that he must take good care not to let Claude perceive it. Perceiving that the archdeacon had relapsed into his former stupor, he softly drew back his head and took several steps outside the door, that his footfall might apprise the archdeacon of his arrival.

"Come in," cried his brother, from within the cell; "I have been waiting for you. Come in, Maître Jacques."

The scholar boldly entered. The archdeacon, to whom such a visitor in such a place was anything but welcome, started at the sight of him. "What! is it you, Jehan?"

"Still a J," said the student, with his ruddy, saucy, jovial face.

The countenance of Dom Claude resumed its stern expression. "What brings you hither?"

"Brother," replied the scholar, assuming as humble, modest, and decorous an air as he could, and twirling his cap on his fingers with a look of innocence, "I am come to ask you . . ."

"What?"

"A little wholesome advice, which I much need." Jehan durst not add—"and a little money which I need still more." This last of the sentence he forbore to utter.

"Sir," said the archdeacon, in an austere tone, "I am highly displeased with you."

"Alas!" sighed the student.

Dom Claude made his chair describe one fourth of a circle, and looked steadfastly at Jehan. "I wanted to see you," said he.

This was an ominous exordum. Jehan prepared himself for a fierce attack.

"Every day, Jehan, complaints are brought to me of your misconduct. What have you to say for yourself about that beating which you gave to the young Viscount Albert de Ramonchamp?"

"Oh!" replied Jehan, "a mere bagatelle! The scurvy page amused himself with making his horse run in the mud for the purpose of splashing the scholars."

"And what excuse have you to make," resumed the archdeacon, "about that affair with Mahiet Targel, whose gown you tore? *Tunicam dechiraverunt*, says the complaint."

"Pooh! only one of the sorry Montaigu capettes! that's all!"

"The complaint says *tunicam* and not *capettam*. Have you not learned Latin?"

Jehan made no reply.

"Yes," continued the priest, "the study of letters is at a low ebb now. The Latin language is scarcely understood, the Syriac unknown, the Greek so hateful that it is not accounted ignorance even in the greatest scholars to skip a Greek word without pronouncing it, and to say, *Crecum est, non legitur*."

Jehan boldly raised his eyes. "Brother," said he, "would you like me to explain in simple French, the Greek word written there upon the wall?"

"Which word?"

"'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ!"

A slight hush tinged the pallid cheek of the archdeacon, like the puff of smoke which betokens the secret commotions of a volcano. The student scarcely perceived it.

"Well, Jehan," stammered the elder brother with some effort, "what is the meaning of that word?"

"FATALITY."

Dom Claude turned pale, and the scholar carelessly continued: —"I do know something of Greek."

The archdeacon was silent. This Greek lesson had made him thoughtful. Young Jehan, who had all the art of a spoiled child, deemed it a favourable moment for hazarding his request. Assuming, therefore, as soothing a tone as possible, he thus began: "My good brother, surely you will not look morose and take a dislike to me, merely on account of a few petty bruises and thumps given in fair fight to a pack of little chits and monkeys *quibusdam marmosetis*. You see, I do know something of Latin, brother Claude."

But this canting hypocrisy had not its accustomed effect upon the stern senior. It did not remove a single wrinkle from the brow of the archdeacon. "Come to the point," said he drily.

"Well, then," replied Jehan, screwing up his courage; "it is this—I want money."

At this straightforward declaration the countenance of the archdeacon all at once assumed a magisterial and paternal expression.

"You know, Monsieur Jehan," said he, "that our fief of Tirechappe produces no more, deducting ground rent and other outgoings for the twenty-one houses, than thirty-nine livres, eleven sous, six deniers parisis. This is half as much again as in the time of the Paclets, but 'tis no great deal."

"I want money," repeated Jehan, stoically.

"You know that the official has decided that our twenty-one houses are liable to the payment of fines to the bishopric, and that to relieve ourselves from this homage we must pay the most reverend bishop two marks in silver gilt at the rate of six livres parisis. Now I have not yet been able to save these two marks, as you well know."

"I know that I want money," repeated Jehan for the third time.

"And what would you do with it?"

At this question a glimmer of hope danced before the eyes of Jehan. He resumed his soft and fawning manner.

"Look you, my dear brother Claude, it is not for any bad purpose that I make this application. It is not to play the gallant in taverns with your unzains, or to parade the streets of Paris in a suit of gold brocade with a lacquey at my heels—*cum meo laquasio*. No, brother; it is for an act of charity."

"What act of charity?" enquired Claude with some surprise.

"There are two of my friends who have proposed to purchase

baby-linen for the child of a poor widow in Haudry's almshouses: it is a real charity. It would cost three florins, and I wish to contribute my share."

"A likely story!" observed the sagacious Claude. "What sort of baby-linen must it be to cost three florins—and that too for the infant of one of the Haudry widows! Since when have those widows had young infants to provide clothes for?"

"Well then," cried Jehan, once more arming himself with his usual impudence, "I want money to go this very night to see Isabeau-la-Thierrye, at the Val d'Amour."

"Dissolute wretch!" exclaimed the priest. "Get you gone! "I expect some one."

Jehan made another attempt. "Brother Claude, give me at least one petit parisis to get something to eat."

"Where are you in Gratian's decretals?" asked Dom Claude.

"I have lost my exercises."

"Where are you in the Latin humanities?"

"Somebody has stolen my Horace."

"Where are you in Aristotle?"

"By my fay, brother!—which of the fathers of the church is it who says that heretics have in all ages sought refuge under the briars of Aristotle's metaphysics? Faugh upon Aristotle! I will not tear my religion to rags against his metaphysics."

"Young man," replied the archdeacon, "at the last entry of the king, there was a gentleman called Philippe de Comines, who had embroidered on the trappings of his horse this motto, which I counsel you to ponder well: *Qui non laborat non manducet.*" [He that will not work neither shall he eat.]

The scholar continued silent for a moment, with his finger on his ear, his eye fixed upon the floor, and a look of vexation. All at once turning towards Claude with the brisk motion of a water-wagtail, "Then my good brother," said he, "you refuse me a sou to buy me a crust at the baker's?"

The archdeacon had quickly resumed his former sternness. "I will send you new buskins, but no money."

"Only one poor petit parisis, brother!" besought Jehan. "I will learn Gratian by heart, I will be a good Christian, a real Pythagoras of learning and virtue. One petit parisis, pray! Would you let me fall a prey to hunger which is staring me in the face?"

The archdeacon eyed him with a gloomy look. "Jehan," said he, "you are on a very slippery descent. Know you whither you are going?"

"To the tavern," said Jehan.

"The tavern leads to the pillory."

"'Tis a lantern like any other; and it was perhaps the one with which Diogenes found his man."

"The pillory leads to the gallows."

"The gallows is a balance, which has a man at one end and all the world at the other. 'Tis a fine thing to be the man."

"The gallows leads to hell."

"That is a rousing fire."

"Jehan, Jehan, the end will be bad."

"The beginning at least will have been good."

At this moment the sound of a footfall was heard on the stairs

"Silence!" said the archdeacon; "here is Maître Jacques. Hark ye, Jehan," added he in a lower tone, "be sure not to mention what you shall have seen and heard here. Quick! conceal yourself!"

Jehan had only just time to hide himself when the door was thrown open.

CHAPTER V.

TWO MEN IN BLACK.

THE person who now entered wore a black gown and a doleful mien. What, at the first glance, struck our friend Jehan (who, as may well be supposed, so placed himself in his corner as to be able to see and hear all at his good pleasure) was the perfect sadness both of the garment and the visage of this new-comer. There was, nevertheless, a certain meekness diffused over that countenance; but it was the meekness of a cat, or of a judge—a sort of affected gentleness. He was very gray and wrinkled, was approaching his sixtieth year, had twinkling eyes, white eyebrows, a hanging lip and large hands. When Jehan saw that it was nothing more—that is to say, to all appearance, only a physician or a magistrate—and that this man's nose was very far from his mouth, a sign of stupidity, he ensconced himself in his hole, desperate at having to remain, he knew not how long, in such an uneasy posture, and in such bad company.

The archdeacon, in the meanwhile, had not so much as risen to receive this person. He motioned to him to be seated on a

stool near the door; and after a few moments' silence, during which he seemed to be carrying on some previous meditation, he said to him with a patronizing air, "Good-day to you, Maître Jacques."

"Your servant, maître," answered the man in black.

There was, in the two ways of pronouncing, on the one side, this Maître Jacques, and, on the other, this maître by distinction, the difference being monseigneur and monsieur, between domine and domne. It was evidently the meeting of the doctor and the disciple.

"Well," resumed the archdeacon, after another silence, which Maître Jacques did not care to disturb, "how do you succeed?"

"Alas! maître," said the other with a sorrowful smile, "I keep on blowing. As many cinders as I like, but not a spark of gold."

Dom Claude betrayed signs of impatience.

"I am not speaking to you of that, Maître Jacques Charmolue, but of the suit against your magician—Marc Cenaine, I think you call him—the butler of the Court of Accompts. Does he confess his sorcery? Has the torture succeeded?"

"Alas, no!" answered Maître Jacques, still with his sad smile, "we have not that consolation. That man's a perfect stone; we might boil him in the Marchéaux-Pourceaux, before he would say anything. However, we spare no pains to get at the truth. He has already every joint dislocated; we put all our irons on the fire, as says the old comic writer Plautus:

> Advorsum stimulos, laminas, crucesque, compedesque,
> Nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas, boias.

But all to no purpose—that man's terrible—I quite lose my labour with him."

"You have found nothing fresh in his house?"

"Yes, yes," said Maître Jacques, feeling in his pouch, "this parchment. There are words in it which we do not understand. And yet, monsieur, the criminal advocate, Philippe Lheuiler, knows a little Hebrew, which he learned in that affair of the Jews of the Rue Kantersten at Brussels."

So saying Maître Jacques unrolled a parchment. "Give it me," said the archdeacon. And casting his eyes over the scroll, "Pure magic, Maître Jacques!" cried he, "*Emen Hetan!* that's the cry of the witches when they arrive at their Sabbath. *Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso!* that's the command which chains the devil down in hell again. *Hax, pax, max!* that has to do

with medicine; a spell against the bite of a mad dog. Maître Jacques, you are king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—this parchment is abominable."

"We'll put the man to the torture again. Here's something else," added Maître Jacques, rummaging again in his bag, "which we found at Marc Cenaine's."

It was a vessel of the same family as those which covered the furnace, of Dom Claude. "Ah!" said the archdeacon, "an alchemist's crucible!"

"I confess to you," replied Maître Jacques, with his timid and constrained smile, "that I have tried it over the furnace, but I have succeeded no better with it than with my own."

The archdeacon set about examining the vessel. "What has he engraved on his crucible?—*Och! och!*—a word to drive away fleas! This Marc Cenaine's an ignoramus. I can easily believe you'll not make gold with this! it will do to put in your alcove in the summer, and that's all."

"Since we are on the subject of errors," said the king's attorney, "I have just been studying, before I came up, the figures on the portal below; is your reverence quite sure that it's the opening of the book of natural philosophy that's represented there, on the side toward the Hôtel-Dieu, and that, among the seven naked figures at the feet of Our Lady, that which has wings at his heels is Mercurius?"

"Yes," answered the priest; "so Augustin Nypho writes, that Italian doctor who had a bearded demon which taught him everything. But we will go down, and I will explain to you from the text."

"Thank you, maître," said Charmolue, bending to the ground. "By-the-by, I had forgotten! When do you wish me to apprehend the little sorceress?"

"What sorceress?"

"That gypsy girl, you know, that comes and dances every day on the Parvis, in spite of the official's prohibition. She has a goat with devil's horns, which is possessed; it reads and writes, understands mathematics like Picatrix, and would be enough to hang all Bohemia. The prosecution is quite ready; and will soon be got through, take my word for it. She's a pretty creature, upon my soul, that dancing girl—the finest black eyes!—two Egyptian carbuncles! When shall we begin?"

The archdeacon was excessively pale.

"I will let you know," stammered he in a voice scarcely articulate; he added with an effort, "Look you to Marc Cenaine."

"Never fear," said Charmolue, smiling; "when I get back I'll have him buckled on the bed of leather again. But he's a devil of a man—he tires out Pierrat Torterue himself, who has larger hands than I have. As says the excellent Plautus—

Nudus vinctus, centum pondo, es quando pendes perpedes.

"The torture with the roller is the most effectual—we shall try it."

Dom Claude seemed sunk in gloomy abstraction. He turned toward Charmolue. "Maître Pierrat . . Maître Jacques, I mean —look to Marc Cenaine."

"Yes, yes, Dom Claude. Poor man! he'll have suffered like Mummol. But what an idea! for a butler of the Court of Accompts, who must know the text of Charlemagne, *Stryga vel masca*, to attend the witches' sabbath. As to the little one—Esmeralda, as they call her—I'll wait your orders. Ah! as we pass under the portal, you'll explain to me that gardener painted in relief, that you see on entering the church—the Sower, is it not? Eh, maître, what are you thinking about?"

Dom Claude, lost in his own thoughts, heard him not. Charmolue, following the direction of his eyes, saw that they had fixed themselves mechanically on the large spider's web which hung like a drapery over the small window. At that moment, a giddy fly, courting the March sun, threw itself across the net, and got entangled in it. At the shaking of the web, the enormous spider made a sudden movement from out his central cell; then at one bound, rushed upon the fly, which he bent double with his four feelers, while with his hideous trunk he scooped out its head. "Poor fly!" said the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court; and he raised his hand to save it. The archdeacon, as if starting out of his sleep, held back his arm with convulsive violence.

"Maître Jacques," cried he, "let fate do its work!"

The king's attorney turned round quite scared. He felt as if his arm was grasped with iron pincers. The eye of the priest was motionless, haggard, glaring, and remained fixed on the little group of the spider and the fly.

"Yes, yes," continued the priest, in a voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his heart; there is a symbol of the whole!—She flies—she is joyous—she emerges into life—she courts the spring, the open air, liberty!—oh! yes, but she strikes against the fatal network—the spider issues from it, the hideous spider! Poor dancer! poor predestined fly! Maître Jacques leave

it alone!—'tis fate! Alas! Claude, thou art the spider! Claude, thou art the fly too! Thou didst hasten forward in search of knowledge, of the light, the sun—thy only care was to reach the pure air, the broad day-beams of eternal truth; but, rushing toward the dazzling loophole which opens on another world—a world of brightness, of intellect, of science—infatuated fly! insensate sage! thou didst not see the subtle spider's web, by destiny suspended between the light and thee—thou didst madly dash thyself against it, wretched maniac—and now thou dost struggle, with crushed head and mangled wings, between the iron antennæ of Fate! Maître Jacques, let the spider work on!"

"I assure you," said Charmolue, who looked at him without understanding, "that I will not touch it. But let go my arm, maître, for pity's sake! you have a hand of iron."

The archdeacon heard him not. "Oh! madman!" continued he, without taking his eyes off the window. "And even couldst thou have broken through that formidable web, with thy gnat-like wings, thoughtst thou to have attained the light! Alas! that glass beyond—that transparent obstacle—that wall of crystal harder than brass, which separates all philosophy from the truth—how couldst thou have passed beyond it? Oh! vanity of science! how many sages have come fluttering from afar, to dash their heads against thee!—How many clashing systems buzz vainly about that everlasting barrier!"

He was silent. These last ideas, which had insensibly called off his thoughts from himself to science, appeared to have calmed him, and Jacques Charmolue completely brought him back to a sense of reality, by addressing to him this question:—"Come, maître, when will you help me to make gold?—I long to succeed."

The archdeacon shook his head with a bitter smile. "Maître Jacques, read Michael Psellus, *Dialogus de energiâ et operatione dœmonum*. What we are doing is not quite innocent."

"Speak lower, maître! I have my doubts," said Charmolue. "But one may surely practice a little hermetic philosophy when one's only a poor king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court, at thirty crowns tournois a year. Only, let us speak low."

At that moment the noise of jaws in the act of mastication, issuing from under the furnace, struck the anxious ear of Charmolue.

"What's that?" asked he.

It was the scholar, who, very tired and uneasy in his hiding-place, had just discovered a stale crust and a corner of mouldy cheese, and had begun to eat both, without any ceremony, by

way of consolation and breakfast. As he was very hungry, he made a great noise, laying strong emphasis on each mouthful, and this it was that had roused and alarmed the king's attorney.

"It's a cat of mine," said the archdeacon, quickly, "feasting herself upon some mouse or other."

This explanation satisfied Charmolue. "Why, indeed, maître," answered he, with a respectful smile, "all great philosophers have had some familiar animal. You know what Servius says—*Nullis enim locus sine genio est.*"

Meanwhile Dom Claude, fearing some new freak of Jehan's, reminded his worthy disciple that they had some figures on the portal to study together; and they both quitted the cell, to the great relief of the scholar, who began seriously to fear that his knees would take the impression of his chin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GALLANT CAPTAIN.

"THANK HEAVEN!" exclaimed Maître Jehan issuing from his hole, "the two screech-owls are gone at last. *Och! och!—Hax! pax! max!*—fleas!—mad dogs!—the devil! I've had enough of their conversation! My head hums like a bell. Mouldy cheese into the bargain! Whew! let me get down and take the purse of my high and mighty brother, and convert all these coins into bottles."

He cast a look of admiration into the interior of the precious escarcelle; adjusted his dress; rubbed his boots; dusted his furred sleeves, all white with ashes; whistled an air; pirouetted a movement; looked about the cell to see if there was anything else he could take; scraped up here and there from off the furnace some amulet in glassware by way of trinket to give to Isabeau-la-Thierrye; and finally opened the door, which his brother had left unfastened as a last indulgence, and which he in turn left open as a last piece of mischief; and descended the circular staircase, skipping like a bird.

In the midst of the darkness of the spiral stairs he elbowed something, which moved out of the way with a growl; he presumed that it was Quasimodo; and his fancy was so tickled with the circumstance, that he descended the rest of the stairs holding

his sides with laughter, and was still laughing when he got out into the square.

He stamped his foot when he found himself on terra firma. "Oh!" said he, "most excellent and honourable pavement of Paris! Oh, cursed staircase, enough to wind the angels of Jacob's ladder! What was I thinking of to go and thrust myself into that stone gimlet which bores the sky, and all to eat bearded cheese and to see the steeples of Paris through a hole in the wall!"

He advanced a few steps, and perceived the two screech-owls, that is to say, Dom Claude and Maître Jacques Charmolue, busy contemplating some sculpture on the portal. He approached them on tiptoe, and heard the archdeacon say in a whisper to Charmolue: "It was Guillaume de Paris that had a Job engraven on that stone of lapis-lazuli, gilt at the edges. By Job is meant the philosopher's stone, which must be tried and tortured to become perfect, as Raymond Lully says—*Sub conservatione formæ specificæ salva anima.*

"It's all one to me," said Jehan; "I've got the purse."

At that moment he heard a powerful and sonorous voice behind him uttering a series of formidable oaths: —"Sang-Dieu! Bé-Dieu! Corps de Dieu! Nombril de Belzébuth! Nom d'un pape!"

"My life for it," exclaimed Jehan; "that can be no other than my friend Captain Phœbus!"

This name of Phœbus reached the ears of the archdeacon just as he was explaining to the king's attorney the dragon concealing its tail in a bath from whence issue smoke and a king's head. Dom Claude started and stopped short, to the great astonishment of Charmolue, turned round, and saw his brother Jehan accosting a tall officer at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier.

It was, in fact, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers. He was standing with his back against the corner of the house of his betrothed, and swearing like a Turk.

"I'faith, Captain Phœbus," said Jehan, taking him by the hand, "you swear with admirable unction."

"*Corne et tonnerre!*" answered the captain.

"*Corne et tonnerre* yourself," replied the scholar. "How now, my brave fellow? What's the meaning of this overflow of fine language?"

"Your pardon, friend Jehan," cried Phœbus, shaking him by the hand; "a spurred horse can't stop on a sudden. Now, I was swearing at full gallop. I've just left those silly women, and when I come away I've always my throat full of oaths, and if I didn't spit them out I should choke, *corne et tonnerre!*"

"Will you come and have something to drink?" asked the scholar.

This proposal tranquillized the captain.

"I would with all my heart, but I've no money."

"I have, though."

"Nonsense! let's see."

Jehan displayed the purse before the captain's eyes with dignity and simplicity. Meanwhile the archdeacon, having left Charmolue all aghast, had approached them, and stopped a few steps off, observing them both without their noticing him, so absorbed were they in the contemplation of the purse.

Phœbus exclaimed: "A purse in your pocket, Jehan! why it's the moon in a pail of water; one sees it but it's not there; there's nothing but the reflection. Egad! I'll lay anything they're pebble stones."

Jehan answered coolly, "These are the pebbles with which I pave my fob."

And without adding another word he emptied the purse upon a borne, or high curb-stone that was near, with the air of a Roman saving his country.

"Vrai Dieu!" growled out Phœbus—"Targes! grands blancs! petits blancs! mailles at two to a tournois! deniers parisis! and real eagle liards! It's enough to stagger one!"

Jehan remained dignified and immovable. A few liards rolled into the dirt; the captain, in his enthusiasm, stooped to pick them up. Jehan withheld him—"Fie, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

Phœbus counted the money; and, returning with solemnity toward Jehan, "Do you know, Jehan," said he, "that there are twenty-three sous parisis here? Whom have you been clearing out last night in Rue Coupe Gueule?"

Jehan threw back his fair and curly head, and said, half closing his eyes as if in scorn, "What if one has a brother an archdeacon and a simpleton?"

"*Corne de Dieu!*" cried Phœbus, "the worthy man!"

"Let's go and drink," said Jehan.

"Where shall we go?" said Phœbus; "to the Pomme d'Eve?"

"No, captain, let's go to the Vieille *Science*—Une *vieille* qui *scie* une *anse*. That's a rebus, and I like a rebus."

"Deuce take the rebuses, Jehan; the wine's better at the Pomme d'Eve; and then, by the side of the door, there's a vine in the sun that cheers me when I'm drinking."

"Very well, then; here goes for Eve and her apple," said the

scholar, taking Phœbus by the arm. "By-the-by, my dear captain, you said just now, Rue Coupe-Gueule. That's speaking very incorrectly; we are no longer so barbarous; we say Rue Coupe Gorge."

The two friends directed their steps towards the Pomme d'Eve. It is hardly necessary to say that they first gathered up the money, and that the archdeacon followed them.

The archdeacon followed them with a haggard and gloomy countenance. Was that the Phœbus whose accursed name since his interview with Gringoire, had mingled with all his thoughts? He did not know; but, at any rate, it was a Phœbus; and that magic name was sufficient inducement for the archdeacon to follow the two thoughtless companions with a stealthy pace, listening to their words and observing their slightest gestures with anxious attention. However, nothing was easier than to hear all they said, so loud they talked, and so little did they care for the passers-by knowing their secrets. They talked of duels, girls, and pranks of all sorts.

At the turn of a street, the sound of a tambourine struck upon their ears from a neighbouring crossway. Dom Claude heard the officer say to the scholar; "Tonnerre! let's quicken our steps, "I'm afraid the gypsy will see me."

"Esmeralda?"

"That's it, Jehan. I always forget her devil of a name. Let's make haste; she'd recognize me, and I wouldn't have her accost me in the streets."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPECTRE-MONK.

THE celebrated cabaret called the Pomme d'Eve was situated in the University, at the corner of Rue de la Rondelle and Rue du Bâtonnier. It was a very spacious but very low room with a double roof, the central return of which was supported by a massive wooden pillar painted yellow; the floor covered with tables, bright tin jugs hanging up against the wall, plenty of topers, several of profligate women, a window next to the street, a vine at the door, and over the door a creaking square of sheet-iron, upon which were painted a woman and an apple, rusted with rain and turning upon an iron spike. This kind of weather-

cock, which looked towards the pavement, was the sign of the house.

It was nightfall, and the tavern, full of candles, glared at a distance like a forge in the dark: the sounds of carousal, swearing, altercation, mixed with the jingle of glasses, issued from the broken panes. Through the haze which covered the window, in consequence of the heat of the room, might be discerned swarms of confused figures, from which burst from time to time roars of laughter. The pedestrians whose business called them that way, passed this noisy window without casting their eyes on it: but at intervals some little ragged urchin would stand on tip-toe to look in, and shout the old doggrel couplet with which it was usual in those days to greet drunkards.

One man, however, kept incessantly walking to and fro before the noisy tavern, narrowly watching all goers and comers, and never moving farther from it than a sentry from his box. He was muffled up in a cloak to the very eyes. This cloak he had bought at a shop contiguous to the tavern, no doubt as a protection from the cold of a March night, perhaps also to conceal his dress. From time to time he paused before the window, looked through the small lozenge-shaped panes bordered with lead, listened, and stamped.

At length the tavern-door opened. It was this that he appeared to be waiting for. Two persons who had been drinking there came out. The ray of light which escaped at the door fell for a moment upon their jovial faces. The man in the cloak stationed himself under a porch on the other side of the street to watch them.

"The clock has just struck seven," exclaimed one of the topers: "that is the time for my appointment."

"I tell you," replied his companion, with an articulation far from distinct, "that I don't live in the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles—*indignus qui inter verba mala habitat.* I lodge in the Rue Jean-Pain-Mollet. You are more horned than a unicorn, if you say to the contrary."

"Jehan, my friend, you are drunk," said the other.

His companion rejoined, staggering: "That is what you are pleased to say, Phœbus; but it is proved that Plato had the profile of a hound."

The reader has no doubt already recognised in the two jolly topers the captain and the scholar. The man who was watching them in the dark appeared also to have recognised them; for, with slow step, he followed all the zig-zags into which the captain

was drawn by his companion. The former, more inured to tipling, was none the worse for liquor. The man in the cloak, listening to them attentively, was enabled to catch the whole of the following conversation.

"*Cor bacque!* Try to walk straight, Mr. Bachelor; you know I must leave you. It is seven o'clock, I tell you, and I have an appointment."

"Leave me, then!—I see the stars and darts of fire. You are like the castle of Dampmartin, bursting with laughter."

"By my grandmother's warts, Jehan, the nonsense you talk is too absurd. By-the-by, Jehan, have you any money left?"

"Mr. Rector, it is no fault of mine—the little shambles, *parvâ boucheria*."

"Jehan, my friend Jehan, you know I have an assignation with that damsel at the end of the Pont St. Michel. Surely, Jehan, we have not drunk all the parson's money. See if you have not one Parisis left?"

"The consciousness of having well spent the other hours is an excellent sauce to the table."

"Fire and fury! A truce to cross purposes, Jehan. Tell me, have you any money left? I must have some, or, by heaven, I will rifle your pockets."

"Why, sir, the Rue Galiache is a street that has the Rue de la Verrerie at one end, and the Rue de la Tixeranderie at the other."

"Quite right, my dear friend Jehan, so it has. But, for heaven's sake! rally your senses. It is seven o'clock, and I want but one sou Parisis."

"Silence, now—and attention to the song.—

'When it shall befal the cats
To be eaten up by rats,
Then the king of Arras city
Shall be master—more's the pity!
When at St. John's tide the sea,
Wide and warm although it be,
Shall be frozen firm and fast,
As if done by winter's blast;
Then the folks from Arras, they
O'er the ice shall trudge away.'"

"Scholar of Antichrist!" cried Phœbus, "may the Devil strangle thee!" At the same time he gave the intoxicated student a violent push which sent him reeling against the wall, where he presently sunk gently upon the pavement of Philip Augustus. From a relic of that brotherly compassion which is

never wholly banished from the heart of a toper, Phœbus rolled Jehan with his foot upon one of those pillows of the poor which Providence keeps ready at the corners of all the streets of Paris, and which the wealthy disdainfully stigmatise with the name of dunghills. The captain placed Jehan's head on an inclined plane of cabbage-stalks, and the scholar instantly began snoring in a magnificent bass. Yet was not the captain's heart wholly free from animosity. "So much the worse for thee if the devil's cart picks thee up as it goes by!" said he to the sleeping scholar, and away he went.

The man in the cloak, who had kept following him, paused for a moment before the helpless youth, as if undecided what to do; then, heaving a deep sigh, he continued to follow the captain.

Like them we will leave Jehan sleeping beneath the canopy of heaven, and speed after the others.

On reaching the Rue St. André des Arcs, Captain Phœbus perceived that some one was following him. Chancing to turn his eyes, he saw a kind of shadow creeping behind him along the walls. He stopped: the figure stopped: he walked on; the figure walked on too. He felt but little alarm at this discovery. "Pooh!" said he to himself, "I have not a single sou."

He halted in front of the college of Autun, where he had commenced what he called his studies, close to the statue of Cardinal Pierre Bertrand, on the right of the porch, and looked around him. The street was absolutely deserted. Nothing was to be seen but the figure, which approached him with slow steps, so slow that he had abundant time to observe that it had a cloak and a hat. When very near to him, it stopped and remained motionless as the statue of Cardinal Bertrand; intently fixing upon him, however, a pair of eyes glaring with that vague light which issues at night from those of a cat.

The captain was brave and would not have cared a rush for a robber with a cudgel in his fist. But this walking statue, this petrified man, thrilled him with horror. There were at that time in circulation a number of stories of a goblin-monk who haunted at night the streets of Paris; these stories crowded confusedly upon his memory. He stood stupefied for some minutes, and at length broke silence by a forced laugh. "If you are a robber, as I hope," said he, "you are somewhat like a heron attacking a nut-shell. I am the hopeful sprig of a ruined family, my dear fellow. Seek some better game. In the chapel of that college there is some wood of the true cross, which is kept in the treasure-room."

The hand of the figure was stretched from beneath the cloak, and grasped the arm of Phœbus with the force of an eagle's talons. "Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!" said the spectre at the same moment.

"What, the devil!" cried Phœbus, "you know my name!"

"Not only your name," replied the mysterious stranger in a sepulchral tone; "you have an assignation this evening."

"I have to meet Esmeralda," said Phœbus gaily, having by degrees recovered his levity.

At that name the spectre shook the captain's arm with violence. "Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, thou liest!"

Whoever could have seen at that moment the flushed face of the captain, the backward bound which he made with such force as to disengage his arm from the gripe in which it was held, the fierce look with which he clapped his hand to the hilt of his sword, and the motionless attitude of the cloaked figure—whoever had witnessed this would have been frightened. It was something like the battle between Don Juan and the statue.

"Fire and fury!" cried the captain. "That is a word to which the ear of a Chateaupers is not accustomed. Thou darest not repeat it."

"Thou liest!" said the spectre dryly.

The captain gnashed his teeth. Goblin-monk, phantom, superstitious tales—were all forgotten at the moment. In his eyes it was but a man and an insult. "Bravely said!" stammered he, half choked with rage. He drew his sword, and in a faltering voice—for rage makes one tremble, as well as fear—cried: "Here! on this spot! this very moment! draw—draw! The blood of one of us must dye this pavement!"

Meanwhile the other neither flinched nor stirred. When he saw his adversary in guard and ready for the combat: "Captain Phœbus," said he, in a tone tremulous with vexation; "you forget your engagement."

In men like Phœbus gusts of passion are like boiling milk, the ebullition of which a drop of cold water is sufficient to allay. At those few simple words the captain dropped the weapon which glistened in his hand.

"Captain," continued the stranger, "to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, a month, a year, ten years hence, you will find me ready to cut your throat: but first go to your assignation."

"In fact," said Phœbus, as if seeking to capitulate with himself; "a sword and a girl are two delightful things to encounter

in a meeting; but I don't see why I should give up one for the other when I may have both."

He returned his sword to the scabbard.

"Go to your assignation"—repeated the unknown.

"Many thanks, sir, for your courtesy," replied Phœbus with some embarrassment. "It is very true that it will be time enough to-morrow to slash and cut button-holes in father Adam's doublet. I am beholden to you for allowing me one more agreeable quarter of an hour. I did hope, to be sure, to put you to bed in the kennel, and yet be in time for my appointment, especially as in such cases it is genteel to make the damsels wait a little. But you appear to be a hearty fellow, and it is safest to put off our meeting till to-morrow. So I shall go to my assignation, which is for the hour of seven, as you know."—Here Phœbus tapped his forehead. "Ah! I forgot! I must have money, and I have not a single sou left."

"Here is money," said the stranger.

Phœbus felt the cold hand of the unknown slip into his a large piece of money. He could not help taking the coin, and pressing that hand.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "you are a good fellow!"

"One condition!" said the stranger. "Prove to me that I was wrong, and that you spoke the truth. Conceal me in some corner, where I may see whether the girl is really the same whose name you mentioned."

"Oh!" replied Phœbus, "that will make no difference to me."

"Come along then," rejoined the figure.

"At your service," said the captain. "For aught I know, you may be M. Diabolus in *propriâ personâ:* but let us be good friends to-night; to-morrow I will pay you my debts, both of the purse and the sword."

They walked away with hasty steps. In a few minutes the noise of the river apprised them that they were on the bridge of St. Michel, at that time covered with houses. "I will first introduce you," said Phœbus to his companion, "and then go and fetch the lady, who is to wait for me near the Petit Châtelet." The latter made no reply; since they had been walking side by side he had not uttered a word. Phœbus stopped before a low door, against which he kicked violently. A light glimmered through the crevices of the door. "Who's there?" cried a mumbling voice.—*Corps-Dieu! Tête-Dieu! Ventre-Dieu!*" replied the captain. The door instantly opened, and discovered an

a woman and a lamp, both of which trembled. The old hag was bent almost double, and dressed in rags. Her head shook, and her hands, face, and neck were covered with wrinkles. She had very small eyes; her lips receded owing to the loss of her teeth, and all round her mouth she had long white hairs resembling the whiskers of a cat. The interior of her dwelling corresponded in appearance with herself. The walls were of plaster; the ceiling was formed of the black rafters and floor of the room above; the fire-place was dismantled, and every corner displayed a drapery of cobwebs. Two or three rickety tables and stools occupied the middle of the floor; a dirty boy was playing in the ashes, and at the farther end the stairs, or rather ladder, led up to a trap-door in the ceiling. On entering this den, the captain's mysterious companion drew his cloak up to his eyes, while Phœbus kept swearing like a Turk. He put into the hand of the old woman the coin which had been given to him by the stranger. The crone, who called him Monseigneur at every other word, deposited the crown in a drawer. While her back was turned, the ragged urchin rose from the hearth, slily went to the drawer, took out the piece of money, and put a dry leaf which he had pulled from a faggot, in its place.

The hag beckoned to the two gentlemen, as she called them, to follow, and ascended the ladder before them. On reaching the room above, she set the lamp upon a coffer; and Phœbus opened a door that led to a dark closet. "This way, my good fellow," said he to his companion. The man in the cloak complied without uttering a word; the door closed upon him; he heard Phœbus bolt it, and a moment afterwards go down stairs with the old woman. The light had disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS LOOKING UPON THE RIVER.

CLAUDE FROLLO (for we presume that the reader better informed than Phœbus, has seen in all this adventure no other spectre monk than the archdeacon himself) groped about him for some moments in the dark corner in which the captain had bolted him up. It was one of those which builders sometimes reserve in the angle formed by the roof with the wall that sup-

ports it. The vertical section of this kennel, as Phœbus had so aptly termed it, would have been a triangle. It had neither window nor skylight, and the incline plane of the roof prevented a man's standing up in it. Claude was therefore under the necessity of squatting down in the dust and the plaster that cracked underneath him; and at the same time his head was burning. In ferreting about him with his hands, he found upon the floor a piece of broken glass, which he applied to his forehead, and the coolness of which gave him some little relief.

What was passing at that moment in the dark soul of the archdeacon? He and God alone could tell.

According to what fatal order was he disposing in his thoughts Esmeralda, Phœbus, Jacques Charmolue, his young brother, of whom he was so fond, abandoned by him in the mud, his archdeacon's cassock, his reputation perhaps, thus dragged to La Falourdel's—all those images—all those adventurers? We know not, but it is certain that these ideas formed a horrible group in his mind.

He had been waiting for a quarter of an hour, and he felt as if he had grown older by fifty years. All at once he heard the wooden staircase creak, as some one ascended. The trap-door opened again, and again a light made its appearance. In the worm-eaten door of his nook there was a slit of considerable width, to which he put his face, so that he could see all that passed in the adjoining chamber. First of all, the old woman with the cat's face issued through the trap-door with her lamp in her hand; then Phœbus, curling his moustaches; then a third person, that beautiful and graceful figure Esmeralda. The priest saw her issue from below like a dazzling apparition. Claude trembled; a cloud spread itself over his eyes; his pulses beat violently; his brain was in a whirl; he no longer saw or heard anything.

When he came to himself again, Phœbus and Esmeralda were alone, seated upon the wooden chest, beside the lamp, the light of which exhibited to the archdeacon those two youthful figures, and a wretched-looking couch at the farther end of the room.

Close to the couch there was a window, the casement of which, burst like a spider's web upon which the rain has beaten, showed through its broken meshes a small patch of sky, with the moon reposing upon a pillow of soft clouds.

The young girl was blushing, confused, palpitating. Her long drooping lashes shaded her glowing cheeks. The officer, to

whom she dared not lift her eyes, was quite radiant. Mechanically, and with a charming air of unconsciousness, she was tracing incoherent lines with the end of her finger upon the wooden seat, and looking at the finger. Her foot was not visible, for the little goat was lying upon it.

The captain was very gallantly arrayed. Upon his neck and his wrists he had tufts of fancy trimming, a great elegancy of that day.

It was not without difficulty that Dom Claude could overhear their conversation, through the humming of the blood that was boiling in his temples.

A dull affair enough, the talk of a pair of lovers—a perpetual "I love you"—a musical strain, the reception of which is very monotonous and very insipid to all indifferent hearers when it is not set off with a few fioriture. But Claude was no indifferent hearer.

"Oh!" said the young girl, without lifting her eyes, "do not despise me, Monseigneur Phœbus—I feel that I am doing what is wrong."

"Despise you, my pretty girl," returned the officer, with an air of gallantry *supérieure et distinguée*—"despise you, *tête Dieu!* and why should I?"

"For having followed you."

"On that score, my charmer, we don't at all agree. I ought not only to despise you, but to hate you."

The young girl looked at him in affright. "Hate me!" exclaimed she. "Why, what have I done?"

"For having taken so much soliciting."

"Alas!" said she, "it is that I'm breaking a vow—I shall never find my parents—the amulet will lose its virtue—but what then? What occasion have I for father and mother now?"

So saying, she fixed upon the captain her large black eyes moist with joy and tenderness.

"Deuce take me, if I understand you," cried Phœbus.

Esmeralda remained silent for a moment; then a tear issued from her eyes, a sigh from her lips, and she said, "Oh, monseigneur, I love you."

There was around the young girl such a perfume of chastity, such a charm of virtue, that Phœbus did not feel quite at his ease with her. These words, however, emboldened him. "You love me!" said he with transport, and he threw his arm round the gypsy girl's waist; he had only been waiting for that opportunity.

The priest beheld it; and thereupon he felt with his finger's end the point of a dagger which he bore concealed in his breast.

"Phœbus," continued the gypsy girl, gently disengaging her waist from the tenacious hands of the captain, "you are good—you are generous—you are handsome—you have saved me—me, who am but a poor girl lost in Bohemia. I had long dreamt of an officer that was to save my life. It was of you that I dreamt, before I knew you, my Phœbus. The officer in my dream had a fine uniform like you—a grand look—a sword; your name is Phœbus—it's a fine name—I love your sword. Do draw your sword, Phœbus, that I may see it."

"Child!" said the captain, and he unsheathed his rapier, smiling. The gypsy girl looked first at the hilt, then at the blade; examined with wonderful curiosity the cypher upon the guard; and kissed the sword, saying, "You are the sword of a brave man—I love my captain."

Again, Phœbus availed himself of the opportunity to impress upon her beautiful neck, bent aside in the act of looking, a kiss which made the young girl draw herself up again all crimson, and made the priest grind his teeth in the dark.

"Phœbus," resumed the gypsy girl, "let me speak to you. Do just walk a little, that I may see you at your full height, and hear the sound of your spurs. How handsome you are!"

The captain rose to comply, chiding her at the same time with a smile of satisfaction. "Really, now, you are such a child! By-the-by, my dear, have you seen me in my state hacqueton?"

"Alas, no!" answered she.

"Ha, that's the finest thing of all!"

Phœbus came and seated himself beside her again, but much nearer than before. He began, "Just listen, my dear—"

The gypsy girl gave him several little taps of her pretty hand upon the lips, with childish and graceful sportiveness. "No, no," said she, "I will not listen to you. Do you love me? I want you to tell me whether you love me."

"Whether I love you, sweet angel?" cried the captain, bending one knee to the floor. "My blood, my soul, my property—all are thine—all at thy disposal. I love thee, and have never loved any but thee."

The captain had so many times repeated this sentence, on many a like occasion, that he delivered it all in a breath, and without a single blunder. At this impassioned declaration, the gypsy girl raised to the dingy ceiling which here held the place

of heaven, a look full of angelic happiness. "Oh!" murmured she, "such is the moment at which one ought to die!" Phœbus found "the moment" convenient for snatching from her another kiss, which went to torture the wretched archdeacon in his corner.

"To die!" cried the amorous captain; "what are you talking about, my angel? It's the time to live—or Jupiter is but a blackguard. Die at the beginning of such a pleasant thing! *Corne-de-bœuf!* what a joke! Not so, indeed. Just listen, Esmeralda—Pardon me, but you've got a name so prodigiously Saracen that I can't rub it off my tongue—I get entangled in it like a brier."

"Mon Dieu!" said the poor girl, "and I, now, used to think that name pretty for its singularity. But since it displeases you, I'm quite willing to call myself Goton."

"Ha! no crying about such a little matter, my charmer! It's a name that one must get used to, that's all. When once I know it by heart, it'll come ready enough. So hark ye, my dear Esmeralda. I adore you to a very passion—I love you, so that really it's quite miraculous—I know a little girl that's dying with rage about it."

The jealous girl interrupted him. "Who's that?" said she.

"Oh, what does that signify to us?" said Phœbus, "do you love me?"

"Oh!" said she.

"Well, then, that's enough. We shall see how I love you, too. May the great devil Neptunus stick his pitchfork into me, if I don't make you the happiest creature alive. We'll have a pretty little lodging somewhere or other. I'll make my archers parade under your windows—they're all on horseback, and cut out Captain Mignon's. There are bill-men, cross-bow-men, and culverin-men. I'll take you to the great musters of the Parisians at the Grange de Rully. It's very magnificent. Eighty thousand men under arms—thirty thousand white harnesses, jaques or brigandinos—the sixty-seven banners of the trades—the standards of the parliament, of the Chamber of Accompts, of the trésor des généraux, of the aides de monnaies—the devil's own turn-out, in short. And then, I'll take you to see the lions of the Hôtel du Roi—that are wild beasts, you know. All the women are fond of that."

For some moments the young girl, absorbed in her pleasing reflections, had been musing to the sound of his voice, without attending to the meaning of his words.

"Oh, you'll be so happy!" continued the captain, at the same

time gently unbuckling the gypsy's belt. "What are you doing?" said she, sharply. This movement had aroused her from her reverie.

"Nothing," answered Phœbus. "I was only thinking that you must put off all that wild street-running dress when you're with me."

"When I'm with you, my Phœbus!" said the young girl, tenderly. And again she became silent.

The captain, emboldened by her gentleness, threw his arm round her waist without her making any resistance; then began softly to unlace the poor girl's corsage, and so violently displaced her gorgerette, that the priest, all panting, saw issue from underneath the lawn, the charming bare shoulder of the gypsy girl, round and dusky like the moon rising through a misty horizon.

The young girl let Phœbus have his way. She seemed unconscious of what he was doing. The captain's eyes sparkled. All at once she turned round to him. "Phœbus," said she, with an expression of boundless love, "instruct me in your religion."

"My religion!" cried the captain, bursting into a laugh. "Instruct you in my religion! *Corne et tonnerre!* what do you want with my religion?"

"That we may be united," answered she. The captain's face took a mingled expression of surprise, disdain, unconcern, and libidinous passion. "Nonsense," said he, "is there any marrying in our case?"

The girl turned pale, and her head drooped mournfully upon her breast. "My sweet love," said Phœbus, tenderly, "what signifies all that nonsense? Marriage is a solemn affair, to be sure! Shall we love one another any the worse for not having Latin retailed to us in a priest's shop?" And while saying this in his softest tone, he approached extremely near the gypsy girl; his fondling hands had resumed their position about that waist so slender and so pliant, and his eye kindled more and more.

Meanwhile, Dom Claude observed everything from his hiding-place. The door was made of puncheon ribs, quite decayed, leaving between them ample passage for his look of a bird of prey. It was, it must be owned, a trying spectacle for a hard-skinned, broad-shouldered priest, condemned until that moment to the austere virginity of the cloister. He felt extraordinary movements within him; and any one who could then have seen the wretched man's countenance close against the worm-eaten bars, might have thought they saw the face of a tiger looking from his cage upon some jackal devouring its prey.

Suddenly, and by a quick movement, Phœbus snatched the gypsy's gorgerette completely off. The poor girl, who had remained pale and thoughtful, started up as if out of her sleep; she hastily drew back from the enterprising officer; and casting a look over her bare neck and shoulder, blushing, confused, and mute with shame, she crossed her two lovely arms upon her bosom to hide it. But for the flame that was glowing in her cheeks, to see her standing thus silent and motionless, one might have taken her for a statue of Modesty. Her eyes were bent upon the ground.

This action of the captain's had laid bare the mysterious amulet which she wore about her neck. "What's that?" said he, laying hold of this pretext for going up to the beautiful creature that he had just scared away from him.

"Touch it not," answered she, warmly; "it's my talisman. It's that by which I shall find my family again, if I keep worthy. Oh, leave me, monsieur le capitaine! My mother! my poor mother! where are you? Come to my aid! Do, Monsieur Phœbus, give me back my gorgerette."

Phœbus drew back, and said coldly, "Oh, mademoiselle, how plainly do I see that you do not love me."

"Not love you!" exclaimed the poor unfortunate girl; and at the same time she clung with an air of fondness to the captain, whom she made sit down beside her. "Not love you, my Phœbus! What is it you are saying, cruel man, to rend my heart? Oh, come—take me—take me—do what you will with me—I am yours. What is the amulet to me now? What is my mother to me now? You are my mother, since I love you. Phœbus, my beloved Phœbus, dost thou see me? 'Tis I. Look on me. 'Tis that little girl whom thou wilt not spurn from thee—who comes, who comes herself to seek thee. My soul, my life, my person—all are yours, my captain. Well, then, let it be so—let us not marry—it is not thy wish—and besides, what am I but a wretched girl of the common way—while you, Phœbus, are a gentleman. A fine thing it would be, truly, for a dancing-girl to marry an officer! I was mad to think of it. No, Phœbus, no—I will be your mistress—your amusement—your pleasure—when you wish—a girl that will be yours, and yours only. For that alone was I made—to be stained, despised, dishonoured—but what then?—loved! I shall be the proudest and the happiest of women. And when I shall grow old and ugly, Phœbus—when I shall no longer be fit to love you, monseigneur, you will still suffer me to serve you. Others will embroider scarfs for you—I, your servant, will take care of them. You will let me polish your

spurs, brush your hacqueton, and dust your riding-boots. Will you not, my Phœbus, do all this? And in the meanwhile take me to yourself. Here, Phœbus, all belongs to you. Only love me. That is all I ask."

And thus, she threw her arms around the officers neck, raising her eyes to him supplicantly and smiling through her tears. Her delicate neck was chafed by the woollen-cloth doublet and its rough embroidery. The captain, quite intoxicated, pressed his glowing lips to those lovely African shoulders, and the young girl, her eyes cast upward to the ceiling, was all trembling and palpitating under his caresses.

All at once, above the head of Phœbus, she beheld another head—a strange, livid, convulsive countenance, with the look of a demoniac; and close by that face, there was a hand holding a poniard. They were the face and hand of the priest; he had contrived to make his way through the door of his hiding-place, and there he was. Phœbus could not see him. The young girl remained motionless, frozen, dumb under the influence of the frightful apparition—like a dove that should raise her head at the moment that the osprey is looking into her nest with his round fearful eyes.

She was unable even to utter a cry. She saw the poniard descend upon Phœbus, and rise again all reeking. "Malédiction!" exclaimed the captain, as he fell upon the floor.

She fainted. At the moment that her eyes closed and all sense was forsaking her, she thought she felt a touch of fire impressed upon her lips, a kiss more burning than a branding iron.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself surrounded by soldiers of the watch; they were carrying off the captain weltering in his blood; the priest had disappeared; the window at the back of the chamber, looking upon the river, was wide open; they were picking up from the floor a cloak which they supposed belonged to the officer, and she heard them saying around her, "It's a witch who has been poniarding a captain."

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

THE CROWN TRANSFORMED.

THE whole Court of Miracles was in a state of mortal anxiety. For a whole month it was not known what had become of Esmeralda, which sadly grieved the Duke of Egypt and his friends the Truands; nor what had become of her goat, which redoubled the grief of Gringoire. One evening the gypsy girl had disappeared; since which time she had held no communication with them. All search had been fruitless. Some teasing sabouleux told Gringoire they had met her that same evening in the neighbourhood of the Pont Saint-Michel, walking off with an officer; but this husband *à la mode de Bohème* was an incredulous philosopher; and besides, he knew better than any one his wife's extreme purity; he had been enabled to judge how impregnable was the chastity resulting from the two combined virtues of the amulet and the gypsy herself, and he had mathematically calculated the resistance of this chastity multiplied into itself.

Still he could not account for her sudden disappearance, which was a score of deep mortification to him. He would have grown thinner upon it, if the thing had been possible. He had, in consequence, neglected everything, even to his literary tastes, even to his great work, *De figuris regularibus et irregularibus*, which he intended printing with the first money he should get. For he raved upon printing ever since he had seen the Didascolon of Hugues de Saint-Victor printed with the celebrated types of Vindelin of Spires.

One day, as he was passing sorrowfully before the Tournelle Criminelle, he saw a crowd of people at one of the doors of the Palais de Justice. "What's all that about?" asked he of a young man.

"I don't know, monsieur," answered the young man. "They say there's a woman being tried for the murder of a gendarme. As there seems to be some witchcraft in the affair, the bishop and the official have interposed in the cause; and my brother, the archdeacon of Josas, can think of nothing else. Now I wished to speak to him; but I have not been able to get near him for the crowd—which annoys me, for I want money."

"Alas! monsieur," said Gringoire, "I would I could lend you some; but though my breeches are in holes, it's not from the weight of crown-pieces."

He dared not tell the young man that he knew his brother, the archdeacon, toward whom he had not ventured to return since the scene of the church—a neglect which embarrassed him much.

The scholar passed on, and Gringoire proceeded to follow the crowd which was ascending the staircase of the Grande Chambre. To his mind there was nothing equal to the spectacle of a trial in a criminal court for dissipating melancholy, the judges are generally so delightfully stupid. The people with whom he had mingled were moving on and elbowing each other in silence. After a slow and tiresome pattering through a long gloomy passage, which wound through the Palais like the intestinal canal of the old edifice, he arrived at a low door opening into a salle or great public room, which his tall figure permitted him to explore with his eyes, over the waving heads of the multitude.

The hall was spacious and gloomy, which latter circumstance made it appear still more spacious. The day was declining; the long pointed windows admitted only a few pale rays of light, which were extinguished before they reached the vaulted ceiling, an enormous trellis-work of carved wood, the thousand figures of which seemed to be moving about confusedly.

There were already several candles lighted here and there upon tables, and glimmering over the heads of the greffiers or registrars, buried amidst the bundles of papers. The lower end of the room was occupied by the crowd; on the right and left were gentlemen of the gown at tables; at the extremity, upon an estrade or raised platform, were a number of judges, the farther rows just vanishing in the distance—motionless and sinister visages. The walls were strewed with numberless fleur-de-lis, Over the judges might be vaguely distinguished a large figure of Christ; and in all directions pikes and halberds, the points of which were tipped with fire by the reflection of the candles.

"Monsieur," said his neighbour, "they are the Councillors of the Grande Chambre on the right; and those on the left are the councillors of the inquests, the maîtres in black gowns, and the messires in red ones."

"And there, above them," continued Gringoire, "who's that red-faced fellow all in a perspiration?"

"That is monsieur the president."

"And those behind him?" proceeded Gringoire, who, as we have already said, loved not the magistracy ever since his dramatic episode.

"They are messieurs, the masters of requests of the king's household."

"And before him, that wild hog?"

"That's the registrar of the court of parliament."

"And to the right, that crocodile?"

"Maître Philippe Lheulier, the king's advocate."

"And to the left, that great black cat?"

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, the king's attorney."

"Ah, well, monsieur," said Gringoire, "and what, pray, are all those good folks doing?"

"They are trying some one."

"Trying whom? I see no prisoner."

"It's a woman, monsieur. You can not see her. Her back is toward us, and she is hidden by the crowd. There she is, amidst that group of partisans."

"Who is the woman?" asked Gringoire. "Do you know her?"

"No, monsieur, I have only just arrived. I suppose, however, that there is some sorcery in the matter, since the official is engaged on the trial."

"Now then," said our philosopher, "we are going to see all these men of the gown play the part of cannibals. Well, one sight is as good as another."

"Do you not think, monsieur," observed his neighbour, "that Maître Jacques Charmolue looks very mild?"

"Humph!" answered Gringoire, "I'm distrustful of mildness with a pinched-up nose and thin lips."

Here the bystanders imposed silence on the two talkers. An important deposition was being heard.

"Messeigneurs," said, from the middle of the room, an old woman whose face was so hidden under her shawl that she might have been taken for a walking bundle of rags—"messeigneurs, the thing is as true as that I am La Falourdel, for forty years housekeeper on the Pont St. Michel, and paying regularly

my rent, dues, and quit-rent; my door is opposite the house of Tassin Caillart the dyer, who lives on the side looking up the river. An old woman now! a pretty girl once, messeigneurs! A few days ago, some one said to me, 'Don't spin too much of an evening, La Falourdel—the devil's fond of combing old women's distaffs with his horns. It's certain that the spectre monk that was last year about the Temple, is now wandering about the City. Take care, La Falourdel, that he doesn't knock at your door.' One evening I was turning my wheel; some one knocks at my door. 'Who is it?' says I. Some one curses. I open the door. Two men come in; a man in black, with a handsome officer. One could see nothing of the former but his eyes—like live coals. All the rest was cloak and hat. And so they say to me—'The Saint Martha room.' That's my upper room, messeigneurs—my best. They give me an écu. I lock it in my drawer, and I says, 'That will buy some tripe to-morrow at the slaughter-house De la Gloriette.' We go upstairs. When we'd got up, and while I turned my back the black man disappears. This astounds me a little. The officer, who was as handsome as a great lord, goes down with me. He leaves the house. In about time enough to spin a quarter of a skein, he comes in again with a pretty young girl—quite a paragon, messeigneurs—that would have shone like a sun, if she'd had her hair dressed. She had with her a goat, a great she-goat, black or white, I don't remember which. This sets me thinking. The girl—that doesn't concern me;—but the goat! I don't like those animals, with their beards and their horns—its so like a man. Besides, it has a touch of the sabbath. However, I said nothing. I had the écu. That's only fair, you know, my lord judge. I show the captain and the girl into the upstairs room, and leave them alone—that's to say with the goat. I go down and get to my spinning again. I must tell you that my house has a ground-floor and a story above; it looks out at the back upon the river, like the other houses upon the bridge, and the ground-floor window and the first floor window open upon the water. Well, as I was saying, I had got to my spinning. I don't know why, but I was thinking about the spectre which the goat had put into my head—and then the pretty girl was queerly tricked out. All at once I hear a cry overhead, and something fall on the floor, and the window open. I run to mine which is underneath, and I see pass before my eyes a black heap, and it falls into the water. It was a phantom dressed like a priest. It was moonlight, I saw it quite plain. It was swimming towards the City. All in a tremble, I call the watch.

The gentlemen of the douzaine come in; and, at first not knowing what was the matter, as they were merry, they began to beat me. I explained to them. We go upstairs and what do we find? My poor room swimming in blood—the captain stretched at his length with a dagger in his neck—the girl pretending to be dead—and the goat all in a fright. 'Pretty work!' says I—'I shall have to wash the floor for a fortnight and more. It must be scraped. It'll be a terrible job.' They carry off the officer, poor young man, and the girl, all in disorder. But stop. The worst of all is, that the next day, when I was going to take the écu to buy my tripe, I found a withered leaf in its place."

The old woman ceased. A murmur of horror ran through the audience. "That phantom, that goat, all that savours of magic," said one of Gringoire's neighbours. "And that withered leaf!" added another. "No doubt," continued a third, "that it's some witch that's connected with the spectre monk to plunder officers." Gringoire was not far from considering this ensemble at once probable.

"Falourdel," said Monsieur the president with majesty, "have you nothing further to say?"

"No, monseigneur," answered the old woman, "unless it is, that in the report, my house has been called an old tumble-down offensive hovel—which is most insulting language. The houses on the bridge are not very good-looking, because there are such numbers of people; but the butchers live there for all that, and they are rich men, married to proper sort of women."

The magistrate, who had reminded Gringoire of a crocodile, rose. "Silence," said he; "I beg you, gentlemen, to bear in mind that a poniard was found on the accused. Woman Falourdel have you brought the leaf into which the écu was changed that the demon gave you?"

"Yes, monseigneur," answered she, "I've found it. Here it is."

An usher of the court passed the withered leaf to the magistrate, who, with a doleful shake of the head, passed it to the president; who sent it on to the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court; so that it made the round of the room. "It's a beech leaf," said Maître Jacques Charmolue, "an additional proof of magic."

A councillor then began: "Witness, two men went up-stairs in your house at the same time; the black man, whom you at first saw disappear, then swam across the Seine in priest's clothes; and the officer. Which of them gave you the crown?"

The old woman reflected a moment, and then said, "It [redacted] the officer."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

"Ah," thought Gringoire, "that creates some doubt in my mind."

Meanwhile, Maître Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary, again interposed. "I would remind you, gentlemen, that the murdered officer, in the deposition written at his bedside, while stating that a vague notion had crossed his mind, at the instant when the black man accosted him, that it might be the spectre monk, added that the phantom had eagerly pressed him to go and meet the prisoner, and, on his, (the captain's) observing that he was without money, he had given him the écu which the said officer had paid La Falourdel."

This concluding observation appeared to dissipate all the doubts, both of Gringoire and the other skeptics among the auditory.

"Gentlemen, you have the bundle of documents," added the king's advocate, seating himself; "you can consult the deposition of Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name the prisoner rose; her head was now above the crowd; and Gringoire, aghast, recognized Esmeralda.

She was pale; her hair, formerly so gracefully braided and spangled with sequins, fell in disorder; her lips were blue; her hollow eyes were terrific.

"Phœbus!" said she, wildly; "where is he? Oh, messeigneurs! before you kill me, for mercy's sake, tell me if he yet lives!"

"Hold your tongue, woman," answered the president, "that's not our business."

"Oh, for pity's sake, tell me if he is living," continued she, clasping her beautiful wasted hands; and her chains were heard as they brushed along her dress.

"Well," said the king's advocate roughly, "he is dying. Does that content you?"

The wretched girl fell back on her seat, speechless, tearless, white as wax.

The president leaned over to a man at his feet, who was dressed in a gilt cap and black gown; and had a chain round his neck and a wand in his hand. "Usher, bring in the second prisoner."

All eyes were now turned towards a small door, which opened, and, to the great astonishment of Gringoire, made way for a pretty she-goat with gilt feet and horns. The elegant animal

paused a moment on the threshold, stretching out her neck, as perched on the point of a rock, she had before her eyes a vast horizon. All at once she caught sight of the gypsy girl; and leaping over the table and a registrar's head, in two bounds she was at her knees; she then rolled herself gracefully over her mistress's feet, begging for a word or a caress; but the prisoner remained motionless, and even poor Djali did not obtain a look.

"Ay, ay; that's the horrid beast," said the old Falourdel, "and well I know them both again."

Jacques Charmolue interposed; "if you please, gentlemen, we will proceed to the examination of the goat."

The goat was, in fact, the second prisoner. Nothing was more common in those times than a charge of sorcery brought against an animal. Among others, in the Provostry Accompts for 1466, may be seen a curious detail of the expenses of the proceeding against Gillet Soulart and his pig, executed "for their demerits" at Corbeil. Everything is there; the cost of the pit to put the pig in; the five hundred bundles of wood from the wharf of Morsant; the three pints of wine and the bread, the sufferer's last repast, shared in a brotherly manner by the executioner; and even the eleven days' custody and feed of the pig, at eight deniers parisis per day. Sometimes they went further even than animals. The capitularies of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire impose severe penalties on the fiery phantoms which might think fit to appear in the air.

Meantime the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court had exclaimed: "If the demon who possesses this goat, and which has resisted all exorcisms, persist in his sorceries—if he astound the court with them—we forewarn him, that we shall be obliged to have recourse against him to the gibbet or the stake."

Gringoire was all in a cold perspiration. Charmolue took up from a table the gypsy girl's tambourine, and presenting it in a certain manner to the goat, he asked her, "What's o'clock?"

The animal looked at him with a sagacious eye, raised her gilt foot, and struck it seven times. It was indeed seven o'clock. A movement of terror ran through the crowd. Gringoire could bear it no longer.

"She'll be her own ruin," cried he aloud, "she does not know what she's about!"

"Silence! you people at the end of the room!" said the usher, sharply.

Jacques Charmolue, by means of the same manœuvres with

the tambourine, made the goat perform several other tricks, about the day of the month, the month of the year, etc., which the reader has already become acquainted with. Those same spectators who, perhaps, had more than once applauded in the public streets the innocent performances of Djali, were terrified at them under the roof of the Palais de Justice. The goat was indisputably the devil.

And it was still worse when, the king's attorney having emptied on the floor a certain leathern bag full of wooden letters, which Djali had hung about her, they saw the goat kick out with her foot from among the scattered alphabet the fatal name Phœbus. The sorcery of which the captain had been the victim seemed unanswerably proved; and, in the eyes of all, the gypsy girl, that charming dancer, who had so often dazzled the passers-by with her airy grace, was neither more nor less than a witch.

On her part, she gave no signs of life; neither the graceful evolutions of Djali, nor the threatenings of the men of law, nor the stifled imprecations of the auditory—nothing now reached her apprehension.

She could only be roused by a sergeant shaking her pitilessly, and the president rising his voice with solemnity:—"Girl, you are of Bohemian race, given to sorcery. You, with your accomplice, the enchanted goat, implicated in the charge, did on the night of the 29th of March last, wound and poniard, in concert with the powers of darkness, by the aid of charms and spells, a captain of the king's archers, Phœbus de Chateaupers by name."

"I am innocent!" cried she, hiding her face in her hands. "My Phœbus! Oh, it's hellish!"

"Do you persist in denying it?" asked the president.

"I do deny it!" said she, in a terrible accent; and as she rose, her eyes flashed.

The president continued straightforwardly, "Then how do you explain the facts laid to your charge?"

She answered in a broken voice, "I've already said I don't know. It's a priest—a priest that I do not know—an infernal priest, that pursues me!"

"Just so," replied the judge; "the spectre monk!"

"Oh, gentlemen, have pity upon me! I'm only a poor girl—"

"Of Egypt," said the judge.

Maître Jacques Charmolue commenced with mildness—"Seeing the painful obstinacy of the accused, I demand the application of the torture."

"Granted," said the president.

A shudder ran through the whole frame of the unhappy girl. She rose, however, at the order of the partisan-men, and walked with a tolerably firm step, preceded by Charmolue and the priests of the officiality, between two rows of halberds, toward a false door, which suddenly opened and shut again upon her, having the effect upon Gringoire of a mouth gaping to devour her.

When she disappeared, a plaintive bleating was heard. It was the little goat crying.

The sitting of the court was suspended. A councillor having observed that the gentleman was fatigued, and that it would be long to wait for the conclusion of the torture, the president answered that a magistrate must sacrifice himself to his duty.

"What a troublesome, vexatious jade!" said an old judge, "to make one give her the torture when one has not supped!"

CHAPTER II.

THE CHAMBER OF TORTURE.

AFTER ascending and descending several flights of steps as they proceeded through passages so gloomy that they were lighted with lamps at mid-day, Esmeralda, still surrounded by her lugubrious attendants, was pushed forward by the sergeants of the Palais into a dismal chamber. This chamber, of a circular form, occupied the ground floor of one of those large towers which still in our day appear through the layer of recent edifices with which modern Paris has covered the ancient one. There were no windows to this vault; no other opening than the low overhanging entrance of an enormous iron door. Still it did not want for light; a furnace was contrived in the thickness of the wall; a large fire was lighted in it, which filled the vault with its crimson reflection, and stripped of every ray a miserable candle placed in the corner. The sort of portcullis which was used to inclose the furnace, being raised at the moment, only gave to view at the mouth of the flaming edifice, which glared upon the dark wall, the lower extremity of its bars, like a row of black sharp teeth set at a regular distance, which gave the furnace the appearance of one of those dragon's mouths which vomit forth flames in ancient legends. By the light which issued from it,

the prisoner saw all around the chamber frightful instruments of which she did not understand the use. In the middle lay a mattress of leather almost touching the ground, over which hung a leathern strap with a buckle, attached to a copper ring held in the teeth of a flat-nosed monster carved in the keystone of the vault. Pincers, nippers, large plowshares, were heaped inside the furnace, and were heated red-hot, promiscuously upon the burning coals. The glow of the furnace only served to light up throughout the chamber a collection of horrible things.

Upon the bench was seated unconcernedly, Pierrat Torterue, the sworn torturer. His assistants, two square-faced gnomes, with leathern aprons and tarpaulin coats were turning about the irons on the coals.

In vain had the poor girl called up all her courage; on entering this room she was seized with terror.

The sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais were ranged on one side; the priests of the officiality on the other. A registrar, a table, and writing materials, were in one corner. Maître Jacques Charmolue approached the gypsy girl with a very soft smile. "My child," said he, "you persist in denying everything?"

"Yes," answered she, in a low voice.

"In that case," resumed Charmolue, "It will be our painful duty to question you more urgently than we should otherwise wish. Have the goodness to sit down on that bed. Maître Pierrat, make room for mademoiselle, and shut the door.

Pierrat rose with a growl. "If I shut the door," muttered he, "my fire will go out."

"Well, then, my good fellow," replied Charmolue, "leave it open."

Meanwhile Esmeralda remained standing. The bed of leather, upon which so many poor wretches had writhed, scared her. Terror froze her very blood; there she stood bewildered and stupefied. At a sign from Charmolue, the two assistants took her and seated her on the bed. They did not hurt her; but when those men touched her—when that leather touched her—she felt all her blood flow back to her heart. She cast a wandering look around the room. She fancied she saw moving and walking from all sides towards her, to crawl upon her body and bite her, all those monstrous instruments of torture, which were, to the instruments of all kinds that she had hitherto seen, what bats, centipedes and spiders are to birds and insects.

"Where is the physician?" asked Charmolue.

"Here," answered a man in a black gown that she had not observed before.

She shuddered.

"Mademoiselle," resumed the fawning voice of the attorney of the ecclesiastical court, "for the third time, do you persist in denying the facts of which you are accused?"

This time she could only bend her head in token of assent—her voice failed her.

"You persist, then?" said Jacques Charmolue. "Then I am extremely sorry, but I must fulfil the duty of my office."

"Monsieur, the king's attorney," said Pierrat gruffly, "what shall we begin with?"

Charmolue hesitated a moment, with the ambiguous grimace of a poet seeking rhyme. "With the brodequin," said he at last.

The unhappy creature felt herself so completely abandoned of God and man, that her head fell on her chest like a thing inert, which has no power within itself.

The torturer and the physician approached her both at once. The two assistants, began rummaging in their hideous armory. At the sound of those frightful irons the unfortunate girl started convulsively. "Oh," murmured she, so low that no one heard her, "Oh, my Phœbus!" She then sank again into her previous insensibility and petrified silence. The spectacle would have torn any heart but the hearts of judges. She resembled a poor sinful soul interrogated by Satan at the crimson wicket of hell. The miserable body about which was to cling that frightful group of saws, wheels and chevalets—the being about to be handled so roughly by those grim executioners and torturing pincers—was, then, that soft, fair, and fragile creature; a poor grain of millet, which human justice was sending to be ground by the horrid millstones of torture.

Meanwhile the callous hands of Pierrat Torterue's assistant had brutally stripped that charming leg, that little foot, which had so often astonished the passers-by with their grace and delicacy of their form. If the archdeacon had been present, he certainly would have remembered at that moment his symbol of the spider and the fly. Soon the unhappy girl saw approaching through the mist which was spreading over her eyes, the brodequin or wooden boot; soon she saw her foot, encased between the iron-bound boards, disappear under the terrible apparatus. Then terror restored her strength. "Take that off," cried she, angrily, starting up, all disheveled; "mercy!"

She sprang from the bed to throw herself at the feet of the

ng's attorney; but her leg was caught in the heavy block of k and iron-work, and she sank upon the brodequin more uttered than a bee with a heavy weight upon its wing.

By order of Charmolue they replaced her on the bed, and coarse hands fastened round her small waist the leathern p which hung from the ceiling.

"For the last time, do you confess the facts of the charge?" ed Charmolue, with his imperturbable benignity.

"I am innocent," was the answer.

"Then, mademoiselle, how do you explain the circumstances ght against you?"

"Alas, monseigneur, I do not know."

"You deny, then?"

"All!"

"Proceed," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

Pierrat turned the screw; the brodequin tightened; and the wretched girl uttered one of those terrible cries which are without orthography in any human tongue.

"Stop," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

"Do you confess?" said he to the gypsy girl.

"Ah!" cried the wretched girl. "I confess! I confess! Mercy!"

She had not calculated her strength in braving the torture. Poor child! whose life hitherto had been so joyous, so pleasant, so sweet—the first pang of acute pain had overcome her.

"Humanity obliges me to tell you," observed the king's attorney, "that, in confessing, you have only to look for death."

"I hope so," said she. And she fell back on the bed of leather, bent double, letting herself hang by the strap buckled round her waist.

"Come, come, my darling, hold up a bit," said Maître Pierrat, raising her. "You look like the good sheep that hangs about Monsieur of Burgundy's neck."

Jacques Charmolue raised his voice:

"Registrar, write down. Young Bohemian girl, you confess your participation in the love-feasts, sabbaths, and sorceries of hell, with wicked spirits, witches, and hobgoblins?—Answer."

"Yes," said she, so low that the word was lost in a whisper.

"You confess having seen the ram which Beelzebub causes to appear in the clouds to assemble the sabbath and which is only seen by sorcerers?"

"Yes."

"You confess having adored the heads of Bohomet, the abominable idols of the Templars?"

"Yes."

"Having held habitual intercourse with the devil, under the form of a familiar she-goat, included in the prosecution?"

"Yes."

"Lastly, you avow and confess having, with the assistance of the demon, and the phantom commonly called the spectre monk, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, murdered and assassinated a captain named Phœbus Chateaupers?"

She raised her large fixed eyes toward the magistrate; and answered, mechanically, and without effort or emotion, "Yes!" It was evident her whole being was shaken.

"Write down, registrar," said Charmolue. And addressing himself to the torturers: "Let the prisoner be unbound and taken back into court."

When the brodequin was removed, the attorney of the ecclesiastical court examined her foot, still paralyzed with pain. "Come," said he, "there's not much harm done. You escaped out in time. You could dance yet, my beauty!" He then turned toward his acolytes of the officiality: "At length justice is enlightened! that's a relief, gentlemen! Mademoiselle will at least bear this testimony, that we have acted with gentleness."

CHAPTER III.

SENTENCED.

PALE and limping, she re-entered the court, and a general hum of pleasure greeted her. On the part of the auditory, it was that feeling of satisfied impatience which is experienced at the theatre, at the expiration of the interval between the last two acts of a play, when the curtain is raised, and "the end," according to the French expression, "is about to begin." On the part of the judges, it was the hope of soon getting their supper. The little

goat, too, bleated with joy. She would have run to her mistress, but they had her tied.

Night had quite set in. The candles, whose number had not been increased, gave so little light, that the walls of the spacious room could not be seen. Darkness enveloped every object in a sort of mist. A few apathetic judges' faces were just visible. Opposite to them, at the extremity of the long apartment, they could distinguish an ill-defined white point standing out amid the gloomy background. It was the prisoner.

She had crawled to her place. When Charmolue had installed himself in his, he sat down; then rose and said, without exhibiting too much of the self-complacency of success, "The accused has confessed."

"Esmeralda," continued the president, "you have confessed all your acts of sorcery, prostitution and assassination upon Phœbus de Chateaupers?"

Her heart was full. She was heard sobbing amid the gloom. "Whatever you will," answered she feebly; "but make an end of me quickly."

"Monsieur, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court," said the president, "the chamber is ready to hear your requisitions."

Maître Charmolue exhibited a frightful scroll; and began to read over, with much gesticulation and the exaggerated emphasis of the bar, a Latin oration, in which all the evidence of the trial was drawn out in Ciceronian periphrases, flanked by quotations from Plautus, his favourite comic author. We regret that it is not in our power to present our readers with this extraordinary piece of eloquence. The orator delivered it with marvellous action. He had not concluded the exordium before the perspiration began to start from his forehead, and his eyes from his head. All at once, in the middle of a finely turned period, he broke off, and his countenance, which was generally mild enough, and, indeed stupid enough, became terrible. "Gentlemen," cried he (this time in French, for it was in the scroll), "Satan is so mixed up in this affair that, behold! he is present at our councils, and makes a mock of their majesty. Behold him!" So saying, he pointed to the little goat, which, seeing Charmolue gesticulating, thought it quite proper she should do the same, and had seated herself on her haunches, mimicking as well as she could, with her fore feet and shaggy head, the pathetic action of the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court. It was, if we remember right, one of her prettiest talents. This incident, this last proof, produced a great

effect. They tied the goat's feet; and the king's attorney resumed the thread of his eloquence. It was a long thread, indeed; but the peroration was admirable. He concluded with requiring that the prisoner should be condemned, in the first place to pay a certain pecuniary indemnity; in the second, to do penance before the grand porch of Notre-Dame; and thirdly, to be taken with her goat to the Place de Grève, and there executed.

He put on his cap again, and re-seated himself.

"*Eheu!*" muttered Gringoire, quite overwhelmed; "*bassa latinitas!*"

Another man in a black gown then rose near the prisoner; it was her advocate or counsel. The fasting judges began to murmur.

"Mr. Advocate, be brief," said the president.

"Monsieur the president," answered the advocate, "since the defendant has confessed the crime, I have only one word to say to these gentlemen. I hold in my hand a passage of the Salic law: 'If a witch has eaten a man, and is convicted of it, she shall pay a fine of eight thousand deniers, which make two hundred sous of gold.' Let the chamber condemn my client to the fine."

"An abrogated clause," said the king's advocate extraordinary.

"Nego," replied the prisoner's advocate.

"Take the votes," said the councillor; "the crime is manifest; and it is late."

The votes were taken without going out of court. The judges voted by the lifting of their caps—they were in haste. Their hooded heads were seen uncovering one after another in the shade, at the lugubrious question addressed to them in a low voice by the president. The poor prisoner seemed to be looking at them, but her bewildered eye no longer saw anything.

Then the registrar began to write; and he handed to the president a long scroll of parchment. Then the unhappy girl heard the people stirring, the pikes clashing, and the freezing voice saying:

"Bohemian girl, on such day as it shall please our lord the king, at the hour of noon, you shall be taken in a tumbrel, in your shift, barefooted, with a rope round your neck, before the great portal of Notre-Dame; and there you shall do penance with a wax torch of two pounds weight in your hand; and from thence you shall be taken to the Place de Grève, where you shall be hanged and strangled on the Town gibbet, and your goat

likewise; and shall pay to the official three lions of gold, in reparation of the crimes by you committed and confessed, of sorcery, magic, prostitution and murder, upon the person of the sieur Phœbus de Chateaupers. So God have mercy on your soul!"

"Oh! it is a dream!" murmured she; and she felt rude hands bearing her away.

CHAPTER IV.

LIVING TOMBS.

In the Middle Ages, when an edifice was complete, there was almost as much of it within the ground as above it. Except, indeed, it was built upon piles, like Notre-Dame, a palace, a fortress, or a church had always a double bottom. In the cathedrals it was, as it were, another cathedral, subterraneous, low, dark, mysterious, blind, and dumb, under the aisles of the building above, all flooded with light and resounding night and day with the music of bells and organs. Sometimes it was a sepulchre. In the palaces and the bastiles it was a prison—sometimes a sepulchre too—and sometimes it was both together. Those mighty masses of masonry of which we have explained elsewhere the mode of formation and vegetation, had not foundations merely; they might be said to have roots, branching out under ground in chambers, galleries, and staircases, like the structure above. Thus all of them, churches, palaces, and bastiles stood half within the earth. The subterraneous vaults of an edifice formed another edifice, in which you descended instead of ascending, and the underground stories of which extended downward beneath the pile of external stories of the structure, like those inverted forests and mountains which are seen in the liquid

mirror of a lake, underneath the forests and mountains on its borders.

At the Bastile St. Antoine, at the Palais de Justice of Paris, and at the Louvre, these subterranean edifices were prisons. The stories of these prisons, as they went deeper into the ground, grew narrower and darker. They formed so many zones, presenting, as by a graduated scale, deeper and deeper shades of horror. Dante could find nothing better for the construction of his hell. These dungeon funnels usually terminated in a low hollow, shaped like the bottom of a tub, in which Dante has placed his Satan, and in which society placed the criminal condemned to death. When once a miserable human existence was there interred—then farewell light, air, life, ogni speranza; it never went out again but to the gibbet or the stake. Sometimes it rotted there, and human justice called that forgetting. Between mankind and himself the condemned felt weighing upon his head an accumulation of stones and jailers; and the whole prison together, the massive bastile, was now but one enormous complicated lock that barred him out of the living world.

It was in one of these low damp holes, in the oubliettes excavated by St. Louis in the *in pace* of the Tournelle, that—for fear of her escaping, no doubt—they had deposited Esmeralda condemned to the gibbet, with the colossal Palais de Justice over her head.

Assuredly, Providence and society had been alike unjust; such a profusion of misfortune and of torture was not necessary to shatter so fragile a creature.

She was there, lost in darkness, buried, walled up. Any one that could have seen her in that state, after having seen her laughing and dancing in the sunshine, would have shuddered. Chill as night, chill as death, no longer a breath of air in her locks, no longer a human voice in her ear, no longer a glimpse of daylight in her eyes, broken in two, as it were, crushed with chains, bent double beside a pitcher and a loaf of bread, upon a little straw in the pool of water that formed itself under her from the oozings of the dungeon, without motion, almost without breath, she was now scarcely sensible even to suffering. Phœbus, the sunshine, noonday, the open air, the streets of Paris, her dancing amid the applauses of the spectators, her soft prattlings of love with the officer, and then the priest, the old woman, the poniard, blood, the torture, the gibbet—all that was indeed still floating in her mind, now as a harmonious and golden vision,

then as a frightful nightmare; but her apprehension of it all was now but that of a vaguely horrible struggle involved in darkness, or of a distant music that was still playing above ground, but was no longer audible at the depth to which the unfortunate girl had fallen. Since she had been there she neither waked nor slept; in that misery, in that dungeon, she could no more distinguish waking from sleeping, dreams from reality, than she could the day from the night. All was mingled, broken, floating confusedly, scattered in her thoughts. She no longer felt, no longer knew, no longer thought—at most she only dreamed. Never had living creature been plunged more deeply into annihilation.

Thus benumbed, frozen, petrified, scarcely had she remarked, at two or three different times, the noise of a trap-door which had opened somewhere above her without even admitting a ray of light, and through which the hand of some one had thrown her a crust of black bread. Yet this was her only remaining communication with mankind—the periodical visit of the jailer. One thing alone still mechanically occupied her ears; over her head the damp filtered through the mouldy stones of the vault, and at regular intervals, drop after drop, thus collected, fell into the pool of water beside her, with a plashing to which in her stupor she involuntarily listened.

The drop of water falling into that pool was the only movement still perceptible about her, her only clock to mark the time, the only noise that reached her of all the noise that is made upon the earth, except, indeed, that she also felt, from time to time, in that sink of mire and darkness, something cold passing here and there over her foot or her arm, and making her shiver.

How long she had been there she knew not. She had some recollection of a sentence of death pronounced somewhere upon some one, that then they had carried herself away, and that she had awoke in darkness and silence, freezing. She had crawled along upon her hands, then she had felt iron rings cutting her ankles, and chains had clanked. She had discovered that all around her was wall, that underneath her were flagstones covered with wet, and a bundle of straw, but there was neither lamp nor ventilator. Then she had seated herself upon that straw, and sometimes, for a change of posture, upon the lowest step of a stone flight which there was in her dungeon. At one moment she had endeavoured to count the dark minutes which the drops of water measured to her ear, but soon that mournful employment

of her sick brain had broken itself off, and left her in a stupor again.

At length, one day, or one night (for midnight and noon had the same hue in this sepulchre), she heard above her a louder noise than that which the turnkey generally made when he brought her her loaf of bread and pitcher of water. She raised her head, and saw a reddish light through the crevices of the sort of trap-door made in the vault of the *in pace*. At the same time the heavy iron creaked, the trap-door grated on its rusty hinges, turned back, and she saw a lantern, a hand, and the lower part of the bodies of two men, the door being too low for her to see the upper. The light affected her eyes so sensibly that she closed them.

When she reopened them the door was closed, the lantern was placed on a step of the staircase; a man alone was standing before her. A cagoule fell to his feet, a caffardum of the same colour concealed his face. Nothing was seen of his person, neither his face nor his hands. It was a long black winding-sheet standing on end, and under which something was perceived to move. She looked steadily for some minutes at this sort of spectre. Meanwhile neither of them spoke. They were like two statues confronting each other. Two things alone seemed to have life in the vault: the wick of the lantern, which crackled owing to the humidity of the atmosphere, and the drop of water from the roof, which broke this irregular crepitation by its monotonous plash, and made the reflection of the lantern tremble in concentric circles upon the oily water of the pool.

The prisoner at length broke silence. "Who are you?"

"A priest."

The word, the accent, the sound of the voice made her start.

The priest continued in a hollow tone; "Are you prepared for death?"

"Oh!" said she; "will it be soon?"

"To-morrow."

Her head, which she had raised joyfully, fell back again upon her bosom. "That's very long!" murmured she; "what could it signify to them if it had been to-day?"

"You are very wretched, then?" asked the priest after a short silence.

"I'm very cold," answered she.

She took her feet between her hands, an habitual gesture with poor creatures extremely cold, and which we have already re-

marked in the recluse of the Tour-Roland, and her teeth chattered.

The priest's eyes appeared to be wandering from under his hood around the dungeon. "Without light! without fire! in the water! 'Tis horrible!"

"Yes," answered she with the bewildered air which misery had given her. "The day is for every one—why do they give me nothing but night?"

"Do you know," resumed the priest, after another silence, "why you are here?"

"I think I knew once," said she, passing her thin fingers across her brow, as if to assist her memory, "but I don't know now."

All at once she began to weep like a child. "I want to go away from here, monsieur. I'm cold—I'm afraid—and there are creatures crawling over me."

"Well, then, follow me."

So saying, the priest took her arm. The poor girl was frozen to her very vitals, and yet that hand felt cold to her.

"Oh!" murmured she, "it's the icy hand of death. Who are you?"

The priest raised his hood—she looked—it was that ominous visage which had so long pursued her—that demon's head which had appeared to her at La Falourdel's over the adored head of her Phœbus—that eye which she had the last time seen glaring by the side of a poniard.

This apparition, ever so fatal to her, and which had thus pushed her on from misfortune to misfortune, even to an ignominious death, roused her from her stupor. It seemed to her as if the sort of veil which had woven itself upon her memory, was rent away. All the details of her dismal adventure, from the nocturnal scene at La Falourdel's to her condemnation at the Tournelle, were at once brought back to her mind, not vague and confused as hitherto, but distinct, decided, breathing, terrible. These recollections, almost obliterated by excess of suffering, were revived at the sight of the gloomy figure before her, as the approach of fire brings out afresh upon the white paper the invisible letters traced on it with sympathetic ink. It seemed as if all the wounds of her heart were at once reopened.

"Ah!" cried she, her hands before her eyes, and with a convulsive shiver, "it's the priest!"

She then let fall her unnerved arms, and remained sitting, her

head cast down, her eyes fixed on the ground, speechless, and continuing to tremble.

The priest looked at her with the eye of a kite which has been long hovering from the upmost heaven around a poor lark cowering in the corn, and has been gradually and silently contracting the formidable circles of its flight, until it suddenly darts down like lightning upon its prey, and holds it panting between its talons.

She began to murmur in a low tone, "Finish! finish! the last blow!" And her head sank between her shoulders, like a sheep awaiting the stroke of the butcher.

"You have a horror of me, then," said he at length. She did not answer.

"Have you a horror of me?" repeated he.

Her lips contracted as if she was smiling. "Yes," said she; "the executioner taunts the condemned! For months he pursues me—threatens me—terrifies me. But for him, my God, how happy I was! It is he that has cast me into this abyss! Oh, heavens! it is he that killed—it is he that killed him—my Phœbus!" Here, bursting into sobs, and raising her eyes toward the priest: "Oh! wretch! who are you? what have I done to you? do you hate me so, then? Alas! what have you against me?"

"I love you!" cried the priest.

Her tears suddenly ceased; she looked at him with an idiotic air. He had fallen on his knees, and was looking her through with eyes of fire.

"Dost thou hear? I love you!" cried he again.

"What love?" said the wretched girl shuddering.

He continued—"The love of the damned!"

Both remained silent, crushed under the weight of their emotions—he maddened—she stupefied.

"Listen," said the priest at length; and a strange calm came over him: "thou shalt know all. I am about to tell thee what hitherto I have scarcely dared tell myself, when secretly I have interrogated my conscience, in those deep hours of the night when it has been so dark that it seemed as if God could no longer see me. Listen—before I met thee, young girl, I was happy—"

"And I too!" sighed she feebly.

"Interrupt me not! Yes—I was happy; at least I thought myself so. I was pure—my soul was filled with limpid light. No head ever rose more lofty or more radiant than mine. Priests

consulted me upon chastity, doctors upon doctrine. Yes, science was everything to me; it was a sister—and a sister sufficed me. Not but that, with age, other ideas came across my mind. More than once my blood was roused by the passing of a female form. That force of sex and blood which, foolish youth, I had thought stifled forever, had more than once shaken convulsively the chain of the iron vows which bind me, miserable wretch, to the cold stones of the altar. But fasting, prayer, study, the macerations of the cloister had again restored the soul's empire over the body. And then I avoided women. Besides, I had only to open a book, for all the impure vapours of the brain to evaporate before the splendour of science. In a few minutes, I saw flee before me the gross things of earth; and again I became tranquil, beguiled, and serene before the calm radiance of eternal truth. So long as the Demon only sent to encounter me vague shadows of women, passing here and there before my eyes, in the church, in the streets, in the fields, and which were scarcely retraced in my dreams, I vanquished him easily. Alas! if victory stayed not with me, the fault is in God, who made not man and the Demon of equal strength. Listen—one day—"

Here the priest stopped; and the prisoner heard issuing from his bosom sighs which seemed to rend him. He resumed:

"One day, I was leaning against the window of my cell. What book was I reading then? Oh! all that's confusion in my head. I was reading. The window overlooked a square. I heard the sound of a tambourine and music. Angry at being thus disturbed in my reverie, I looked into the square. What I saw, there were others that saw it too—and yet it was not a spectacle for human eyes. There, in the middle of the pavement—it was noon—a burning sun—a creature was dancing—a creature so beautiful, that God would have preferred her to the Virgin—would have chosen her for His mother—would have been born of her, if she had existed when He became man. Her eyes were black and splendid; amidst her raven locks, a few single hairs, through which the sunbeams shone, were glistening like threads of gold. Her feet were lost in the rapidity of their movement. Around her head, amongst her ebon tresses, were plates of metal, which sparkled in the sun, and formed about her temples a diadem of stars. Her dress, thick-set with spangles, twinkled, all blue and studded with sparkles, like a summer's night. Her brown and pliant arms twined and untwined themselves about her waist like two silken scarfs. Her form was effulgent with beauty. Oh! the resplendent figure, which stood out like something luminous

even in the sunlight itself! Alas! young girl, it was thou! Surprised, intoxicated, enchanted, I suffered myself to look. I looked at thee so long, that all at once I shuddered with affright. I felt that fate was laying hold on me."

The priest, overcome, again paused for a moment; then recommenced:

"Already half fascinated, I strove to cling to something that might break my fall. I recalled to mind the snares which Satan had already laid to entrap me. The creature before me was of that preternatural beauty which can only be of heaven or hell. That was no mere girl made of a little of our clay, and feebly lighted within by the vacillating ray of a woman's soul. It was an angel, but of darkness—of flame, not of light. At the moment when thinking thus, I saw near thee a goat, a beast of the sabbath, which looked at me laughingly. The mid-day sun gilded its horns with fire. Then I caught a glimpse of the Demon's snare, and I no longer doubted that thou camest from hell, and that thou camest for my perdition. I believed so."

Here the priest gazed into the face of the prisoner, and added:

"I believe so still. Meanwhile, the charm operated by degrees; thy dancing whirled in my brain; I felt the mysterious spell at work within me. All that should have kept awake fell asleep in my soul; and, like those who die in the snow, I found pleasure in yielding to that slumber. All at once thou didst begin to sing. What could I do, wretch that I was? Thy song was still more bewitching than thy dance. I would have fled—I felt it impossible. I was nailed, rooted to the ground. It seemed as if the marble flags had risen to my knees. I was obliged to stay to the end. My feet were ice—my brain was boiling. At length thou didst, perhaps, take pity on me; thou didst cease to sing; thou didst disappear. The reflection of the dazzling vision, the reverberation of the enchanting music vanished by degrees from my eyes and ears. Then I fell into the corner of the window, more stiff and helpless than a loosened statue. The vesper bell awoke me. I rose—I fled; but alas! there was something within me fallen to rise no more—something come upon me from which I could not flee!"

He again paused, but resumed:

"Yes; from that day forward, there was within me a man I knew not. I had recourse to all my remedies—the cloister—the altar—labour—books. Folly! Oh! how hollow does science sound when a head full of passions in despair strikes against it! Knowest thou, young girl, what I ever after saw between the book

and me? It was thyself, thy shade, the image of the luminous apparition which had one day crossed the space before me. But that image no longer wore the same hue—it was gloomy, funereal, darksome—like the black circle that long hangs about the vision of the imprudent one who has been gazing steadfastly at the sun.

"Unable to get rid of it—constantly hearing thy voice warbling in my ears—constantly seeing thy feet dancing on my breviary—constantly feeling at night, in my dreams, thy form in contact with my own—I wished to see thee again—to touch thee—to know who thou wert—to see whether I should find thee indeed equal to the ideal image that had remained of thee—to dispel, perhaps, my dream with the reality. At all events I hoped a fresh impression would efface the former one, and the former was become insupportable. I sought thee. I saw thee again. Misery! When I had seen thee twice, I wished to see thee a thousand times—I wished to see thee always! Then, how to stop short on that hellish declivity? Then I was no longer my own. The other end of the thread which the Demon had tied about my pinions was fastened to his foot. I became vagrant and wandering like thyself—I waited for thee under porches—I spied thee out at the corners of streets—I watched thee from the top of my tower. Each evening, I re-entered within myself more charmed, more desperate, more fascinated, more undone!

"I had learned who thou wast—a gypsy—a Bohemian—a gitana—a zingara. How could I doubt of the magic? Listen. I hoped that a prosecution would rid me of the charm. A sorceress had bewitched Bruno of Asti; he had her burned, and was cured. I knew it. I wished to try the remedy. I first endeavoured to get thee prohibited the Parvis Notre-Dame, hoping to forget thee if thou camest no more. Thou heededst it not. Thou camest again. Then arose the idea of carrying thee off. One night I attempted it. There were two of us. Already we had laid hold on thee, when that wretched officer came upon us. He delivered thee. Thus was he the beginning of thy misfortunes, of mine, and of his own. At length, not knowing what to do or what was to become of me, I denounced thee to the official. I thought I should be cured like Bruno of Asti. I thought, also, confusedly, that a prosecution would place thee at my disposal—that in a prison I should hold thee, I should have thee—that there thou couldst not escape me—that thou hadst possessed me long enough for me to possess thee in my turn. When one does evil, one should do it thoroughly. 'Tis madness

to stop midway in the monstrous! The extremity of crime has its delirium of joy. A priest and a witch may mingle in its ecstasies upon the straw of a dungeon floor!"

"So I denounced thee. 'Twas then that I used to terrify thee whenever I met thee. The plot which I was weaving against thee, the storm which I was brewing over thy head, burst from me in muttered threats and lightning glances. Still, however, I hesitated. My project had its appalling points of view, which made me shrink back.

"Perhaps I might have renounced it—perhaps my hideous thought might have withered in my brain without bearing any fruit. I thought it would always depend upon myself either to follow up or set aside this prosecution. But every evil thought is inexorable, and will become an act; and there, where I thought myself all-powerful, fate was more powerful than I. Alas! alas! 'tis fate has laid hold on thee, and cast thee amid the terrible machinery of the engine I had darkly constructed! Listen—I have almost done.

"One day—it was another day of sunshine—I see pass before me a man who pronounces thy name and laughs; he carries profligacy in his eyes. Perdition! I followed. Thou knowest the rest."

He was silent. The young girl could only find one word to utter—"Oh, my Phœbus!"

"No more of that name!" said the priest, seizing her arm with violence. "Pronounce not that name! Oh! wretched that we are, 'tis that name that has undone us! or rather we have undone one another, all through the inexplicable play of fate! Thou art suffering, art thou not? thou art cold; darkness blinds thee; the dungeon wraps thee round; but perhaps thou hast still some light yet shining within thee—were it only thy childish love for that empty being that was trifling with thy heart? while I—I bear the dungeon within me; within me is the winter, the ice, the despair; I have the darkness in my soul. I was present at thy trial. I was seated on the bench of the official. Yes—under one of those priestly hoods were the contortions of a damned spirit. When thou wast brought in, I was there; when thou wast interrogated, I was there. The den of wolves! 'Twas my own crime, 'twas my own gibbet they were slowly constructing over thy head! At each deposition, at each proof, at each pleading, I was there; I could count each one of thy steps in the way of sorrow; I was there, too, when that wild beast . . . . . Oh! I had not foreseen the torture! Listen. I followed thee into the chamber of

anguish. I saw thee undressed and half naked under the vile hands of the torturer. I saw thy foot—that foot, to have imprinted a kiss on which and to have died, I would have given an empire—that foot, to have had my head crushed under which I should have felt so much ecstasy—that foot I saw put into the horrible brodequin—that brodequin which makes the limb of a living being all one bloody clod! Oh! miserable wretch! while I was looking on, with a poniard I had under my gown I was lacerating my breast. At the cry thou utteredst, I plunged it in my flesh; at a second cry, it would have entered my heart. Look—I think the wound is bleeding still."

He opened his cassock. His chest was indeed torn as if by a tiger's claws.

The prisoner shrank back with horror.

"Oh!" said the priest, "young girl, take pity on me! Thou thinkest thyself miserable. Alas! alas! thou knowest not what misery is. Oh! to love a woman—to be a priest—to be hated—to love with all the powers of one's soul—to feel that one would give for the least of her smiles one's blood, one's vitals, one's fame, one's salvation, immortality and eternity, this life and that which is to come—to regret one is not a king, a genius, an emperor, an archangel, God, that one might place a greater slave under her feet—to clasp her day and night in one's dreams, in one's thoughts; and to see her in love with the trappings of a soldier, and have nothing to offer her but a priest's poor cassock, at which she will feel fear and disgust! To be present with one's jealousy and one's rage, while she lavishes on a wretched imbecile fanfaron those treasures of love and beauty! To behold that form which maddens you, that voluptuous bosom, that flesh panting and blushing under the kisses of another! Oh heavens! to love her foot, her arm, her shoulder—to think of her blue veins, of her brown skin, till one writhes for nights together on the pavement of one's cell; and to see all those caresses one has dreamed of end in her torture! to have succeeded only in laying her on the bed of leather! Oh! these are the true pincers heated at the fires of hell! Oh! blessed is he that is sawn asunder between two boards, or torn to pieces by four horses! Knowest thou what that torture is, endured through long nights, from boiling arteries, a breaking heart, a bursting head, and teeth-gnawed hands—fell tormentors which are unceasingly turning you, as on a burning gridiron, over a thought of love, jealousy, and despair! Young girl, mercy! A truce for a moment! A few ashes on this living coal! Wipe away, I conjure thee, the perspiration

that streams in large drops from my brow! Child! torture me with one hand—but caress me with the other! Have pity, young girl! have pity."

The priest rolled himself on the wet floor and beat his head against the angles of the stone steps. The young girl listened to him, looked at him. When he ceased, exhausted and panting, she repeated in an undertone, "Oh, my Phœbus!"

The priest crept toward her on his knees.

"I implore thee," cried he, "if thou hast any bowels of compassion, repulse me not! Oh! I love thee! I am a wretch! When thou utterest that name, unhappy girl, it is as if thou wert grinding between thy teeth every fibre of my heart! Mercy! If thou comest from hell, I go thither with thee. I have done enough for that. The hell where thou art, shall be my paradise—the sight of thee is more to be desired than that of God. Oh! say! wilt thou none of me, then? I should have thought the very mountains would have been removed before a woman would have repulsed such a love. Oh! if thou wouldst! . . . . Oh! how happy could we be! We would fly—I would contrive thy escape—we would go somewhere—we would seek that spot on the earth where the sun is the brightest, the trees most luxuriant, the sky the bluest. We would love each other—our two souls should be poured out in each other—and each of us should have an inextinguishable thirst for the other which we would quench incessantly and in common at that inexhaustible fountain of love!"

She interrupted him with a horrible and thrilling laugh. "Look, father! you have blood upon your fingers!"

The priest remained for some moments as if petrified, his eyes fixed on his hand.

"Yes—'tis well," continued he at length with singular calmness; "insult me—taunt me—overwhelm me with scorn! but come, come away. Let us hasten. 'Tis to be to-morrow, I tell thee. The gibbet of the Grève, thou knowest? It still awaits thee. 'Tis horrible—to see thee carried in that cart! Oh! mercy! Never did I feel as now I do how much I love thee. Oh! follow me. Thou shalt take time to love me after I have saved thee. Thou shalt hate me as long as thou wilt. But come. To-morrow! to-morrow! the gibbet! thy execution! Oh! save thyself! spare me!"

He took her arm—he was wild—he tried to drag her away.

She fixed on him a steady gaze. "What has become of Phœbus?"

"Ah!" said the priest, letting go her arm, "you have no pity!"

"What has become of Phœbus!" repeated she coldly.

"He's dead!" cried the priest.

"Dead!" said she, still frozen and motionless; "then why do you talk to me of living?"

He was not listening to her. "Oh, yes!" said he, as if speaking to himself, "he must be dead enough. The blade entered deep. I think I reached his heart with the point. Oh! my very soul was in that dagger!"

The young girl rushed upon him like a furious tigress, and pushed him against the flight of steps with supernatural strength. "Begone, monster! begone murderer! leave me to die! May the blood of both of us be an everlasting stain upon thy forehead! Be thine! priest! Never! never! nothing shall unite us! not hell itself! Begone, accursed! Never!"

The priest had stumbled against the stairs. He silently disengaged his feet from the folds of his gown, took up his lantern, and began slowly to ascend the steps leading to the door; he reopened the door, and went out. All at once the young girl saw his head reappear; its expression was terrible; and he cried out, hoarse with rage and despair, "I tell thee, he's dead!"

She fell with her face to the floor; and no other sound was now to be heard in the dungeon, save the trickling of the drop of water which ruffled the surface of the pool in the darkness.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOTHER.

It is doubtful whether there be anything in the world more gladdening to the heart of a mother than the ideas awakened by the sight of her infant's little shoe; above all, when it is the holiday, the Sunday, the christening shoe—the shoe embroidered to the very sole—a shoe in which the child has not yet taken one step. The shoe so tiny, has such a charm in it—'tis so impossible for it to walk—that it is to the mother as if she saw her child. She smiles at it, she kisses it, she talks to it, she asks herself, can it really be that there's a foot so small? and, should the child be absent, the little shoe suffices to bring back to her view the soft and fragile creature. She thinks she sees it—sees it all—living,

joyous, with its delicate hands, its round head, its pure lips, its clear eyes, with their whites so blue. If it be winter, there it is, crawling on the carpet, climbing laboriously up a stool; and the mother trembles lest it should go near the fire. If it be summer, it creeps about the yard, the garden—plucks up the grass from between the stones—gazes with artless wonder, and without fear, at the great dogs, the great horses—plays with the shellwork, the flowers, and makes the gardener scold when he finds the gravel on the beds and the mould in the walks. Everything smiles, everything is bright, everything plays around it, like itself—even to the zephyr and the sunbeam, which sport in rivalry amidst its wanton curls. The shoe brings all this home to the mother; and her heart melts before it as wax before the fire.

But when the child is lost, those thousand images of joy, of delight, of tenderness which swarmed around the little shoe, become so many sources of horror. The pretty little embroidered shoe is now only an instrument of torture, wearing away incessantly the heart of the mother. It is still the same chord which vibrates, the fibre the most sensitive, the most profound —but instead of its being touched by an angel, it is now wrenched by a demon.

One morning, as the May sun was rising on one of those dark-blue skies in which Garofolo loves to place his descents from the cross, the recluse of the Tour-Roland heard a noise of wheels, of horses, and the clanking of irons, in the Place de Grève. She was but little roused by it; fastened her hair over her ears to deaden the sound; and on her knees resumed her contemplation of the inanimate object which she had been thus adoring for fifteen years. That little shoe, we have already said, was to her the universe. Her thoughts were locked up in it, and were never to quit it until death. What bitter imprecations she had breathed to heaven, what heart-rending complaints, what prayers and sobs about this charming, rosy, satin toy, the gloomy cave of the Tour-Roland only knew. Never was more despair lavished upon a thing more charming or more graceful. That morning, it seemed as if her grief was venting itself still more violently than usual; and she was heard from without, lamenting in a loud and monotonous voice that went to the heart.

"Oh! my child," said she, "my child! my poor dear little babe, I shall see thee then no more!—all's over then! It seems to me always as if it was done but yesterday! My God! my God!

to take her from me so soon—it would have been better not to have given her to me! You do not know, then, that our children are of our own bowels, and that a mother that has lost her child believes no longer in God? Ah! wretched that I am—to have gone out that day!—Lord! Lord! to take her from me so! You never saw me with her, then—when I warmed her all joyous at my fire—when she laughed at me as I gave her suck—when I made her little feet creep up my bosom to my lips? Oh! if you had but seen that, my God! you would have had pity on my joy—you would not have taken from me the only thing I had left to love! Was I such a wretched creature, then, Lord, that you could not look at me before you condemned me?—Alas! alas! there's the shoe—but the foot, where is it?—where is the rest! —where is the child? My babe! my babe! what have they done with thee? Lord, give her back to me! For fifteen years have I worn my knees in praying to thee, my God!—is that not enough? Give her back to me for one day, one hour, one minute—but one minute, Lord! and then cast me to the evil one forever! Oh! if I knew where lay but the hem of your garment, I would cling to it with both hands, and you would be obliged to give me back my child! Her pretty little shoe, have you no pity on it, Lord? Can you condemn a poor mother to this fifteen years' torture? Good Virgin! good Virgin of heaven! my own infant Jesus, they have taken it from me—they have stolen it—they have eaten it on the wild heath—they have drank its blood—they have gnawed its bones? Good Virgin! have pity on me? My girl! I must have my girl! What care I that she's in heaven? I'll none of your angel, I want my child! I am the lioness, I want my whelp! Oh, I'll writhe upon the ground—I'll dash my forehead against the stones—I'll damn myself, and curse you, Lord, if you keep from me my child! You see how my arms are gnawed all over, Lord! Has the good God no pity! Oh, give me only black bread and salt, only let me have my child to warm me like a sun! Alas! Lord God, I am only a vile sinner, but my child made me pious. I was full of religion for her sake, and I saw you through her smile as through an opening of heaven. Oh, let me only once, once again, one little once, put this shoe on her pretty little rosy feet—and I will die, good Virgin, blessing you! Ah! fifteen years! she would be grown up now! Unhappy child!—What! is it true, then, I shall never see her more, not even in heaven? for I never shall go there. Oh, what misery! to have to say, 'There is her shoe, and that is all!'"

The wretched woman had thrown herself on this shoe, for so

many years her consolation and despair; and her heart was rent with sobs as at the first day—for to a mother that has lost her child, it is always the first day—that grief never grows old. In vain may the mourning garments wear out and lose their dye—the heart remains dark as at first!

At that moment some fresh and joyous children's voices passed before the cell. Whenever any children met her eye or ear, the poor mother used to rush in the darkest corner of her sepulchre, and seemed as if she would plunge her head into the stone that she might not hear them. This time, on the contrary, she started up, and listened eagerly. One of the little boys had just said, "They're going to hang a gypsy woman."

With a sudden bound, like that of the spider which we have seen rush upon a fly at the shaking of her web, she ran to her loophole, which looked out, as the reader is aware, upon the Place de Grève. There, indeed, was a ladder reared up against the permanent gibbet; and the hangman's assistant was busy adjusting the chains rusted by the rain. Some people were standing around.

The smiling group of children was already far off. The Sachette sought with her eyes some passer-by whom she might interrogate. Close to her cell she caught sight of a priest, who seemed to be reading in the public breviary, but whose mind was much less occupied with the lattice-guarded volume than with the gibbet, toward which he cast from time to time a stern and gloomy look. She recognised Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas, a holy man.

"Father," asked she, "Who's going to be hanged?"

The priest looked at her without answering; she repeated the question, and then he said, "I don't know."

"There were some children here just now, that said it was a gypsy woman," continued the recluse.

"I believe it is," said the priest.

Then Paquette la Chantefleurie burst into a laugh.

"Sister," said the archdeacon, "you hate the gypsy women heartily then?"

"Hate them!" cried the recluse; "they are witches—child-stealers! They devoured my little girl—my child—my only child! I have no heart left—they have devoured it!"

She was frightful. The priest looked at her coldly.

"There's one of them that I hate above all, and that I've cursed," resumed she; "a young one, who is the age my girl would be if her mother had not eaten my girl. Every time that young viper passes before my cell, she makes my blood boil."

"Well, sister, be joyful now," said the priest, as icy cold as a sepulchral statue; "that's the one you are going to see die."

His head fell upon his breast, and he withdrew slowly.

The recluse writhed her arms with joy.

"I foretold it to her that she would go up there again. Thank you, priest," cried she; and then she began to pace with rapid steps before the bars of her window-place, her hair dishevelled, her eyes glaring, striking her shoulder against the wall, with the wild air of a caged she-wolf that has long been hungry and feels that the hour of her repast is approaching.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE HUMAN HEARTS.

PHŒBUS, we may as well say, was not dead. Men of that kind are hard to kill. When Maître Philip Lheulier, advocate extraordinary to the king, said to poor Esmeralda, *He is dying*—he was either misinformed or joking. When the archdeacon repeated to her, "he is dead"—the fact was that he knew nothing about the matter; but he believed it, he had no doubt of it, he made sure of it, he hoped it. It would have gone too much against the grain to give good tidings of his rival to the female of whom he was enamoured. Every man in his place would have done the same.

Not that Phœbus's wound was not severe, but the injury was less serious than the archdeacon flattered himself it was. The *maître* surgeon to whose house the soldiers of the watch had immediately carried him, was for above a week under apprehensions for his life, and had even told him so in Latin. Youth, however, enabled him to get the better of it; and, as it frequently happens, notwithstanding prognostics and diagnostics, Nature had amused herself in saving the patient in spite of the doctor's teeth. It was while lying on the surgeon's truckle-bed that he had undergone the first interrogatories of Philip Lheulier and the inquisitors of the official, which had annoyed him exceedingly. One fine morning, therefore, finding himself better, he had left his gold spurs in payment at the surgeon's and decamped without beat of drum. This circumstance, however, had not in the least affected the judicial proceedings. Justice in those days cared but little about propriety and accuracy in a criminal process;

provided that the accused were hung, it was perfectly satisfied. Now, the judges had evidence sufficient against Esmeralda. They believed Phœbus to be dead, and that was quite enough.

Phœbus, on his part had not fled far. He had merely rejoined his company, in garrison at Queue-en-Brie, in the Isle of France, a few stages from Paris. He felt no inclination whatever to come forward personally in this process. He had a vague impression that he should cut a very ridiculous figure in it. At bottom, he knew not what to think of the whole affair. Irreligious and superstitious, like every soldier who is nothing but a soldier, when he called to mind all the circumstances of this adventure, he could not tell what to make of the goat, of the odd way in which he had first met with Esmeralda, of the not less strange manner in which she had betrayed her love, of her being an Egyptian, and, lastly, of the goblin-monk. He imagined that in this history there was much more of magic than of love, probably a sorceress, perhaps the devil; in short, a comedy, or to use the language of those days, a mystery, of a very disagreeable nature, in which he played an extremely awkward part—that of the butt for blows and laughter. The captain was quite overcome: he felt the sort of shame which La Fontaine so admirably compares with that of a fox caught by a hen. He hoped, besides, that the affair would not be bruited abroad, that in his absence his name would scarcely be mentioned in connection with it, or at any rate not beyond the pleadings at the Tournelle. Neither was he far wrong in this expectation: there was then no *Gazette des Tribuneaux;* and, as scarcely a week passed but there was some coiner boiled, some witch hanged, or some heretic burned, at one of the numberless *justices* of Paris, people were so accustomed to see the old feudal Themis, with bare arms and tucked-up sleeves, performing her office at the gallows and the pillory, that they scarcely took any notice of such events. In those days, the higher classes scarcely knew the name of the sufferer who was carried past the corner of the street, and the populace at most regaled itself with this coarse fare. An execution was a familiar incident in the public ways, like the oven of the baker, or the butcher's slaughter-house. The hangman was but a kind of butcher, a shade darker than the other.

Phœbus therefore soon set his mind at ease respecting the sorceress Esmeralda, or Similar, as he called her, the wound inflicted by the Bohemian or the goblin-monk—he cared not which—and the issue of the proceedings. But no sooner was his heart vacant on this score than the image of Fleur-de-Lys returned

thither. The heart of Captain Phœbus, like the philosophy of those times, abhorred a vacuum.

Besides, Queue-en-Brie was a very stupid place, a village of blacksmiths and dairy-women with chapped hands, a long line of crazy cottages bordering both sides of the high road for a mile. Fleur-de-Lys was his last passion but one, a handsome girl, with a good dower. One fine morning, therefore, being quite convalescent, and presuming that the affair with the Bohemian must after the lapse of two months have blown completely over, the amorous cavalier came swaggering to the door of the Gondelaurieur mansion. He took no notice of a numerous concourse assembled in the Place du Parvis, before the porch of Notre-Dame: he recollected that it was the month of May, and supposing that the people might be drawn together by some religious holyday or procession, he fastened his horse to the ring at the gate and gaily went up stairs to his fair betrothed.

She was alone with her mother. Fleur-de-Lys had always felt sore about the scene with the sorceress, her goat, her cursed alphabet, and the long absences of Phœbus: nevertheless, at the entrance of her truant, he looked so well, had such a new uniform, such a smart shoulder-belt, and assumed so impassioned an air, that she reddened with pleasure. The noble demoiselle was herself more charming than ever. Her magnificent light hair was admirably plaited; she was attired completely in sky-blue, which so well suits females of a fair complexion—a piece of coquetry which she had been taught by Colombe—and her eyes swam in that languor of love which suited them so admirably.

Phœbus, who had so long set eyes on nothing superior in beauty to the wenches of Queue-en-Brie, was delighted with Fleur-de-Lys; and this imparted such a warmth and such a tone of gallantry to his manner that his peace was instantly made. Madame de Gondelaurier herself, maternally seated as usual in her great arm-chair, had not the heart to scold him; and as for the reproaches of Fleur-de-Lys, they expired in tender cooings.

The young lady was seated near the window, still working away at her grotto of Neptune. The captain leant over the back of her chair, and in an under-tone she commenced her half-caressing, half-scolding enquiries.

"What have you been doing with yourself for these two months?"

"My dear cousin, I was ordered away to keep garrison."

"Where, if you please? and why not come to bid me adieu?"

"At Queue-en-Brie."

Phœbus was delighted that the first question enabled him to shirk the second.

"But that is close by, sir. How is it that you have not been once to see me?"

Here Phœbus was seriously embarrassed. "Why . . . . our duty . . . . and, besides, charming cousin, I have been ill."

"Ill!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"Yes, wounded."

"Wounded!"

The poor girl was thunderstruck.

"Oh, you need not frighten yourself about that," said Phœbus carelessly; "it was nothing at all. A quarrel, a scratch with a sword; how can that concern you?"

"Not concern me?" cried Fleur-de-Lys, raising her beautiful eyes swimming in tears. "Oh, in saying so you do not say what you think. How came you by the scratch you talk of? I insist on knowing all about it."

"Well then, my fair cousin, I had a squabble with Mahé Fédy —you know him—the lieutenant of St. Germain-en-Laye, and each of us ripped up a few inches of the other's skin—that is all."

The mendacious captain well knew that an affair of honour always raises a man in the estimation of a female. Accordingly, Fleur-de-Lys turned about and looked him in the face with emotions of fear, pleasure, and admiration. Still she was not completely satisfied.

"Ah, Phœbus," said she, "how I rejoice that you are quite well again! I do not know your Mahé Fédy—but he must be a scurvy fellow. And what was the cause of this quarrel?"

Here Phœbus, whose imagination was not the most fertile, began to be puzzled how to get out of the dilemma.

"Oh, I hardly recollect—a mere nothing, a word about a horse —but, fair cousin," cried he, in order to change the conversation, "what is the occasion of this bustle in the Parvis? Only look," he continued, stepping to the window, "what a crowd there is in the Place!"

"I know not," replied Fleur-de-Lys. "I did hear that a witch was to do penance this morning before the church, and to be hung afterwards."

The captain made so sure that the affair with Esmeralda was long since over that he took but little interest in the information given to him by Fleur-de-Lys. He nevertheless asked her one or two questions.

"What is the name of this witch?"

"I know not," answered she.

"And what do they say she has done?"

"I know not," said she, with another shrug of her fair shoulders.

"Mon Dieu!" said the mother, "there are now-a-days so many sorcerers and witches, that they burn them, I verily believe, without knowing their names. You might as well ask the name of every cloud in the sky. But what need we care? God Almighty will be sure to keep a correct list." Here the venerable lady rose and advanced to the window.—"Bless me! there is indeed a crowd, as you say, Phœbus. Why, the very rocks are covered with the *populaire!* Do you know Phœbus, this reminds me of my young days, of the entry of King Charles VII., when there was as great a crowd as this—only the people were much more comely than now. Every spot was thronged with them even to the battlements of the gate of St. Antoine. The King had the Queen on the crupper behind him, and after their Highnesses came all the ladies riding in the same way behind their lords. A procession of all the gentlemen of France with their banners waving in the air. Ah! well-a-day! 'tis sad to think that all this pomp has been, and that nothing of it is now left!"

The lovers were not listening to the worthy dowager. Phœbus had again planted himself behind his betrothed, and was leaning over the back of her chair, his eyes wandering over so much of her neck as was not covered by her *collerette*. Dazzled by that skin which shone like satin, the captain said within himself: "How can one love any but a fair woman?" Both kept silence. The lady gave him from time to time a look of delight and fondness; and their hair mingled together in the spring sunshine.

"Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys, abruptly, in a low tone, "we are to be married in three months: swear that you never loved any other but me."

"I do swear it, beautiful angel!" replied Phœbus, and his impassioned look concurred with the emphatic accent of his words to convince Fleur-de-Lys. It is possible that at the same moment he himself believed what he asserted.

Meanwhile the good mother, pleased to see the young people on such excellent terms, had left the apartment to attend to some domestic matter or other. Phœbus perceived her absence, which emboldened the enterprising captain. Fleur-de-Lys loved him: she was betrothed to him; she was alone with him; his former fondness for her was revived, if not in all its freshness, at any rate in all its ardour. I know not precisely what ideas crossed his mind; but so much is certain, that Fleur-de-Lys be-

came suddenly alarmed at the expression of his countenance. She looked around her—her mother was gone!

"Bless me!" said she, flushed and agitated. "I am very hot."

"Why," replied Phœbus, "I dare say it is almost noon. The sun is troublesome. I will draw the curtains."

"No, no!" cried the trembling damsel; "on the contrary, I have need of air;" and rising, she ran to the window, and stepped out on the balcony. Phœbus followed her thither half sulkily.

The Place du Parvis, Notre-Dame, into which, as the reader knows, this balcony looked, exhibited at this moment a sinister and singular spectacle, which quickly changed the nature of the timid Fleur-de-Lys' alarm. An immense crowd, which flowed back into all the adjacent streets, covered the Place, properly so called. The wall which encompassed the Parvis would not have been sufficient to keep it clear, had it not been thickly lined by sergeants of the Onze-vingts and arquebusiers, with their pieces in their hands. The wide portals of the church were closed, contrasting with the numberless windows around the Place, which, thrown open up to the roofs, displayed thousands of heads one above the other, like piles of cannon-balls in a park of artillery. The surface of the crowd was grey, squalid, and dirty. The sight which it was awaiting was evidently one of those which have the privilege of calling together all that is most disgusting in the population. Nothing was more hideous than the noise which arose from the assemblage. In this concourse there were more women than men, most of whom were laughing.

Ever and anon some harsh or shrill voice was heard above the general din to this effect:—

"Mahiet Baliffre, is she to be hanged yonder?"

"No, simpleton—only to do penance there in her chemise—The priest is to cough Latin in her face. 'Tis always done here, at noon precisely. If you want to see the hanging, you must go to the Grève."

"I will go there afterwards."

* * * * * *

"Is it true, La Boucanbry, she refused a confessor?"

"I believe so, La Bechaigne."

"Only think! the Pagan!"

* * * * * *

"It is the custom, sir. The bailiff of the Palais is bound to deliver up the culprit for execution, if of the laity, to the provost of Paris; but if a clerk to the official of the bishopric."

"I thank you, sir."

* * * * * * *

Such were the words spoken by the spectators of the ceremony.

"O my God!" exclaimed Fleur-de-Lys, surveying the populace with a sorrowful look. The captain was too much engaged with her to notice the rabble.

At this moment the clock of Notre-Dame struck twelve. A murmur of satisfaction pervaded the crowd. Scarcely had the last vibration of the twelfth stroke subsided, when the mass of heads began to scatter, and a shout of "There she is!" burst simultaneously from pavement, windows, and roofs.

Fleur-de-Lys covered her eyes with her hands that she might not see.

"Will you go in, dear?" asked Phœbus.

"No," said she; and those eyes which she shut from fear, opened again out of curiosity.

A cart, drawn by a strong Norman bay, and completely surrounded by horsemen in purple livery, marked with white crosses, had just issued from the Rue St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs and entered the Place. The sergeants of the watch opened a passage for it through the populace with staves, with which they laid lustily about them. Beside the cart rode certain officers of justice and police, who might be known by their black dress, and the awkward manner in which they sat on their horses. At their head paraded Maître Jacques Charmolue. In the fatal cart was seated a young female, with her hands tied behind her, and no priest at her side. She was stripped to her chemise: her long black hair —for it was not then customary to cut it off till the culprit was at the foot of the gallows—fell loosely over her bosom and half uncovered shoulders.

Through this flowing hair, might be seen twisting a grey, knotty cord, which fretted her delicate skin, and twined itself around the neck of the poor girl like an earth worm upon a flower. Beneath this cord glistened her amulet adorned with green beads, which had been left her no doubt because it is usual to refuse nothing to those who are going to die. The spectators in the windows could see at the bottom of the cart her naked legs, which she tried to conceal beneath her, as if by a last instinct of female modesty. At her feet there was a little she goat, also bound. The prisoner held her chemise, which was not properly fastened, together with her teeth. Her misery seemed to be aggravated by her being thus exposed nearly naked to the public

gaze. Alas! it is not for such shudderings that modesty is made!

"Look, fair cousin," said Fleur-de-Lys sharply to the captain, —"'Tis that Bohemian hussy with the goat."

As she spoke, she turned towards Phœbus. His eyes were fixed on the cart. He was very pale.

"What Bohemian with the goat?" said he, faltering.

"What!" replied Fleur-de-Lys, "don't you recollect?"

"I know not what you mean," said Phœbus interrupting her.

He was stepping back to return to the room; but Fleur-de-Lys, whose jealousy, some time since so strongly excited by this same Egyptian, was awakened anew, and she cast on him a look of mistrust. She had a slight recollection of having heard that a captain was implicated in the proceedings against this sorceress.

"What ails you?" said she to Phœbus; "one would suppose that the sight of this creature had discomfited you."

"Me! not the least in the world!" stammered Phœbus with a forced grin.

"Then stay!" said she imperiously; "and let us look on till all is over."

The captain was obliged to remain. He recovered somewhat of his assurance on observing that the prisoner never raised her eyes from the bottom of the cart. It was Esmeralda. In this last stage of misfortune and ignominy, she was still beautiful; her large black eyes appeared still larger, on account of the hollowness of her cheeks; her livid profile was pure and sublime. She resembled what she had been, as a Virgin of Masaccio's resembles a Virgin of Raphael's—feebler, thinner, more attenuated.

For the rest, there was nothing about her, excepting her modesty, but was left, as it were, to chance, so deeply was she overwhelmed by stupor and despair. At each jolt of the cart her form rebounded like an inanimate thing: her look was dull and silly. A tear glistened in her eye; but it was motionless, as if frozen.

Meanwhile the sombre cavalcade had passed through the crowd, amid shouts of joy and attitudes of curiosity. In order to deserve the character of faithful historians, we must nevertheless record that many of the mob, ay, and of the hardest-hearted too, on seeing her so beautiful and so forlorn, were moved with pity. The cart had now reached the Parvis.

It stopped before the central porch. The escort ranged itself on either side. The mob kept silence; amid which, full of solemnity and anxiety, the doors of the great porch turned

as if spontaneously upon their hinges, which creaked with a shrill sound like that of a fife, afforded a view of the whole length of the church, vast, gloomy, hung with black, dimly lighted by a few tapers glimmering in the distance upon the high altar, and opening like the mouth of a cavern upon the Place, resplendent with the glorious sunshine. At the farthest extremity, in the dusk of the chancel, was faintly seen a colossal silver cross relieved upon black cloth which fell behind it from the roof to the pavement. The whole nave was vacant. Heads of priests were however seen confusedly moving about in the distant stalls of the choir; and at the moment when the great door opened, there burst from the church a grave, loud, and monotonous chant, hurling, as it were, in gusts, fragments of doleful psalms at the head of the condemned one.

These chants sung by aged men, lost in the darkness, over that beautiful creature, full of youth and life, caressed by a warm air of spring, and inundated with the sunlight, belonged to the mass for the dead.

The terrified girl, fixing her eyes on the dark interior of the church, seemed to lose both sight and thought. Her pale lips moved, as if in prayer; and when the executioner's man went to assist her to alight from the cart, he heard her repeating in a faint voice the word, *Phœbus!*

Her hands were unbound, and she alighted, accompanied by her goat, which had also been untied, and bleated for joy on finding itself at liberty; and she was then made to walk barefoot on the hard pavement to the foot of the steps leading to the porch. The rope which was fastened about her neck trailed behind her: you would have taken it for a snake that was following her.

The chanting in the church ceased. A large gold crucifix and a file of tapers began to move in the dusk. The sound of the halberts of the party-coloured Swiss was heard; and in a few moments a long procession of priests and deacons slowly advanced chanting towards the prisoner, and expanded itself before her eyes and those of the mob. But hers were riveted on him who walked at its head immediately after the bearer of the crucifix. "Oh!" she muttered to herself shuddering, "there he is again! the priest!"

It was actually the archdeacon. On his left was the sub-chanter, and on his right the chanter bearing the staff of his office. He advanced, with head thrown back, and eyes fixed and open, chanting with a loud voice.

At the moment when he appeared in the broad daylight beneath the lofty pointed arch of the portal, wrapped in an ample cope of silver marked with a black cross, he was so pale that sundry of the crowd imagined it must be one of the marble bishops kneeling on the sepulchral monuments in the choir, who had risen and come to receive on the brink of the tomb her who was about to die.

She, not less pale, not less statue-like, was scarcely aware that a heavy lighted taper of yellow wax had been put into her hand; she had not heard the squeaking voice of the clerk reading the form of the penance; when told to say *Amen*, she said *Amen*. Neither did she recover any life or any strength till she saw the priest make a sign to those who had her in custody to retire, and advance alone towards her. She then felt the blood boil in her head, and a spark of indignation was rekindled in that soul, already cold, benumbed, stupefied.

The archdeacon approached her slowly; even in this extremity she saw him survey her almost naked form with an eye sparkling with lascivious desire. In a loud voice he thus addressed her: "Bohemian girl, have you prayed to God to pardon you?" Then stooping—as the spectators imagined, to receive her last confession—he whispered, "Wilt thou be mine? I can even yet save thee!"

"What hast thou done with my Phœbus?"

"He is dead," said the priest.

At that moment the wretched archdeacon raised his head mechanically, and saw on the other side of the Place the captain standing in the balcony with Fleur-de-Lys. He shuddered, passed his hand over his eyes, looked again, muttered a malediction, and all his features were violently contracted.

"Well then, die!" said he. "No one shall have thee." Then, lifting his hand over the Egyptian, he pronounced these words in a loud and solemn tone:—"*I nunc, anima anceps, et sit tibi Deus misericors?*"

This was the dreadful form with which it was customary to conclude these gloomy ceremonies. It was the signal given by the priest to the executioner. The populace fell on their knees.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" said the priests, who stopped beneath the porch.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" repeated the crowd with a murmur that rose above their heads like the rumbling of an agitated sea.

"*Amen!*" said the archdeacon.

He turned his back on the prisoner; his head sank upon his

bosom; his hands crossed each other; he rejoined the train of priests, and presently receded from sight with the crucifix, the tapers, and the copes, beneath the dusky arches of the cathedral; and his sonorous voice expired by degrees in the choir, while chanting this verse of anguish:—

"*Omnes gurgites tui et fluctus tui super me transierunt.*"

At the same time the intermitting stamp of the iron-shod shafts of the halberts of the Switzers dying away between the intercolumniations of the nave, produced the effect of a clock-hammer striking the last hour of the doomed one.

Meanwhile the doors of Notre-Dame were left open, displaying to view the church empty, deserted, in mourning, taperless, and voiceless. The condemned girl stood motionless in her place, awaiting what was to be done with her. One of the vergers was obliged to intimate as much to Maître Charmolue, who, during the whole of this scene, had been studying the basso-rilievo of the great porch, representing, according to some, the sacrifice of Abraham, according to others, the alchymical operation, the angel being typified by the sun, the fire by the bundle of sticks, and the operator by Abraham. It was with some difficulty that he was roused from this contemplation; but at length he turned about, and, at a sign which he made, two men in yellow dresses, the executioner's assistants, approached the Egyptian to tie her hands again.

The unfortunate creature, at the moment for reascending the fatal cart and setting out on her last stage, was probably seized by some keen repining after life. She raised her dry but inflamed eyes towards heaven, towards the sun, towards the silvery clouds, studded here and there with trapeziums and triangles of azure, and then cast them down around her upon the earth, upon the crowd, upon the houses.

While the men in yellow were pinioning her arms, she gave a scream of joy. In the balcony she had descried *him*, her Phœbus, just as he looked when alive. The judge had told her a lie! 'twas he himself—she could not possibly doubt it. There he stood, living, moving, habited in his brilliant uniform, with the plume on his head and the sword by his side.

"Phœbus!" she cried; and she would have stretched out towards him her arms trembling with love and transport, but they were bound.

She then saw the captain with a young and handsome female who leant upon and looked at him with angry eye; Phœbus uttered a few words, which she was too far off to hear; both

hastily retired from the balcony into the room.

"Phœbus!" she cried wildly, "dost thou too believe it?" A horrible idea had just flashed upon her. She recollected that she had been condemned for the murder of Captain Phœbus.

She fell senseless upon the pavement.

"Come!" said Charmolue, "carry her away."

In the gallery of the royal statues, immediately above the pointed arches of the porch, a strange-looking spectator had till then been watching all that passed. He had not lost a single incident of the tragedy that had been acting ever since noon before the porch of Notre-Dame; and in the very first moments he had, unobserved, securely tied to one of the small pillars of the gallery a knotted rope, the end of which reached the pavement. At the moment when the executioner's assistants were preparing to obey the order of Charmolue, he strode across the balustrade of the gallery, seized the rope, glided down the façade; ran up to the two men with the swiftness of a cat that has fall n from the roof; felled both of them to the ground with his enormous fists; bore off the Egyptian on one arm, and at one bound he was in the church, holding up the young girl above his head and shouting with terrific voice—"Sanctuary! sanctuary!"

"Sanctuary! sanctuary!" repeated the crowd, and the clapping of thousands of hands caused Quasimodo's eye to sparkle with joy.

The shock brought Esmeralda to her senses. She opened her eyes, and instantly closed them again, as if horror-stricken at the sight of her deliverer.

Charmolue was stupefied—and so were the executioners. Within the walls of Notre-Dame the prisoner was secure from molestation. The cathedral was a place of refuge. Justice dared not cross its threshold.

Quasimodo paused under the great porch. His large feet seemed as firmly rooted in the pavement of the church as the massive Roman pillars. His head, with its profuse covering of hair, appeared to be thrust down into his shoulders, like that of the lion, which, too, has a copious mane and no neck. He held the damsel, palpitating all over, hanging from his horny hands like a white drapery; but he carried her with great care. He felt that a thing so delicate, was not made for such hands as his. At times he dared not touch her even with his breath. Then, all at once, he would clasp her closely in his arms, against his angular bosom, as his prize, as his all, as the mother of that girl would herself have done.

How touching was that protection afforded by a being so

deformed to one so unfortunate as the girl condemned to die and saved by Quasimodo!

After a few minutes, however, Quasimodo hastened into the interior of the church with his burden. The people, fond of daring deeds, followed him with their eyes along the dusty nave.

All at once he was again descried at one of the extremities of the gallery: he ran along it, like a maniac, holding up his treasure in his arms, and shouting—"Sanctuary!" The populace greeted him with fresh applause. Presently he again appeared on the upper platform, still bearing the gypsy in his arms, and running like one frantic, shouting—"Sanctuary."

"Bravo! Well done!" cried the populace on their part; and this acclamation was heard on the other side of the river by the crowd collected there.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

A MIND DERANGED.

WHEN his adopted son thus abruptly cut the fatal knot in which the archdeacon had bound the gypsy girl and caught himself, Claude Frollo was no longer in Notre-Dame. On returning into the sacristy, he cast from his shoulders the albe, the cope, and the stole; made his escape through the private door of the cloister; ordered a wherryman of the Terrain to convey him to the left bank of the Seine, and plunged into the streets of the University, meeting, at every step, men and women pressing toward the Pont St. Michel, in the hope that they would be in time to see the execution. Looking pale and wild, more troubled, more blinded, and more scared than some bird of the night, the archdeacon knew not where he was. He pressed forward, taking each street at random, making no selection of his route, only still urged on by that Grève, that horrible Grève, which he confusedly felt to be behind him.

In this way he proceeded the whole length of the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, and at last issued out of the town by the Porte St. Victor. He continued his flight so long as, turning round, he could see the towered enclosure of the University, and the houses of the faubourg; but when at last the hilly ground had taken out of his view that hateful Paris—when he could imagine himself a hundred leagues from it, he stopped, and breathed more freely.

A multitude of ideas rushed upon his mind. He thought of the girl who had maddened him, and whom he had destroyed. He cast a haggard eye over the two winding paths, along which fate had driven their separate destinies, to that point of intersection at which she had pitilessly shattered them against each other. He thought of the emptiness of chastity, science, and religion.

His soul was full of these bad thoughts; and, plunging deeper into them, he felt as if the incarnate fiend were laughing within him. He stirred up from the bottom of his heart all his hatred, and he discovered, with the cool eye of a physician, that his hatred was but vitiated love—that love, the source of every virtue in man, turned to things horrible in the heart of a priest—and that a man constituted as he was, by making himself a priest, made himself a demon. Then he laughed frightfully, and all at once he grew pale again, in contemplating the worst side of his fatal passion—of that love, corroding, venomous, malignant, implacable—which had driven one of them to the gibbet, the other to hell-fire.

His laugh came again, when he reflected that Phœbus was living—that the captain was alive, and had a new mistress, whom he brought to see the old one hanged. And he sneered at himself with redoubled bitterness, when he reflected that, of the living beings whose death he had desired, the only one whom he did not really hate, was the only one he had not failed to kill. His thoughts wandered from the captain to the assembled multitude, and he was seized with a jealousy of a novel kind. He reflected that the people, too, had had before their eyes the woman whom he loved, exposed almost in a state of nudity. He writhed his arms with agony at the idea that that woman, but a glimpse of whose form caught by himself alone in the darkness, would have been to him the very height of happiness, had been given thus, in broad daylight, at the very noontide, to the gaze of a whole multitude, clad as for a bridal night. He wept with rage over the thought that those mysteries of love should be thus profaned, sullied, withered, forever. He gave vent to his feelings as he figured to himself how many impure looks that ill-attached vesture had gratified—that this lovely girl, this virgin lily, this cup of purity and delight, which he could not have approached with his lips but in trembling, had been converted, as it were, into a public trough, at which the vilest of the Parisian populace had come to drink in common of a pleasure shameless, impure, and depraved.

And then, when he thought to picture to his imagination the happiness which he might have found upon earth, had not she been a gypsy and he a priest, his heart melted in tenderness and despair.

It was that fixed idea that haunted him, and he did not repent: all that he had done, he was ready to do again; he liked better to see her in the hands of the executioner than in the hands of

the captain. But he was suffering so violently, that he tore handfuls of hair from his head in his delirium.

There was a moment at which, in the midst of a diabolical laugh, he pictured to his imagination, Esmeralda as he had seen her for the first time—lively, careless, and joyous—and Esmeralda at her last hour, in her scanty attire, with the rope about her neck, ascending slowly with her naked feet the steps of the gibbet.

While this hurricane of despair was overturning, breaking, tearing up, bending to the earth, uprooting all within him, he looked upon the face of nature around him, and again he fled hurrying on through the country until the evening. This flight of his, from nature, from life, from himself, from man, from God, from everything, lasted the whole day. Sometimes he stopped in a deserted street, and his thoughts were so insupportable, that he would take his head between both his hands as though to dash it on the stones.

Towards sunset, he became almost mad. The storm that had been raging within him ever since the moment that he had lost all hope and wish to save the gypsy girl, had left him unconscious of a single rational thought. His reason was utterly destroyed. Only two distinct images remained in his mind, Esmeralda and the gallows—all beside was utter oblivion. Those two images, appearing together, presented to him a frightful picture; and the more he fixed upon them such power of attention as remained to him, the more he saw them increase according to a fancied progression—the one in grace, in charm, and in beauty—the other in deformity and horror—until, at last, Esmeralda appeared to him as a star, the gibbet as an enormous fleshless arm.

Meanwhile, daylight was declining. The living spirit still existing within him began confusedly to think of return. He thought himself far from Paris; but he discovered that he had only been roaming round the circuit of the University. The spire of St. Sulpice and the three lofty needles of St. Germain-des-Près, shot up above the horizon on his right. He bent his steps in that direction. When he heard the "*Qui-vive!*" of the abbot's men-at-arms, he turned aside, took a path that lay before him, and in a few minutes found himself upon the border of the Pré-aux-Clercs. The archdeacon was afraid of meeting some one there; he dreaded to encounter any human face; he had avoided the University, and the Bourg St. Germain, and he wished to enter the streets again at the latest hour possible. He passed along the side of the Pré-aux-Clercs, took the solitary path which lay between it and the Dieu-Neuf, and at length reached the

water-side. There Dom Claude found a boatman who conveyed him up the Seine to the extremity of the island of the City, and landed him beyond the king's gardens.

The rocking of the boat had in some degree lulled the unhappy Claude. When the wherryman had taken his departure, he remained standing in stupor upon the bank.

The sun had set behind the lofty Tour de Nesle, and it was now twilight. The sky was white, and so was the surface of the river. Between these two sheets of white, the left bank of the Seine, upon which his eyes were fixed, projected its dark mass, which, gradually tapering away in the perspective, shot out into the gray horizon like a huge black spire. It was loaded with houses, of which nothing was distinguishable but the dark outline of the whole, boldly marked upon the clear light tint of the sky and the water. Here and there the windows were beginning to twinkle from the lights within. That immense black obelisk, thus isolated between the two white expanses of the sky and the river (at that place very broad), had a singular appearance to Dom Claude, similar to that which would be experienced by a man lying with his back to the ground at the foot of the steeple of Strasburg, and looking up at the enormous spire piercing into the sky above him in the dim twilight. Only there was this difference—that here Claude was erect, and the obelisk was horizontal; but as the river, by reflecting the sky, deepened indefinitely the abyss beneath him, the vast promontory seemed springing as boldly into the void as any cathedral spire, and the impression was the same. Here, indeed, the impression was in this respect stronger and more profound—that, although it was indeed the steeple of Strasburg, it was the steeple of Strasburg two leagues high—something unexampled, gigantic, immeasurable—a structure such as no human eye had seen, except it were the Tower of Babel. The chimneys of the houses, the battlements of the walls, the fantastically-cut gables of the roofs, the spire of he Augustines, the Tour de Nesle—all those projections which indented the profile of the colossal obelisk—added to the illusion by their odd resemblance to the outline of a florid and fanciful sculpture. Claude, in the state of hallucination in which he then was, thought he saw with his living eyes the very steeple of hell. The thousand lights scattered over the whole height of the fearful tower, seemed to him to be so many openings of the vast internal furnace; while the voices and the noises that escaped from it were so many shrieks and groanings of the damned. Then he was terror-struck; he put his hands to his

ears that he might hear no longer, turned his back that he might no longer see, and strode hastily away from the frightful vision, a vision which was in himself.

When he came into the streets again, the people passing to and fro in the light of the shop-fronts, appeared to him like an everlasting movement of spectres about him. He had strange noises in his ears, and extraordinary fancies disturbed his brain. He saw neither the houses, nor the pavement, nor the vehicles, nor the men and women—but a chaos of undefined objects merging one into another. At the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie, there was a chandler's shop, which had the penthouse above its window, according to immemorial custom, garnished all round with tin hoops, from each of which was suspended a circle of wooden candles, clattering against each other in the wind with a noise like that of castanets. He thought he heard, rattling one against another in the dark, the bundles of skeletons at Montfaucon.

Bewildered, he knew not whither he was going, but advancing a few steps further, he found himself upon the Pont St. Michel. There was a light at a ground-floor window—he went up to it. Through the cracked panes he saw a dirty room, which awakened in his mind a confused recollection. In that room, ill-lighted by a meagre lamp, there was a young man, with a joyous face, throwing his arms, with boisterous laughter, about a girl very immodestly attired; and near the lamp there was an old woman spinning and singing with a tremulous voice. As the young man's laughter was only heard now and again, the old woman's song made its way in fragments to the ear of the priest.

The young man was laughing and caressing the girl. The old woman was La Falourdel; the girl was a girl of the town; and the young man was his brother Jehan.

He continued looking; the sight pleased him then as well as any other.

He saw Jehan go to the window at the farther end of the room, open it, and look out upon the quay. Afterwards returning to the wench, saying, "Isabeau, my darling, I shall not be satisfied with Jupiter till he's changed your two white nipples into two black bottles, that I may suck Beaune wine from them day and night." This fine piece of wit made the courtezan laugh; and he then took his departure.

Dom Claude had only just time to throw himself on the ground, in order to escape being recognized by his brother. Fortunately the street was dark, and the scholar was drunk. Nevertheless,

he espied the archdeacon lying upon the pavement in the mud. "Oh! oh!" said he, "here's one that's had a merry time of it to-day."

He pushed Dom Claude with his foot, the archdeacon holding his breath the while.

"Dead drunk!" resumed Jehan, adding, as he stooped over him, "it's only an old man!"

Then Dom Claude heard him go away, saying: "It's all one—reason's a fine thing—and my brother the archdeacon's a lucky fellow to be wise and have money!"

The archdeacon then got up again, and hurried straight to Notre-Dame, the big towers of which he could see rising in the dark over the houses.

At the moment that he arrived, all panting, at the Place du Parvis, he shrunk back, and dared not lift his eyes toward the fatal edifice. "Oh," whispered he to himself, "and can it really be, that such a thing took place here to-day—this very morning!"

And now he ventured a glance at the church. It's front was dark—the sky behind was glittering with stars—the crescent moon, in her flight upward from the horizon, at that moment reached the summit of the right-hand tower, and seemed to have perched upon it, like a luminous bird, on the edge of the dark trifoliated balustrade.

The cloister gate was shut; but the archdeacon always had with him the key of the tower containing his laboratory, and he now made use of it to enter the church.

He found within it the darkness and the silence of a cavern. By the great shadow that fell from all sides in broad masses, he perceived that the hangings of the morning ceremony were not yet taken away. The great silver cross was glittering amid the darkness, sprinkled over with a number of glittering points, like the milky-way of that sepulchral night. The long windows of the choir showed, above the black drapery, the upper extremities of their pointed arches, the stained glass of which, as shown by the moonlight, had only the doubtful colours of the night, a sort of violet, white, and blue, of a tint to be found nowhere else but on the faces of the dead. The archdeacon, on observing all round the choir those pale pointed window tops, thought he saw so many mitres of bishops gone to perdition. He closed his eyes; and when he opened them again, he thought they were a circle of pale visages looking down upon him.

His madness, had reached such a pitch, that it seemed as tho'

the whole world was become to the unhappy man supernatural.

For a moment he felt some relief; for on plunging into the side aisles, he perceived issuing from behind a group of pillars, a red light. It was the feeble lamp that lighted day and night the public breviary of Notre-Dame. He cast his eye eagerly upon the sacred book, in the hope of finding there some sentence of consolation or encouragement. The volume was open at this passage of Job, over which he ran his burning eye: "And a spirit passed before my face; and I heard a little breath; and the hair of my flesh stood up."

Whilst reading this dismal sentence, his sensations were those of a blind man who has lost his way. His knees dropped under him, and he sank upon the pavement, thinking of her who had died that day.

He remained long in this posture—thinking no more, but overwhelmed under the power of the demon. At last some strength returned to him; he thought of taking refuge in the tower, near to his faithful Quasimodo. He rose; and, as fear was upon him, he took the lamp of the breviary to light him. This was a sacrilege—but he was now beyond regarding this act in that light.

He climbed slowly up the staircase of the tower, filled with a secret dread.

All at once he felt some coolness upon his face, and found himself under the doorway of the upper gallery. The crescent moon gleaming, looked like some celestial vessel set fast among icebergs.

He looked down, and gazed for a moment through the curtain of slender columns that connects the towers, afar off, through a light veil of mist and smoke—upon the silent multitude of the roofs of Paris—pointed, innumerable, crowded, and small, like the waves of a tranquil sea in a summer's night. The moon cast a feeble light, which gave to earth and sky an ashy hue.

Just then the cathedral clock struck twelve. The priest thought of noon—it was twelve o'clock come again. "Oh," he whispered to himself, she must be cold now."

Suddenly a puff of wind extinguished his lamp, and at the same time there appeared to him, at the opposite angle of the tower, something white, a shape, a female form. He started. By the side of that female form was that of a little goat, that mingled its bleating with the last sounds of the clock.

He had resolution enough to look—it was she!

She was pale. Her hair fell upon her shoulders as in the morning, but no rope was round her neck, no cord upon her

hands—she was free—she was clad in white, and over her head was thrown a white veil.

She approached slowly, looking up to heaven, the goat following her. He felt himself of stone—too stiff to fly. At each step that she came forward, he made one backward, and that was all. In this manner he re-entered under the dark vault of the staircase. He froze at the idea that she perhaps was going to enter there too; had she done so, he would have died of terror.

She arrived before the staircase door, stopped for some moments, looked steadfastly into the dark cavity; then, without appearing to notice the priest, she passed on. He thought she looked taller than when she was alive—he saw the moon through her white robe—and was near enough to hear her breathing.

When she had passed by, he began to redescend the staircase with the same slowness which he had observed in the spectre, thinking himself a spectre too—all haggard, his hair erect, the lamp still extinguished in his hand; and, as he descended the spiral stairs, he distinctly heard a voice laughing and repeating in his ear: "And a spirit passed before my face; and I heard a little breath; and the hair of my flesh stood up."

CHAPTER II.

THE ESCAPE OF ESMERALDA.

In the Middle Ages, and down to the time of Louis XII., every town in France had its places of sanctuary. These sanctuaries, amid the deluge of penal laws and barbarous jurisdictions that inundated the state, were a sort of islands rising above the level of human justice. Every criminal that landed upon any one of them was saved. The royal palaces, the mansions of the princes, and especially the churches, had right of sanctuary.

When once he had set foot within the asylum, the criminal's person was sacred: but it behoved him to beware how he quitted it again; but one step out of the sanctuary—and he fell back into the flood. Thus individuals under condemnation have been known to grow gray, confined to a cloister, to the staircase of a palace, the grounds of an abbey, or the porch of a church; so far, the sanctuary itself was but a prison under another name. It now and then happened that a solemn decree of the parliament violated the asylum, and reconsigned the condemned to the hands

of the executioner—but this was a rare occurrence. Occasionally, however, as in the case of the assassins of Petit-Jean, the Paris executioner, and in that of Emery Rousseau, who had murdered Jean Valleret, temporal justice overleaped the pretensions of the Church, and went on to the execution of its sentences. But except by virtue of a decree of the parliament, woe to him that forcibly violated a place of sanctuary! It is well known what was the end of Robert de Clermont, marshal of France, and Jean de Châlons, marshal of Champagne; but the two marshals had forced the doors of St. Mary's church—this was the enormity of the offence.

Around these places of sanctuary there floated an atmosphere of reverence.

The churches had usually a cell prepared for the reception of the suppliants. In 1407, Nicolas Flamel caused a chamber to be built for them over the vaulted roof of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie. At Notre-Dame it was a cell constructed over one of the aisles.

There it was that, after his frantic and triumphal course along the towers and galleries, Quasimodo had deposited Esmeralda. So long as that course lasted, the girl had remained almost without consciousness, having only a vague perception that something was carrying her upward from the earth. From time to time she heard the loud voice of Quasimodo, at her ear; she half opened her eyes; saw, confusedly, beneath her, Paris; and just above her, Quasimodo. Then her eyelids dropped again; she believed that all was over—that she had been executed while in her fainting-fit; and that the deformed genius that had ruled her destiny had now laid hold of her spirit and was bearing it away.

But when the poor ringer, all disheveled and panting, had deposited her in the cell of refuge—when she felt his clumsy hands gently untying the cord that had cut into her arms—she felt a sort of shock which startled her from her reverie and her ideas awakened. She saw that she was in Notre-Dame; she remembered having been snatched from the hands of the executioner; that Phœbus was living, that Phœbus loved her no longer; and these ideas, of which the latter shed so much bitterness over the former, presenting themselves jointly to the poor sufferer, she turned to Quasimodo, whose countenance affrighted her, and said to him, "Why have you rescued me?"

He looked at her steadfastly, as tho' striving to divine what she was saying to him. She repeated her question. He gave

her another look of profound sadness, and hastened away, but returned carrying a bundle, which he threw at her feet. It was some wearing apparel. Then she cast down her eyes over her own person, found herself almost naked, and blushed. This feeling of modest shame seemed to communicate itself to Quasimodo. He veiled his eye with his hand, and once more went away. She dressed in haste, and had scarcely finished her toilet before she saw Quasimodo return, carrying a basket of provisions under one arm, and a mattress under the other. He set the basket on the ground, and said to her, "eat." He spread out the mattress upon the flag-stones, and said, "sleep." It was his own meal, his own bed, that the poor ringer had been to fetch.

Esmeralda raised her eyes to thank him, but could not speak. Quasimodo was in truth horrible to look upon. She cast down her eyes again.

Then he said to her: "I frighten you—I'm very ugly—am not I? Don't look at me—only listen to me. In the daytime, you'll stay here—at night, you can walk about the church. But don't go out either by day or night. They would kill you—and I should die."

His words affected her, and she raised her head to answer him, but he had vanished. She found herself alone, pondering over the singular sentences of this ugly being, but struck by the tone of his voice, so hoarse and yet so gentle.

Then she examined her cell. It was a small room, with a window and door. The thought of her loneliness was oppressing her more than ever, when suddenly she felt a shaggy head upon her lap. She started, and looked down. It was the poor little goat, which had escaped at the moment when Quasimodo had scattered Charmolue's brigade, and had been lavishing its caresses at her feet for nearly an hour without obtaining so much as a single look. Its mistress inundated it with kisses. "Oh, Djali," said she, "how I had forgotten thee! So thou still think'st of me. Oh, thou art not ungrateful!" At the same time, as if some invisible hand had lifted the weight that had so long repressed her tears within her heart, she began to weep.

When evening came, she went round the high gallery that encircles the cathedral; and this exercise gave her some relief, so placid did the earth appear to her viewed from that height.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

THE following morning Esmeralda perceived, on waking, the cheerful rays of the rising sun, which streamed through the window. At the same time, she saw at the window the face of Quasimodo. Mechanically her eyes closed again, but in vain—she still thought she saw that unnatural one-eyed visage. Still keeping her eyes closed, she heard a voice, saying, very gently, "Don't be afraid. I am your friend. I came to look at you sleeping. That does not hurt you, does it—that I should see you asleep? What does it matter my being here when you have your eyes shut? Now I'm going away. You may open your eyes again."

There was something yet more plaintive than these words; it was the tone in which they were spoken. The gypsy, affected at them, opened her eyes. He had gone away from the window. She went to it, and saw the poor hunchback crouching in an angle of the wall, in a posture of sorrow. She made an effort to overcome the feeling which she felt at the sight of him. "Come hither," said she, softly. From the movement of her lips Quasimodo thought that she was bidding him go away; and he retreated, limping, slow, hanging his head, and not venturing to lift up to the young girl his despairing countenance. "Come hither, I say," cried she, but he continued to retreat. Then she hurried out of the room, ran after him, and laid hold of his arm. On feeling the pressure, Quasimodo trembled, and finding that she was trying to draw him toward her, his face beamed with joy. She tried to make him enter her cell; but he persisted in remaining on the threshold.

She then gracefully sat down upon her couch, with her goat asleep at her feet. They remained motionless for some time, absorbed in the contemplation—he, of so much grace—she, of so much ugliness. She could not understand how a being so fashioned could exist. Yet, over the whole there was diffused an air of so much gentleness, that she was beginning to be reconciled to it.

He was the first to speak. "So you wish me to come back." She nodded, and said, "Yes."

He understood the motion of her head. "Alas!" said he, "you see, I am deaf."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed she, with an expression of pity.

He smiled. "You thought that was all I wanted—didn't you? Yes, I'm deaf. That's the way I'm made. It's horrible, isn't it? You are so beautiful," he suddenly exclaimed; "and never did I see my ugliness as I do now. When I compare myself to you, I do indeed pity myself, poor unhappy being that I am. You must think I look like a beast. Tell me, now. You, who are a sunbeam."

"Well," said she, "tell me why you saved me."

He looked at her intently while she was speaking. "Oh, I understand," replied he, "you ask me why I saved you. Have you forgotten a poor wretch that tried to carry you off one night—a poor wretch that you brought water to the next day on that shameful pillory. You've forgotten that poor wretch—but he remembers."

She listened with deep emotion. A tear stood in the poor ringer's eye. "Just listen to me," said he, "we've very high towers here, if a man were to fall from one, he'd be dead before he reached the ground; should you wish to fall in that way, you'll not so much as have to say a word—a glance will be enough."

Then he rose up from his leaning posture. This odd being, unhappy as the gypsy girl herself was, yet awakened some compassion in her breast. She motioned him to remain.

"No," said he, "I mustn't stay too long—I'm not at my ease. I'm going somewhere, from whence I shall see you and you won't see me."

Taking from his pocket a small metal whistle. "There," said he, "when you want me—when you wish me to come—you'll whistle with that. I shall hear the sound."

CHAPTER IV.

ESMERALDA AND QUASIMODO.

TRANQUILLITY eventually returned to Esmeralda. Grief, like joy, being violent in its nature, is short. The heart is incapable of remaining long in that state. The gypsy girl had suffered so much, that astonishment at it was all that she now felt.

With a feeling of security, hope had returned to her. She

was out of society, away from life; but she had a vague sense that it was not quite impossible for her to return to them.

She felt gradually departing from her mind the terrible images which had so long beset her. All the hideous phantoms, Pierrat Torterue, Jacques Charmolue, were vanishing from her—not excepting the priest himself.

That Phœbus was living, she felt sure—she had seen him. The fact of his being alive was everything to her. After the shocks which had overturned everything in her soul, she had found nothing still keeping its place there but the one feeling, her love for the captain, but Esmeralda could not think of him without feelings of bitterness. She strove to account to herself for many singular things—for his happening to be present on the day of the penance at the church door, and for his being accompanied by a lady. It was his sister, no doubt—an explanation by no means plausible, but with which she contented herself, because she needed to believe that Phœbus still loved her, and her alone. Had he not sworn it to her? And what stronger assurance did she need, simple and credulous as she was? And besides in the sequel of the affair, were not appearances much more strongly against herself than against him? So she waited and hoped.

The religious attitude of all the objects by which the girl was surrounded had a tranquillizing effect upon her. Thus each successive sunrise found her less pale, more calm, and breathing more freely. In proportion as her internal wounds healed, her grace and her beauty bloomed again on her countenance. Her former character also returned—something even of her gaiety, her pretty grimace, her fondness for her goat, her love of singing, her feminine bashfulness. She was careful to dress herself in the morning, in the corner of her little chamber, lest some inhabitant of the neighbouring garrets should see her through the little window.

When not thinking of Phœbus, the gypsy sometimes thought of Quasimodo. He was the only link, the only means of communication with mankind, with the living, that remained to her. Unfortunate creature! she was more out of the world than Quasimodo himself. She knew not what to make of the strange friend whom chance had given her. Often she reproached herself for not having a gratitude which could shut its eyes—but, positively, she could not reconcile herself to the sight of the poor ringer.

She had left the whistle he had given her lying on the ground. This, however, did not prevent Quasimodo from reappearing,

from time to time, during the first days. She strove hard to restrain herself from turning away with too strong an appearance of disgust when he came and brought her the basket of provisions or the pitcher of water; but he always perceived the smallest motion of that kind and then he went away sorrowful.

He happened to come once at the moment she was caressing her goat. He stood for a few minutes watching that graceful group of the goat and the gypsy, and then he said, shaking his heavy and ill-formed head: "My misfortune is, that I'm still too much like a man—I wish I were a beast outright, like that goat."

She raised her eyes toward him with a look of wonder. To this look he replied, "Oh, I well know why!" and went his way.

At another time he presented himself at the door of the cell at the moment when she was singing an old Spanish ballad. At the sight of his countenance, the girl broke it off with an involuntary gesture of affright. The unfortunate ringer fell upon his knees on the threshold, and clasped with a suppliant look his great shapeless hands. "Oh!" said he, with a sorrowful accent, "go on, I entreat you, and don't send me away." She was unwilling to pain him; and so, all trembling, she resumed her song. Her fright, however, dissipated by degrees, and she abandoned herself wholly to the expression of the plaintive air she was singing. He, all the while, had remained upon his knees, with his hands clasped as in prayer—attentive—hardly drawing his breath—his look fixed upon the beaming eyes of the gypsy.

Another time, he came to her with a look of awkwardness and timidity. "Listen," said he, with an effort; "I have something to say to you." She made him a sign that she was all attention. Then he began to sigh, and half opening his lips, seemed for a moment to be on the point of speaking, then looked her in the face, made a motion with his head, and slowly withdrew, with his hand pressed to his forehead, leaving the gypsy girl in amazement.

One morning, Esmeralda, having advanced to the roof, was looking into the Place, over the sharp ridge of the church of Saint-Jean-le-Rond. Quasimodo was behind her. Suddenly the gypsy girl started—a tear and a flash of joy shone at once in her eyes—she knelt down and stretched out her arms, in anguish toward the Place, crying out, "Phœbus! oh come! come hither! one word! but one word, in heaven's name!—Phœbus!" Quasimodo leaned over toward the Place, and saw that the object of this agonizing prayer was a handsome cavalier, glittering in gay attire, who was passing in the square beneath, and saluting

with his plume a young lady who was smiling at him from her balcony. The officer, however, did not hear the call of the unfortunate girl, for he was too far off.

But Quasimodo heard. A deep sigh heaved his breast; he turned round; his heart was swelled with tears which he restrained from flowing; his hands, clenched convulsively, struck against his head, and when he drew them away there came with each a handful of his red hair.

The gypsy girl was paying no attention to him. He said in an undertone, grinding his teeth: "Perdition! So that's how a man should be; he need only be handsome outside!"

In the meanwhile, she had remained on her knees, crying out with agitation: "Oh, there! he's getting off his horse. He's going into that house. Phœbus! He does not hear me. Phœbus! What a wicked woman that is to talk to him at the same time that I do. Phœbus! Phœbus!"

Quasimodo had his eye upon her all the while. He understood all. The poor ringer's eyes filled with tears. All at once he pulled her gently by the sleeve. She turned round. He had assumed a tranquil air, and said to her, "Would you like me to go and fetch him."

She uttered an exclamation of joy. "Oh, yes, go! go! run! quick!—that captain—that captain—bring him to me and I'll love you!" She clasped his knees. He could not help shaking his head, sorrowfully. "I'll bring him to you," said he in a faint voice. Then he turned his head, and strode towards the staircase.

He reached the Place, but found only the horse fastened at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier; the captain had just entered. He looked up to the roof of the church; Esmeralda was still there, in the same posture. He made her a sign of the head; then set his back against one of the posts of the porch of the mansion, determined to wait until the captain came out.

It was, at the Logis Gondelaurier, one of those gala days that precede a marriage; Quasimodo saw many people enter but nobody come away. Now and then he looked up to the roof, of the church, and he saw that the gypsy girl did not stir from her position. Then came a groom, who untied the horse, and led him to the stable of the mansion.

The entire day passed in this manner, Quasimodo against the post, Esmeralda upon the roof, and Phœbus, at the feet of Fleur-de-Lys.

At length night came, a dark, moonless night. In vain did

Quasimodo fix his eye upon Esmeralda. All had vanished, all was darkness. Quasimodo now saw the light shining through the windows of the Logis Gondelaurier; and saw the other windows of the Place lit up one after another; he remained the whole night a his post. The officer however did not show himself

The windows of the Logis Gondelaurier remained lighted, even after midnight. Quasimodo, motionless and attentive, saw passing to and fro behind the many-coloured panes a multitude of dancing shadows.

About one in the morning the company began to depart. Quasimodo, wrapped in darkness, looked at them all as they passed under the lighted porch, but none of them was the captain.

He was full of sad thoughts; now and then he looked up into the air, like one weary of waiting. Great black clouds, were hanging like ragged festoons of crape under the starry arch of night.

At length he suddenly saw the long folding window that opened upon the balcony, mysteriously open. The light glazed door admitted two persons through it upon the balcony, then softly closed behind them. They were a male and female. It was not without difficulty that Quasimodo, in the dark, could recognize in the man the handsome captain, and in the woman the lady whom he had seen in the morning bidding the officer welcome from the same balcony. The Place was perfectly dark, and a double crimson curtain, which had fallen behind the glass door at the moment it had closed, intercepted almost every ray of light from the apartment within.

The young couple, as far as Quasimodo could judge without hearing a word of what they said, appeared to abandon themselves to a very tender tête-à-tête. The young lady seemed to have permitted the officer encircle her waist with his arm, and was gently resisting a kiss.

The hunchback witnessed from below this scene, the more attractive as it was not intended to be witnessed. He contemplated that happiness, that beauty, with feelings of bitterness. After all, nature was not altogether silent in the poor devil, and his nervous system, strangely distorted as it was, was yet susceptible of excitement. He thought of the wretched share which Providence had dealt him; that woman, and the pleasures of love, were destined everlastingly to pass under his eyes without his ever doing more than witness the happiness of others. But that which pained him most of all in this spectacle—that which mingled indignation with his chagrin—was what the gypsy girl

would suffer were she to behold it. True it was that the night was dark, that Esmeralda, if she had remained at the same place, as he doubted not she had, was very far off, and that it was all that he himself could do to distinguish the lovers on the balcony —this consoled him when he thought of the anguish of the gipsy.

Meanwhile the conversation above became more and more animated. The young lady seemed to be entreating the officer te solicit nothing more from her. All that Quasimodo could distinguish, was the fair clasped hands, the mingled smiles and tears, and the uplifted eyes of the young woman, and the eyes of the captain fixed ardently upon her.

Fortunately for the young lady, whose resistance was gradually giving way, the door of the balcony suddenly re-opened, and an old lady made her appearance, whereupon the young one looked confused, the officer mortified, and they all three went in again.

Directly afterwards a horse came prancing under the porch, and the brilliant officer, wrapped in his night cloak, passed rapidly before Quasimodo.

The ringer let him turn the corner of the street, and then ran after him, shouting, "Ho! there! captain!"

The captain stopped. "What does the rascal want with me?" said he, espying in the dark the strange figure running toward him.

Meanwhile Quasimodo had come up to him, and boldly taking the horse by the bridle, said, "Follow me, captain; there's somebody that wants to speak to you."

"What next?" grumbled Phœbus, "here's a villainous ragged fellow that I think I've seen somewhere before. Hollo! leave hold of my bridle?"

"Captain," answered the deaf ringer, "aren't you asking me who it is?"

"I tell you to let go my horse," returned Phœbus, impatiently. "What does the fellow want, hanging at my charger's rein?"

Quasimodo, so far from leaving hold of the horse's bridle, was preparing to make him turn round. Unable to understand the captain's refusal, he hastily said to him: "Come along, captain; it's a woman that's waiting for you;" then, with an effort, he added, "a woman that loves you."

"Scoundrel!" said the captain, "do you think I am obliged to go after every woman that loves me, or says she does. Tell her that sent thee that I'm going to be married."

"Listen!" cried Quasimodo, thinking to overcome his hesita-

tion with a single word; "come along, monseigneur; it's the gypsy girl who wants you."

These words did in fact make some impression upon Phœbus, but it was not that which the deaf man expected from it. It will be remembered that the gallant officer had retired from the balcony with his lady love just before Quasimodo rescued Esmeralda. Since then he had been very careful to avoid mentioning the young gypsy, the recollection of whom was painful to him, and Fleur-de-Lys had not deemed it wise to inform him that the girl was living. So Phœbus believed her to have been dead for a month. We must add that the captain had been thinking for a few moments of the agitated voice of the messenger, that the street was as solitary as it had been the evening that the spectre monk had accosted him, and that his horse snorted at the sight of Quasimodo.

"How now!" cried he. "Art thou come from the unseen world?" and he laid his hand upon his dagger-hilt.

"Be quick" said the deaf man striving to turn the horse round; "follow me!"

But Phœbus struck him a violent blow with the point of his boot.

Quasimodo made a movement with the object of throwing himself upon the captain. But checking himself, he said: "Ah! how happy you are to have some one that loves you!"

He emphasised the words some one, and leaving his hold of the horse's bridle, said, "Go your way."

Quasimodo watched him ride away into the dark shades of the street. "Oh!" whispered he to himself, "to refuse such a request as that!"

He returned into Notre-Dame, lighted his lamp and went up the tower again. As he had supposed the gypsy girl was still in the same position. The moment she perceived him coming she ran to meet him.

"Where is Phœbus?" cried she, clasping her hands.

He observed her gesture, and hung down his head.

"Go away," said she.

He obeyed. She was angry with him, though he preferred being rebuked by her to giving her greater pain. He kept all the grief to himself.

From that day the gypsy saw no more of Quasimodo. Now and then she caught a distant glimpse of the ringer's face looking upon her from the top of one of the towers; but as soon as she perceived him, he instantly disappeared.

She was little affected by the absence of the poor hunchback. At heart she felt under a great obligation to him, while realizing in him the presence of a good genius. Her provisions were renewed by an unseen hand during her sleep.

She passed her days in caressing Djali, watching the door of the Logis Gondelaurier, and talking low to herself of her Phœbus.

She had altogether ceased to see or hear of Quasimodo. The poor ringer seemed to have vanished from the church. One night, however, as she lay awake, thinking of her handsome officer, she heard a strong breathing near her cell. She arose, and saw by the moonlight a shapeless mass lying across the front of the door. It was Quasimodo sleeping upon the stones.

CHAPTER V.

THE KEY OF THE RED DOOR.

THE archdeacon had in the meantime become acquainted with the miraculous escape of the gypsy. When he learned this, he was deeply affected, He had become reconciled to the thought of Esmeralda's death; but to feel that she was alive, and Phœbus too—that was the recommencement of torture—and Dom Claude was weary of it. When this intelligence reached him, he shut himself up in his cell. He kept himself thus isolated for many weeks.

What was he doing, shut up like this? With what thoughts was he contending? Was he struggling against his passion? Was he inventing some final plan of death for her and perdition for himself?

His cherished brother came once to his door, but Claude would not admit him.

He passed whole days gazing from the casement of his window. He could see the cell of Esmeralda, and he often saw her with her goat—sometimes with Quasimodo. He remarked the latter's submissive behaviour to the gypsy girl. He recollected the singular look which the ringer had cast upon the dancing-girl on a certain occasion. He asked himself what idea could have urged Quasimodo to save her. He was an eye-witness to many little scenes that passed between the gypsy and the ringer; the action of which, as seen at that distance and commented on by his passion, he thought very tender. Then he felt arising within

him a feeling such as he had never expected—a feeling of jealousy that made him redden with shame. "As for the captain," thought he, "that might pass—but this one!" And the idea maddened him.

His nights were terrible, for since he had learned that the gypsy girl was alive, all those cold images of spectres, which had beset him for a whole day, had vanished from his spirit, and the flesh began again to torment him.

At night his imagination pictured to him Esmeralda in all the attitudes that had most strongly excited his passion. He beheld her leaning upon the captain—her eyes closed—her naked neck tinged with the blood of Phœbus—at that moment of wild delight at which the archdeacon had imprinted on her pale lips that kiss of which the unfortunate girl, unconscious as she was, had felt the burning pressure. Again, he beheld her in the savage hands of her torturers, letting them thrust into the horrid iron boot her little foot, her round and delicate leg, her white and supple knee; and then he saw that knee alone appearing, all below it being enveloped in Torterue's horrible apparatus. And again, he figured to himself the young girl, in her slight chemise, with the rope round her neck, with bare feet and naked shoulders, as he had seen her on the day of penance. This voluptuous imagination sent a shiver through his whole frame.

On one occasion in particular, his passion was so cruelly inflamed that he tore his pillow with his teeth, leaped out of bed, threw a robe over his night-shirt, and went out of his cell with his lamp in his hand, half naked and wild.

He knew where to find the key of the Red Door, opening from the cloister into the church; and he always carried about him a key of the tower staircase.

CHAPTER VI.

SEQUEL TO THE KEY OF THE RED DOOR.

THE same night Esmeralda had fallen asleep in her lodge, full of hope and pleasant thoughts. She had slept for some hours, dreaming of Phœbus, when she seemed to hear a kind of noise near to her bed. Her sleep always light; the least thing awoke her. The night was dark. She nevertheless saw at the window

a face looking at her. "Oh!" she cried in a low voice—"the priest!"

Her past miseries flashed upon her like lightning. She fell back on her bed with horror. A moment afterwards, she felt something touch her, which made her shudder. She raised herself into a sitting posture. The priest clasped her in both his arms.

"Away, murderer!" said she, in a voice of terror.

"Mercy! mercy!" murmured the priest, pressing his lips to her shoulders.

She seized with both hands the hair remaining on his head, and strove to prevent his kisses.

"Silence!" exclaimed the wretched priest. "If thou didst but know what my love for thee is!—it is a thousand daggers in my heart!" And he held her two arms with superhuman force.

"Loose me!" cried she, "or I will spit in thy face!"

He loosed his hold. "Strike me; heap indignities upon me; do what thou wilt! but, for mercy's sake love me!"

She then struck him in her rage. "Begone! assassin!" said she, while her fingers bent in order to scratch his face.

"Love me! for pity love me! cried the wretched priest, returning her blows with kisses.

She soon found that he was overpowering her. "'Tis time to put an end to this!" said he gnashing his teeth.

Palpitating, exhausted, and helpless she made a last effort, and began to cry, "Help! help!"

No one came. Djali alone was awakened, and bleated with affright.

"Be silent," said the panting priest.

All at once, having fallen on the floor in the struggle, the hand of the Egyptian touched something cold, that felt like metal. It was Quasimodo's whistle. She seized it with a convulsion of hope, and blew it with all the force she had left.

"What is that?" said the priest.

At the same moment he felt himself grasped by a vigorous arm. The cell was dark: he could not discern who held him; but he heard teeth gnashing with rage, and there was just sufficient light scattered amid the darkness to enable him to see the broad blade of a cutlass glistening above his head.

The priest thought he perceived the figure of Quasimodo. He supposed it could be no other. Still, as the new comer uttered not a word, he knew not what to believe. He caught the arm which held the cutlass, crying, "Quasimodo!"

In the twinkling of an eye, the priest was stretched on the floor, and felt a knee pressing upon his breast. How was he to make himself known to the assailant? He then felt a hand dragging him out of the cell. Luckily for him, the moon had just burst forth. When they were past the door, her pale beams fell upon the head of the priest. Quasimodo looked at his face, was seized with a trembling, relaxed his grasp, and started back.

The Gypsy, who had advanced to the threshold of the cell, saw with surprise the actors suddenly exchanging characters. It was now the priest's turn to threaten, Quasimodo's to supplicate. The priest assailed the hunchback with gestures of anger and reproach. Quasimodo stood for a moment with bowed head, and then, falling on his knees before the door of the Egyptian, "Monseigneur," said he, in a tone of gravity and resignation, "kill me first, and do what you please afterwards."

As he thus spoke he offered his cutlass to the priest. Beside himself with rage, the priest clutched at the weapon; but Esmeralda was too quick for him. Snatching the cutlass from the hand of Quasimodo, "Come on!" said she.

The priest wavered. "Thou darest not approach now, coward," she cried. Then, well aware that she should pierce the heart of the priest, she added, "Ah! I know that Phœbus is not dead!"

The priest overthrew Quasimodo, and rushed quivering with rage to the vaulted staircase. When he was gone, Quasimodo picked up the whistle which had been the means of saving the Egyptian, and, handing it to her, departed.

The damsel, terribly agitated by this violent scene, sank exhausted upon her bed, and sobbed aloud.

The priest groped his way back to his cell. With pensive look he muttered, "Nobody shall have her!"

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

GRINGOIRE HAS SEVERAL BRIGHT IDEAS.

PIERRE Gringoire had seen the turn of events, and that hanging and other unpleasant things, were certainly in store for the principal characters of this drama, he therefore had no desire to take part in it. The Truands, amongst whom he had remained, had continued to feel interested in the gypsy girl. He thought that only natural in people who had nothing but Charmolue and Torterue in prospect. He had learned from them that his bride of the broken pitcher had found refuge in Notre-Dame. But he did not feel inclined to visit her there. He sometimes thought of the little goat, and that was all. In the day-time, he performed feats of strength to get his bread; and, at night, he was writing a paper against the Bishop of Paris, for he remembered being drenched by his mill-wheels, and bore malice against him for it. Gringoire had passed from the love of an idea to the love of the substance.

One day he had stopped near the church of Saint-Germain-l' Auxerrois, at the corner of a building called le For-l' Evêque, which was opposite another called le For-le-Roi. There was at this For-l' Evêque a beautiful chapel of the fourteenth century, the chancel of which was toward the street; Gringoire was examining devoutly its external sculpture. All at once he felt a hand placed on his shoulder; he turned—it was his old master, the archdeacon. He was quite surprised. It was long since he had seen him.

The archdeacon, for some moments, remained silent, during which Gringoire had time to observe him. He found Dom Claude much altered—his eyes hollow, his hair white. The priest was the first to break this silence, by saying, "How are you, Maître Pierre?"

"My health," replied Gringoire, "why, on the whole, it's pretty good."

"You are reckless, then, Maître Pierre?" said the archdeacon, looking steadfastly at Gringoire.

"Not I!"

"What are you doing now?"

"I am examining these stones, and the style in which they are carved."

The priest smiled, but with that bitter smile which contorts the mouth. "And so that amuses you?"

"Certainly!" said Gringoire. And, leaning over the sculpture —"Now, for example, do you not think that that metamorphosis is executed with a great deal of skill? See that small column— was ever capital entwined with leaves more graceful? You do not find it interesting?"

"Oh, yes!" said the priest.

"And if you were to see the interior of the chapel!" continued the poet with enthusiasm. "Sculpture in all directions! It's full of it! The style of the chancel is most interesting! I have never seen anything like it!"

The priest passed his hand across his forehead. It was a gesture habitual with him. "Indeed!" said he.

At that moment the sound of horses was heard; and our two interlocutors saw filing off at the end of the street a company of the king's archers, with their lances raised, and an officer at their head. The cavalcade was brilliant, and its march resounded on the pavement.

"How you stare at that officer!" said Gringoire to the archdeacon.

"I know him!" was the reply.

"What is his name?"

"His name is Phœbus de Chateaupers."

"Phœbus! what a strange name! I recollect I knew a girl once who never swore by any other name."

"Come here," said the priest, "I have something to communicate to you."

After the troop had passed, a degree of agitation was perceptible in the archdeacon. He walked on. Gringoire followed, accustomed to obey him, like all who had once approached that being so commanding. They reached in silence the Rue des Bernardins, which was pretty clear of people. Dom Claude stopped.

"What do you wish to say to me?" asked Gringoire.

"Do you not think," answered the archdeacon, with an air of profound reflection, "that the dress of those cavaliers whom we have just seen, is handsomer than yours or mine?"

Gringoire shook his head. "No—'faith, I like mine better than those." Seeing him pensive, Gringoire left him to go and admire the porch of a neighbouring house. He returned, clapping his hands. "If you were less occupied with the fine clothes of the soldiers, monsieur the archdeacon, I would beg you to go and see that doorway."

"Gringoire," said the archdeacon, "what have you done with the little gypsy?"

"Esmeralda? You change the conversation very suddenly."

"Did she not marry you?"

"Yes, with the aid of a broken pitcher. We were in for it for four years. "By-the-by," added Gringoire, looking at the archdeacon, "you think of her still, then?"

"And you—do you no longer think of her?"

"Not often. My mind is otherwise occupied."

"Did not that gypsy girl save your life?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Well—what became of her—where is she now?"

"I cannot tell. I believe they hung her."

"You believe?"

"I'm not sure. When I saw there was hanging in the case, I kept out of it."

"And that's all you know?"

"But I was told she had taken refuge in Notre-Dame, tho' I've not been able to find out whether the goat escaped with her—and that's all I do know."

"I will tell you more," said Dom Claude. "She has indeed taken refuge in Notre-Dame. But in three days she will be hanged at the Grève."

"What a pity," said Gringoire.

The archdeacon resumed, after a short pause: "She saved your life, then?"

"Yes, as I have told you, I was within an ace of being hanged."

"Can you then do nothing for her?"

"I would gladly be of service, Dom Claude; but if I were to bring a bad piece of business about my ears!"

"What can it matter?"

"The deuce! You are very kind, master! I have two great works begun."

The priest struck his forehead. In spite of his calmness, from time to time a violent gesture revealed his inward struggles.

"How is she to be saved?"

"Master," said Gringoire, "I will answer you—'God is our hope.'"

"How is she to be saved?" repeated Claude.

Gringoire, in his turn, could not reply to this query.

"Listen, master—I will find expedients for you. What if we were to entreat the king's pardon?"

"Pardon! of Louis XI.!"

"Why not?" and Gringoire began to rummage for other expedients.

"Well—stay—shall I address a memorial to the midwives, declaring that the girl is enceinte?"

At this the priest's visage changed.

"Pregnant! fellow! do you know anything about it?"

Gringoire was terrified at his manner. He hastened to say: "Oh, not I. Our marriage was a regular farce. But at any rate one should obtain a respite."

"Madness! infamy! hold your tongue!"

"Now do not be angry," muttered Gringoire. "One gets a respite—that does no harm to anybody, and it puts money into the pockets of the midwives, who are poor women."

The priest heard him not. "She must go from thence, nevertheless," murmured he. "The sentence is to be put in force within three days. Otherwise, it would not be valid. That Quasimodo! Women have very depraved tastes!" He raised his voice: "Maître Pierre, I have well considered the matter. There is but one way of saving her."

"And what is it?"

"Listen to me, Maître Pierre; remember that you owe your life to her. I will tell you exactly my idea. The church is watched day and night; no one is allowed to come out but those who have been seen to go in. Thus you can go in. You shall come, and I will take you to her. You will change clothes with her. She will take your cape, and you will take her dress."

"Capital," observed the philosopher; "and what then?"

"What then? Why, she will go out in your clothes, and you will remain in hers. You may get hanged—but she will be saved."

Gringoire scratched his head in a very serious manner.

"Well!" said he, "I would never have thought of that."

"Well, Gringoire—do you agree to the scheme?"

"The devil!" said Gringoire.

"She saved your life you know. It's a debt you owe," said he Maître Pierre, must it be so."

"Dom Claude," answered the poet, "I don't see why I should get myself hanged for another."

"Well, what attaches you so strongly to life?"

"A thousand things!"

"What are they, pray?"

"What are they! The air—the sky—the morning—the evening—the moonlight—my good friends the Truands—our merry-making with the old women—the fine architecture of Paris to study—three great books to write, and more than I can tell."

"Oh, then have you no feeling for the poor girl who saved that life thou makest out to be so charming? To whom are you indebted for the privilege of breathing that air, of seeing that sky, of being still able to amuse thy vain spirit with trash and foolery? Had it not been for her, where wouldst thou be? Wilt thou have her die then—she through whom thou livest! Come, Gringoire, be generous in thy turn."

The priest was demonstrative. Gringoire listened at first with an air of indecision, then became moved.

"You are very pathetic?" said he, wiping away a tear. "Well! I'll think of it. After all," pursued he, after a moment's silence, "who knows? perhaps they'll not hang me—there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. When they find me so grotesquely muffled in cap and petticoat, perhaps they will let me off. And if they do hang me, what then? It's the death of a philosopher, and I was fated to it, perhaps."

The priest interrupted him: "Is it agreed then?"

"What is death, after all?" continued Gringoire, heroically. "Why should I not?" answered he; "for after my death, I shall see those great men, Pythagoras among the philosophers, Hecatæus among the historians, Homer among the poets, Olympus among the musicians!"

The archdeacon held out his hand to him. "Then it's settled? you will come to-morrow?"

"Faith no!" said he, with the tone of a man just awaking. "Be hanged; it's too absurd! I will not."

"Adieu, then;" and the archdeacon added between his teeth, "I shall see you again."

"Stay, monsieur," said Gringoire, "old friends should not fall out. You take an interest in that girl—my wife, I mean. That's right. You have thought of a stratagem for getting her safe out

of Notre-Dame; but your plan is distasteful to me, and I would suggest another!—I beg to say an inspiration has just come over me. If I had an expedient for extricating her from her sorry plight, without compromising my neck, what would you say?—would not that suffice you? Is it absolutely necessary that I should be hanged in her stead?"

The priest was bursting with impatience. "Thou everlasting talker! what is your plan?"

"Yes," continued Gringoire, talking to himself, "that's it! The Truands are fine fellows! The tribe of Egypt love her! They will rise at the first word! Nothing easier! A bold stroke. In the disorder, they will easily carry her off! To-morrow evening. Nothing would please them better."

"The means!—speak!" said the priest, shaking him.

Gringoire turned triumphantly towards him: "Let me alone!—you see I am thinking!" He reflected again for a few seconds; then began to clap his hands at the thought, exclaiming, "Admirable!—certain success!"

"The means?" repeated Claude, angrily. Gringoire was radiant.

"Come hither," said he—"Let me tell you in a whisper. It's a counterplot that's really capital, and that will get us all out of the scrape."

"A curse upon thee!" cried Dom Claude. "What means of safety hast thou found, fellow! Wilt thou never tell me of thy scheme?"

Gringoire leaned aside and spoke very low in the archdeacon's ear, casting an anxious look from one end of the street to the other. When he had done, Dom Claude took his hand, and said coolly, "'Tis well. Till to-morrow fare you well."

"Till to-morrow," repeated Gringoire; and while the archdeacon went one way, he went off the other, saying low to himself: "This is a grand affair, Gringoire. Never mind, it's not to be said that because one's of little account one's to be frightened at a great undertaking."

CHAPTER II.

JEHAN AND CLAUDE.

On returning to the cloister, the archdeacon found his brother, Jehan du Moulin, who was waiting for him, and who had whiled away the time by drawing on the wall, with a piece of chalk, the profile of his elder brother, embellished with a nose of immoderate dimensions.

Dom Claude scarcely looked at his brother; he was full of other thoughts. That joyous but roguish countenance had now no power to dispel the mist which was hourly gathering thicker and thicker over that corrupt and stagnant soul.

"Brother," said Jehan, "you are so good, and give such excellent advice, that I always come back to you."

"What now?"

"Alas! brother, you were correct when you used to say to me: 'Jehan, be prudent. Jehan, be studious. Jehan, be good. Jehan, go every evening to chapel, and sing an anthem with a verse and prayer to our lady the blessed Virgin Mary. Alas! how excellent was that advice!"

"And what next?"

"Brother, you see before you a miserable wretch! My dear brother, Jehan has despised your gracious counsels! Well am I punished for it—and God Almighty is just. So long as I had money, I wasted it recklessly, and now I have not a single franc left; I have disposed of all my personal belongings. A merry life no longer! I am tormented with remorse."

"Proceed," said the archdeacon.

"Alas! brother, I would fain lead a better life. I come to you full of contrition. I am penitent. You are right to wish I should one day become a licentiate of the Torchi College. I now feel a remarkable desire for that office. I have a great need of a little money for that purpose; and I come to you, brother with my heart full of contrition."

"Is that all you want?"

"Yes," said the scholar. "A little money."

"I have none."

The scholar then said, in a grave and decided tone: "Well, brother, I am sorry to inform you that I have received very advantageous offers and proposals from other quarters. So you will

not give me any money?—In that case I will turn Truand," and he re-descended the staircase, whistling.

As he was passing through the court of the cloisters, he heard a window open, and, looking up, beheld the archdeacon peering through the opening. "Begone!" said Dom Claude; "this is the last money I will give you."

Saying which, the priest threw out a purse to Jehan, which raised a large lump on his forehead, and with which he set off.

CHAPTER III.

WITH THE TRUANDS.

THE reader will, perhaps, remember that a part of the Court of Miracles was enclosed within the ancient walls of the Town, a great number of the towers of which were beginning, at that time, to fall into decay. One of these towers had been converted into a place of revelry by the Truands. There was a public-house on the lowest floor, and the rest was set apart for other purposes. This portion of the building was the most disorderly. It was like a monstrous hive, which was humming day and night. At night, when the rabble were asleep—when not a light was to be seen in the fronts of the houses in the square—when not a sound was heard to issue from those swarms of thieves, loose women, and stolen children—the joyous tower might always be distinguished by the noise which proceeded from it, by the light which shone from the windows and crevices in the gaping walls, issued, as it were, from every pore.

The cellar formed the public-house. The descent to it was down a steep staircase.

One night when the curfew bell was ringing, the sergeants of the watch might have remarked that still greater tumult than usual was going on in the tavern of the Truands, that they were drinking deeper and swearing louder. Without, in the square, were a number of groups, conversing in low tones as if some great plot was hatching; and here and there a fellow, squatted down, was sharpening a sorry iron blade upon a stone.

Meanwhile, wine and gaming diverted the minds of the Truands so powerfully from the ideas which had occupied them that evening, that it would have been difficult to have divined from the conversation of the drinkers what was the affair in agitation.

Only they had a gayer appearance than usual, and each of them was armed with some weapon or other.

The room was spacious; but the tables were so close, and the drinkers so numerous, that the whole of the tavern, men, women, beer-jugs, the sleepers, the gamblers, the able-bodied, the deformed, seemed mixed up together with about as much order and arrangement as a heap of oysters. A few candles were burning upon the tables; but the grand light of the tavern was the fire. The cellar was so damp that the fire was never allowed to go out, even in summer.

Notwithstanding the confusion, after the first glance, three groups might be distinguished, pressing around three several personages with whom the reader is already acquainted. One of these personages was seated on the table, with his legs crossed and his finger in the air, exhibiting, in a loud voice, his skill in magic, to many a gaping face which surrounded him. Another lot gathered thickly around the valiant King, who was armed to the teeth; and Clopin, with a very furious air, was superintending the ransacking of an enormous cask full of arms. Each one was taking something; one a cutlass, another a rapier, and a third a dagger. The children were likewise arming after a fashion; and even the cripples were running about all over the place.

Lastly, a third lot, the most noisy of all, were crowding the tables from the midst of which a voice, gesticulating and swearing, proceeded from under a heavy suit of armour. In his belt were daggers, and a large sword hung from his side, a rusty cross-bow was on his left, and a large wine-cup before him. A strapping wench was seated on his right. All were laughing and drinking.

The large pan before the fire, in which grease was crackling from the spit, filled up any somewhat quiet moments with its hissing noise.

Amidst all this din, and seated upon a bench meditating, was Pierre Gringoire.

"Quick! make haste! get under arms! we must march in an hour," said Trouillefou to his followers.

The voice of a young fellow armed to the teeth was heard above the noise. A Truand! I'm a Truand! Fill my glass. Friends, my name is Jehan Frollo du Moulin, and I'm a gentleman. Brethren, we're going upon a noble expedition. We're of the valiant. Besiege the church—force the doors—bring away the girl—save her from the judges—save her from the priests—dismantle the cloister—burn the bishop in his house—all that we shall do in less time than a burgomaster takes to eat a spoonful of

soup. Our cause is a righteous one—we'll plunder the Cathedral—and that's certain. We'll hang Quasimodo. Do you know who that is? Have you ever seen him at work on a Whitsun holiday? Why you'd say it was the devil. My friends, I'm a Truand really—I'm a Vagabond in my soul. I had some money once, but I've spent it all. My mother wanted to make me an officer; my father, a deacon; but I would be a Truand. I told my father and mother so, and she, poor old lady, began to cry and sob dreadfully. But let us be merry! Landlady, some more wine! I've got a little money left yet!'"

The company applauded; and, finding that the tumult was increasing, the scholar exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful noise! Then he began to sing himself, but stopped short, and calling to the barmaid, said: "Let me have some supper."

There was a moment of silence, during which the voice of the Duke of Egypt was heard in its turn, instructing his Bohemians in the mysteries of the black art.

Meanwhile, the Truands continued to arm, whispering to one another at the other side of the tavern.

"Poor Esmeralda!" exclaimed one of the gypsy men; "she's our sister; we must save her."

"Is she still in Notre-Dame, then?" asked one of the Truands.

"Ay, pardieu!" was the reply.

"Well, my comrades," resumed he; "to Notre-Dame then!"

By this time they had served Jehan with his supper. "Now," said he, "I am perfectly happy." But the singing of strange songs, and the general din and excitement, completely upset him, and he dashed his plate upon the floor, and began to join in with the others.

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou had finished his distribution of weapons. He went up to Gringoire, who was absorbed in profound reverie, with his feet in the fireplace. "Friend" said he, "what art thou thinking about?"

Gringoire turned round with a melancholy smile; "I'm fond of the fire," said he; "not because it warms our feet or boils our soup, but because it throws out sparks. Sometimes I pass whole hours in watching them."

"If I understand thee," said the Truand. "Dost thou know what the time is?"

"No," answered Gringoire.

Clopin then accosted the Duke of Egypt. "Comrade," said he, "this is a bad time we've hit upon. They say King Louis is in Paris."

"All the more reason why we should get our sister out of his clutches," answered the old gypsy.

"You speak well, Mathias," said the King of Tunis. "Besides, we shall do the thing well. There's nothing to fear in the church."

Clopin then went out of the room.

Meanwhile, Jehan was crying out in a hoarse voice: "I drink —I eat—I'm drunk!"

On the other hand, startled from his meditations, Gringoire had set himself calmly to contemplate the clamorous scene around him.

At that moment Clopin returned, and gave the signal in a voice of thunder, "Midnight!"

At this, the whole of them rushed out of the tavern, with a great clatter of arms.

The night was dark. Not a single light was to be seen in the Court of Miracles; but it was far from being solitary. There was discernible in it a great crowd of persons talking to one another in a low voice. The hum of this multitude was to be heard, and all sorts of weapons were to be seen glittering in the darkness. Clopin was mounted on a large stone. "To your ranks, Argot!" cried he; "to your ranks, Egypt! to your ranks, Galilee!" Then there was a movement in the darkness. The multitude seemed to be forming a column. In a few minutes the King of Tunis again raised his voice: "Now, silence!" said he. "March!"

And a few minutes after, the horsemen of the night-watch were flying before a long procession of men descending in darkness and silence toward the Pont-au-Change.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUESTIONABLE FRIEND.

On the same night Quasimodo could not sleep. He had gone his last round through the church, but had not remarked, at the moment when he was closing the doors, that the archdeacon had passed near him and had displayed some ill-humour at seeing him bolt with care the enormous iron bars which gave to their large folds the solidity of a wall. Dom Claude appeared more abstracted than usual, and since the nocturnal adventure of the

cell, he was constantly ill-treating Quasimodo; but nothing could shake the submission, the patience, the devoted resignation of the faithful ringer. From the archdeacon he could endure anything, without uttering a complaint. At most he would follow Dom Claude anxiously with his eye, as he ascended the staircase of the towers; but the archdeacon abstained from again visiting the gypsy.

That night, Quasimodo, after casting one look toward his poor forsaken bells, ascended to the top of the northern tower, and there, placing his dark lantern down, gave himself up to his thoughts. The night, as we have already observed, was dark. Paris, was not lighted at that period, and presented to the eye a confused heap of black masses, intersected here and there by the windings of the river Seine. Not a light could Quasimodo see except from the window of a distant edifice, the vague and gloomy profile of which was distinguishable, rising above the rocks in the direction of the Porte St. Antoine.

While his eye was thus hovering over that horizon of mist and darkness, the ringer felt within himself an inexpressible anxiety. For several days he had been upon his guard. He had observed wandering about the church, strange men, who kept their eyes on the young girl's asylum. He was afraid some plot was hatching against the unfortunate refugee. He fancied that she was an object of popular hatred as well as himself. Thus he remained on his tower, on the lookout, his eye by turns cast upon the cell and upon Paris, keeping watch like a trusty dog.

Suddenly whilst he was thus watching the great city with his eagle eye, it struck him that there was some unusual movement occurring on the quay of the Vielle Pelleterie.

This appeared strange, and he redoubled his attention. A crowd seemed to be coming toward the city. No light was to be seen. It remained some time on the quay, then it vanished entirely, and everything became silent and motionless again.

Quasimodo was exhausting himself in conjectures, it seemed to him that the movement was reappearing in the Rue du Parvis, which runs into the City to the front of Notre-Dame. Notwithstanding the darkness, he could see a multitude of people issuing from the street, and in an instant a crowd spreading over the square.

This sight was a terror for Quasimodo. It is probable that the singular procession which seemed so anxious to conceal itself, observed a silence no less profound. Only the pattering of feet could be heard. But even this noise did not reach the ringer; and the great multitude, of which he could scarcely see anything,

from which he could hear nothing, and which nevertheless, was walking and in agitation so near him, produced a most remarkable effect. He seemed to see advancing toward him a mist peopled with men.

All his fears returned; the idea of an attempt against the gypsy girl presented itself again to his mind. He had a confused feeling that he was about to find himself in a critical situation. In this crisis he held council with himself, as to what was best under the circumstances. Should he awaken the gypsy girl and assist her to escape? The streets were beset; behind the church was the river; there was no boat, no egress, There was but one thing to be done; to resist until some assistance came, and not to disturb the sleep of the gypsy girl Esmeralda. This resolution once taken, he began to prepare himself for the worst.

The crowd increased every moment. He presumed, however, that very little noise was made, since the inhabitants of the streets and the square did not seem to have been disturbed. But all of a sudden a light appeared, and in an instant numerous lighted torches were waved above the heads, shaking their tufts of flame in the deep shade. Quasimodo then saw distinctly a motley troop of men and women in rags, armed with scythes, pikes, and pruning-hooks. He had a confused recollection of that crowd, and thought he recognized all the heads which, a few months before, had saluted him Pope of the Fools. A man holding a torch in one hand and a lantern in the other mounted a boundary-stone and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time the strange army performed some evolutions, as if taking post around the church. Quasimodo took up his lantern and descended to the platform between the towers, to observe more closely and to deliberate on his means of defence.

Trouillefou, had arrived before the principal door of Notre-Dame, and placed his men in battle array. Although he did not anticipate any actual resistance, yet, like a prudent general, he wished to preserve such a degree of order as would, in case of need, enable him to face a sudden attack.

Such an enterprise as the Truands were now attempting was not uncommon in the cities of the Middle Ages. The police, did not then exist. In populous towns, there was no central power. In Paris, for example, independently of the hundred and forty-one lords claiming manorial dues, there were twenty-five claiming the right to administer justice. Louis XI. had indeed striven to burst this network of seigneuries which covered Paris, by forming two or three ordinances of general police. Thus in

1465, the inhabitants were ordered to light candles in their windows at nightfall, and to keep their dogs muzzled. In the same year they were ordered to close the streets with iron chains, and forbidden to carry daggers or other offensive weapons in the streets at night. But in a very short time all these attempts at municipal legislation fell into disuse. The people allowed the candles at their windows to be extinguished by the wind, and their dogs to stray; and the iron chains were only stretched across in case of seige. The old framework of the feudal jurisdictions remained standing. Thus it was no unheard-of event, in this state of disorder, for a part of the populace to lay violent hands on a palace, a hotel, or any ordinary mansion, in the quarters the most thickly inhabited. Hence, not only the royal residences—the Louvre, the Palais, the Bastile, the Tournelles—but such as were simply seigneurial, the Petit-Bourbon the Hôtel-de-Sens, the Hôtel d'Angoulême, etc.—had their battlemented walls and their finely carved gates. The churches were protected by their sanctity. Some of them, nevertheless were fortified.

When Clopin Trouillefou had completed his arrangements, he mounted the parapet of the Parvis, and addressing his comrades said: — "I, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, and Bishop of the Fools: Our sister, condemned for magic, has taken refuge in thy church. Thou art bound to give her shelter and safeguard. Now, the court of parliament wants to take her thence, so that she would be hanged to-morrow at the Grève. If thy church is sacred, our sister is so,too; if our sister is not sacred, neither is thy church. Wherefore we summon thee to give up the girl, if thou wilt save thy church; or we will take the girl, and will plunder the church. Which will be well and good. In witness whereof, I here set up my standard. And so, look to thyself, Bishop of Paris, God help thee."

Unfortunately, Quasimodo, could not hear the words, which were spoken with a sullen and wild majesty. A Truand presented the banner to Clopin, who stuck it in between two of the paving-stones. It was a pitchfork, from the prongs of which hung, all bloody, a piece of carrion meat.

Having done this, the King of Tunis turned about, and surveyed his army. After a moment's pause he said: "Forward.

Thirty stout fellows, stepped out from the ranks, with hammers, and crowbars on their shoulders. They advanced towards the principal door of the church, and commenced heaving at the door with pincers and levers. A crowd of Truands followed to assist or look on; so that the whole steps were covered with

them. The door however, would not give. "Courage, my friends!" cried Clopin. "I'll wager that you'll have burst the door, brought away the girl, and stripped the great altar, before there's a single beadle awake. There—I think it is going."

Clopin was interrupted by a frightful crash which at that moment resounded behind him. He turned; an enormous beam had just fallen from above, crushing a dozen of the Truands upon the church steps, and rebounding upon the pavement with the sound of a piece of artillery; breaking here and there the legs of others among the vagabond crowd, which shrunk away from it with cries of fear. Though protected by the deep retiring arches of the doorway, Clopin himself fell back to a respectful distance from the church.

"By jove, I've had a narrow escape!" cried Jehan; I felt the vibration.

The wonder mingled with dread which fell upon the brigands is indescribable. They remained for some minutes gazing fixedly upward, more astonished at this piece of wood than they would have been at twenty thousand of the king's soldiers. "The Devil!" growled the Duke of Egypt, "this smells of magic!"

"You are all moon struck!" exclaimed Clopin, "you're all simpletons together." Yet he did not know how to account for the fall of the beam.

Meanwhile nothing was to be seen upon the front of the building, to the top of which the light from the torches did not reach. The ponderous beam lay in the middle of the Parvis; and groans were heard from the miserable wretches who had received injuries from it.

At last the King of Tunis, recovering himself, hit upon an explanation which his comrades thought feasible. "Gueule-Dieu!" said he, "the canons are making a defence? If that be so, then, Sack!"

"Sack!" repeated the mob with a loud hurrah; and they made a general assault against the front of the church.

This awoke the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses; several window-shutters were seen to open; and nightcaps and hands holding candles appeared at the casements, but the windows were immediately shut again, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a look upon the scene of glare and tumult, went back trembling.

"Sack!" shouted the Argotiers again; but they dared not approach. They looked first at the church and then at the beam, but something seemed to freeze their courage.

"To work, Hutins!" cried Trouillefou. "Come—force the door." But nobody advanced.

Said an old Hutin. "Captain, we should have a battering ram."

The king of the Truands ran up to the formidable beam, and set his foot upon it. "Here's one!" cried he.

His bravado produced a great effect and the charm of the wonderful beam was broken. The courage of the Truands revived; and soon the heavy log was picked up like a feather by two hundred vigorous arms, and was driven with great force against the door. Seen thus, by the sort of half light which the few torches of the Truands cast over the Place, the long beam, borne along by that multitude of men rushing on with its extremity pointed against the church, looked like some monstrous animal with numerous legs, running, head foremost to attack the giant of stone.

At the shock given by the beam, the half metal door sounded like an immense drum. It was not burst in, but the whole place shook. At the same moment, great stones began to fall from above. "What's this!" cried Jehan, "are the towers shaking down their balustrades upon us?" But the impulse was given; the King of Tunis was right. And so they continued to batter the door more furiously, in spite of the stones that rained down upon them.

The stones all fell one by one; but they followed one another close. Nearly all of them took effect; and already the dead and wounded were thickly strewn, bleeding and panting under the feet of the assailants, who, nothing daunted, filled up instantly and without intermission the places of the disabled. The long beam continued battering the door with steady strokes, causing the door to groan, and the interior of the cathedral to to reverberate.

The reader has no doubt guessed that this unexpected resistance which had exasperated the Truands proceeded from Quasimodo. Chance had unluckily favoured the courageous ringer.

When he had descended upon the platform, his ideas were all confusion. He ran to and fro along the gallery for some minutes, like one demented; beholding from on high the compact mass of the Truands ready to rush against the church; imploring the powers celestial or infernal to save the gypsy girl. He once thought of ascending the southern steeple, and sounding the alarm; but then before the loud voice of Marie could have

uttered a sound, would there not be interval enough for the door of the church to be forced! It was at this moment that the Hutins were advancing toward it with their smith's tools. What was to be done?

All at once he recollected that some masons had been at work the whole day, repairing the wall, and the roof of the southern tower. The wall was of stone; the roofing was of lead; and then there was the woodwork.

Quasimodo made for this tower. The lower chambers were, in fact, full of materials. There were piles of broken stone, sheets of lead rolled up, and strong beams already shaped.

The ringer lost no time. The levers and the hammers were at work below. With superhuman strength he lifted the end of one of the beams. He managed to push it through one of the loopholes; then, laying hold of it again outside the tower, he shoved it over the outer angle of the balustrade surrounding the platform, and let it fall into the abyss beneath.

The enormous beam in its fall of a hundred and sixty feet, grazed the wall, breaking the sculptured figures, turned several times upon its centre, at length reached the ground and rebounded upon the pavement.

Quasimodo saw the Truands scattered by the fall of the beam; and while they fixed their superstitious gaze upon the immense log, Quasimodo was silently piling up stones and rubbish, and even the masons' bags of tools, upon the verge of that balustrade from which he had already hurled the large beam.

Accordingly, as soon as they began to batter the great door, the shower of great stones began to fall, making them think that the church must be shaking itself to pieces upon their heads.

Any one who could have seen Quasimodo at that moment, would have been struck with amazement. Besides the missiles which he had piled up on the balustrade, he had got together a heap of stones upon the platform itself. As soon as the stones heaped upon the external border were spent, he had recourse to this latter heap.

The Truands, meanwhile, did not lose courage. Already had the massive door which they were so furiously assailing, shaken under the weight of the battering-ram. The panels cracked—the carvings flew in splinters—the hinges, at each shock, danced upon their hooks—and the planks were forced out of their places. Fortunately for Quasimodo's defence, there was more iron than wood in the door. Nevertheless he felt that an impression was being made upon it. Each blow of the battering-ram, tho' he

did not hear it, awakened not only the echoes within the church, but apprehension within him. As he looked down upon the Truands, he beheld them full of exultation and of rage, shaking their fists at the dark front of the edifice; and he coveted, for the gypsy girl and himself, the wings of the owls that were flocking away affrighted over his head. His shower of stones did not suffice to repel the assailants.

It was at this moment that he fixed his eyes a little below the balustrade from which he had been crushing the Argotiers, upon two long stone gutters which had discharged themselves immediately over the grand doorway. The internal orifice of these gutters was in the floor of the platform. An idea occurred to him. He ran and brought a faggot from the little lodge which he occupied; laid over the faggot a number of bundles of laths and rolls of lead; and when all was arranged he set fire to it.

While he was thus engaged, as the stones no longer fell, the Truands ceased looking up. The vagabonds panting like hounds baying at the wild boar in his lair, were crowding tumultuously round the great door, shattered by the strokes of the ram, but still standing. They waited in anxiety for the grand stroke of all. They were striving to get nearest, in order to be the first, when it should open, to rush into that well-stored cathedral—a vast repository in which had been successively accumulating the riches of three centuries. They roared with exultation in their greedy desire for the fine silver crosses, the brocade copes, the silver gilt monuments, of all the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling holiday displays, the Christmas illuminations with torches, the Easter suns, all those splendid solemnities, when shrines, candlesticks, pyxes, tabernacles, and reliquaries, embossed the altars as it were with a covering of gold and jewels. Assuredly at that moment, the Truands were all of them thinking much less about delivering the gypsy girl than about plundering Notre-Dame.

At the moment they were preparing for a final effort, a howling more terrific yet than that which had burst forth and expired under the fall of the great beam, arose from the midst of them. They who had not cried out, they who were still alive looked, and beheld two jets of melted lead falling from the top of the edifice into the thickest of the crowd. The sea of men had shrunk under the boiling metal, which, at the two points where it fell, had made two black and reeking hollows in the crowd, like the effect of hot water thrown upon snow. There were to be seen dying wretches burned half to a cinder, and moaning with agony. The rest throwing down the beam, fled in disorder.

All eyes were now turned upward, and they beheld an extraordinary sight. On the topmost gallery, higher than the great central window, was a great flame ascending between the two steeples, with clouds of sparks. Beneath that flame, and below the trifoliated balustrade showing darkly upon its glare, two monster-headed gutters were emitting incessantly that burning shower, the silver-trickling of which shone out upon the darkness.

Above the flame the huge towers were to be seen in all their sharpness of outline, the one quite black, the other red. The restless flickering light from the unaccountable flame, made them seem as tho' they were moving. Some of the guivres seemed to be laughing—some of the gargouilles you might have fancied you heard yelping; there were salamanders puffing at the fire—tarasques sneezing in the smoke. And among these monsters, thus awakened from their stony slumber by that unearthly flame, by that unwonted clamour, there was one walking about and seen from time to time to pass before the blazing front of the pile.

A silence amounting to terror now took place among the Truands; during which nothing was heard but the cries of alarm from the canons shut up in their cloisters—the sound of windows hurriedly opened and shut again—the stir in the interior of the houses and of the Hôtel-Dieu—the wind fanning the flame—the last groans of the dying—and the continued noise of the shower of boiling lead upon the pavement.

Meanwhile the Truands, having retreated under the porch of the Logis Gondelaurier, were there holding a council of war. The Duke of Egypt, seated upon a boundary-stone, was contemplating with awe the blazing pile two hundred feet high in the air. Clopin Trouillefou was in a terrible rage, "Not possible to get in!" muttered he to himself.

"Do you see that demon, pacing backward and forward before the fire?" cried the Duke of Egypt.

"Par-Dieu!" said Clopin, "it's that confounded ringer."

The Bohemian shook his head. "No," said he; "it's some spirit."

"Is there no means of forcing that door, then?" said the King of Tunis, stamping his foot.

Thereupon the Duke of Egypt pointed to the two streams of boiling lead which streaked the dark front of the building. "Churches have been known to defend themselves so," observed he with a sigh. "Guillaume of Paris, who built this one, was a magician."

"And are we to acknowledge ourselves beaten then?" said Clopin. "What! leave our sister there to hang to-morrow!"

"And the sacristy—where there are cartloads of gold!" said a Truand, with whose name we are not acquainted.

"Let us try once more," rejoined another.

The former shook his head. "We shall not get in at the door," said he. "We must find some other way."

"Who's for another try then?" said Clopin. "I'll go at it again. By-the-bye, where's the little scholar, Jehan?"

"He's dead, no doubt," answered one.

The King of Tunis became thoughtful. "So much the worse!" said he. "There was a stout heart under that iron case. And Maître Pierre Gringoire?"

"Captain Clopin," said Andry-le-Rouge, "he ran away before we had got as far as the Pont-aux-Changeurs."

Clopin stamped his foot. "The coward!" he said, "and to leave us here just in the thick of it."

"Captain," cried Andry-le-Rouge, looking towards the Rue de Parvis, "here comes the little scholar!"

"It is he!" said Clopin. "But what is he pulling after him?"

It *was* Jehan, who advancing as quickly as he found practicable under his ponderous accoutrements, with a long ladder, which he was dragging over the pavement, and quite out of breath.

"Hurrah!" shouted the scholar. "Here's a ladder belonging to St. Landry's wharf."

Clopin went up to him. "My boy," said he, "what are you going to do with that ladder?"

Jehan gave him a knowing look. "Do you see that row of statues there over the three doorways?"

"Yes," answered Clopin. "Well?"

"Wait a bit. At the end of that gallery there's a door that's always on the latch. With this ladder I get up to it, and then I'm in the church."

"Let me go first," said the other.

"No, comrade; the ladder's mine. Come along—you shall be second."

"Beelzebub strangle thee!" said Clopin, turning sulky "I'll not go after you."

"Then, Clopin, go for a ladder for yourself."

And saying which Jehan set off again across the Place, dragging along his ladder, and shouting to his comrades, "Follow me."

Very soon the ladder was raised, and placed against the balus-

trade of the lower gallery. The crowd of Truands pressed to the foot of it for the purpose of ascending. But Jehan was the first to ascend. The Truands followed. There was one upon each step of the ladder. To see that line of mailed backs thus rise undulating in the dark, one might have imagined it a serpent rearing itself up to assail the church.

The scholar at length reached the gallery, and strode lightly over it, amid the applause of the whole tribe. "Master of the citadel," he shouted—but stopped short all at once, confounded. He had just discovered concealed behind one of the statues, Quasimodo, his eye all flashing in the dark.

Before another of the besiegers had time to gain footing on the gallery, the hunchback sprang to the head of the ladder, then suddenly, with superhuman strength, he threw back that cluster of men into the Place. There arose one vast imprecation—then all was still, and a few mutilated wretches were seen crawling out from under the heap of dead.

A murmur of pain and resentment among the besiegers succeeded their first shouts of triumph. Quasimodo, unmoved, his elbows resting upon the balustrade, was quietly looking on.

Jehan Frollo was now in a critical situation. He found himself in the gallery with the redoubtable ringer—alone, separated from his companions by eighty feet of perpendicular wall. While Quasimodo was dealing with the ladder, the scholar had run to the postern, which he expected to find on the latch. But this was not the case. The ringer, as he entered the gallery, had fastened it behind him. Jehan had then hidden himself behind one of the statues, not daring to move, but fixed upon the hunchback a look of wild apprehension.

For a few moments the latter took no notice of him; but suddenly he turned his head and drew up his limbs, for the scholar had just caught his eye.

Jehan prepared for an encounter; but his antagonist remained motionless; only his face was turned towards the scholar, at whom he continued looking.

"Ho, ho!" said Jehan, "why dost thou look at me in that way?" And so saying, the young rogue was stealthily making ready his cross-bow. "Quasimodo," he cried, "I'm going to change thy surname. Thou shalt henceforth be called blind."

Jehan let fly the winged shaft, which struck its point into the left arm of the hunchback. Quasimodo simply laid his hand upon the arrow, drew it out of his arm, and quietly broke it over his knee. Then he threw the two pieces down. But he did not

give Jehan time to discharge a second shaft. As soon as the arrow was broken, Quasimodo, breathing strongly through his nostrils, bounded like a tiger upon the scholar.

He grasped in his left hand both the arms of Jehan, who made no struggle, so utterly did he give himself up for lost. With his right hand the hunchback took off, one after another, with great deliberation, the several pieces of Jehan's armour—the sword, the daggers, the helmet, the breastplate, the armpieces—dropping at his feet, piece after piece.

When the scholar found himself disarmed and uncased, feeble and naked, in those formidable hands, he did not offer to speak to his deaf enemy; but he fell to laughing audaciously in his face.

Quasimodo was now seen standing upon the parapet of the gallery, holding the scholar by the feet with one hand only, and swinging him round like a sling. Then a strange noise was heard, and something was seen falling, but it stopped part of the way down, being arrested in its descent by one of the projections. It was a dead body which remained suspended there, bent double.

A cry of horror arose from the Truands. "Revenge!" shouted Clopin. "*Sack!*" cried the multitude. "Revenge! revenge!" Then there was a prodigious howling. The poor scholar's death inspired the crowd with a frantic ardour. They were seized with shame and remorse at having been so long kept in check by a hunchback. Their rage found them ladders, multiplied their torches, and in a few minutes Quasimodo, in confusion and despair, saw a swarm ascending from all sides, to the assault of Notre-Dame. They who had not ladders had knotted ropes; and they who had not ropes climbed up by means of the projections of the sculpture. There was now no means of resisting their fury. Rage seemed to writhe in those savage countenances; their dirty foreheads were streaming with perspiration, their eyes flashed. It was a coat of living monsters covering the stone monsters of the façade.

Meanwhile a thousand torches had kindled in the Place. This scene, buried until then in obscurity, was wrapped in a sudden blaze of light. The whole town seemed now to be roused from its slumber. Distant alarms were mournfully sounding; the Truands were howling, swearing, climbing; and Quasimodo, powerless against numbers, trembling for the gypsy girl, seeing all those furious faces approaching nearer and nearer to his gallery, was writhing his arms in despair.

CHAPTER V.

MONSIEUR LOUIS OF FRANCE.

THE reader has perhaps not forgotten that the hunchback, a moment or two before he perceived the nocturnal band of the Truands in motion, while looking over Paris from the top of his steeple, saw but one single remaining light, twinkling at a window in the topmost story of a lofty and gloomy building, close by the Porte St. Antoine. That building was the Bastile; and that twinkling light was Louis XI.'s candle.

Louis XI. had, in fact, been at Paris for the last two days. He was to set out again the next day but one for his citadel of Plessis. He rarely made his appearance in the city of Paris, and when he did appear, his visits were short.

He had that day come to stay at the Bastile. His grand chamber at the Louvre, with its grand chimney-piece, adorned with twelve great beasts and thirteen great prophets, and his great bed, eleven feet by twelve, were little to his taste. He felt himself lost amidst all this grandeur. This homely king preferred the Bastille with a chamber and a bed of smaller dimensions; and, besides, the Bastile was stronger than the Louvre.

The chamber which Louis XI. reserved to himself in the famous state prison, was a circular apartment, hung with matting of straw; decorated with raised fleurs-de-lys of gilt metal, with coloured spaces between them, and wainscoted with rich carvings interspersed with rosettes of white metal, and painted a fine light green.

There was only one window, a long pointed one, latticed with iron bars, and still further darkened with fine glass painted with the arms of the king and queen.

There was but one entrance, a modern doorway under an overhanging circular arch, and furnished inside with a piece of tapestry.

Nothing in the way of ordinary furniture was to be seen in this chamber; neither benches, nor trestles, nor forms, nor common box stools, nor fine stools supported by pillars and counter-pillars, at four sols a-piece; there was only one easy arm-chair, a very magnificent one; the wood of it was painted with roses upon a red ground, and its seat was of red morocco, decorated with long silken fringe and with abundance of gold-headed nails. The

soleness of this chair testified that one person alone was entitled to be seated in the chamber. By the chair, and close to the window, there was a table, the cover of which was figured with birds. On the table were a gallemard or standish, spotted with ink, some scrolls of parchment, some pens, and a hanap or large cup of silver chased. A little further on were a chauffe-doux, and, for the purpose of prayer, a prie-Dieu or small pew of crimson velvet set off with golden bosses. And behind was a plain bed of yellow and pink damask, without any sort of tinsel decoration, having only an ordinary fringe. It was this same bed, famous for having borne the sleep or the sleeplessness of Louis XI., that was still to be beheld two hundred years back, at the house of a councillor of state.

At the moment at which we have introduced the reader into it, this closet was very dark. The curfew had rung an hour ago; it was a dark night; and there was but one wavering wax candle set upon the bench to light five different persons variously grouped in the chamber.

The first on whom the light shone was a seigneur attired in a doublet and hose of scarlet striped with silver, and a cloak with shoulder pieces, of cloth of gold with black figures. The man who wore it had upon his breast his arms embroidered in brilliant colours. Holding in his hand a long written scroll, he stood behind an easy chair upon which the king was seated, his body ungracefully bent, his legs crossed, and elbows resting on the table.

At some distance behind them, talking in a subdued voice, were two men habited after the Flemish fashion, who were not so completely lost in the darkness but that any one who had attended the performance of Gringoire's mystery could recognize in them two of the principal Flemish envoys, Guillaume Rym, the sagacious pensionary of Ghent, and Jacques Coppenole, the popular hosier. It will be recollected that these two men were concerned in the secret politics of Louis XI. And behind all the rest, near the door, there was standing, motionless as a statue, a short, thick-set man, in military dress, and decorated with an emblazoned coat of arms.

All were uncovered except the king, who, after transacting official business, leaned upon the arm of Maître Olivier, gave an order to the sort of mute standing before the doorway to go before him, made a sign to the two Flemings to follow him, and left the chamber.

The royal party was recruited at the door by men-at-arms and

slender pages carrying torches. The captain of the Bastile walked in front, and directed the opening of the narrow doors before the king, who coughed as he walked along.

Now and again, every one was obliged to stoop in order to pass, except the old man bent with age.

After making their way through the last door of all, so loaded with complicated locks that it took a long time to open, they entered a spacious chamber, in the centre of which was discernible, by the light of the torches, a great cubical mass of masonry, iron and woodwork. The interior was hollow. It was one of those famous cages for state prisoners; in the walls of which were two or three small windows, so thickly latticed with massive iron bars as to leave no glass visible. The door consisted of a single large flat stone.

The king paced slowly round, examining it with care, while Maître Olivier, following him, read out his paper of expenses aloud.

After listening to all the details, the king turned his back on the cage, moved toward the door of the chamber, and returned in silence to his closet, followed by the persons of his train. Suddenly his majesty turned to the Governor of the Bastile. "By-the-by," said he, "was there not some one in that cage?"

"Yes, sire!" answered the governor.

"And who was it, pray?"

"The Bishop of Verdun."

The king knew that better than any one else, but for some reason or other pretended to be ignorant of the fact.

"Ah!" said he, with an air of simplicity, as if he were thinking of it for the first time—"Guillaume de Harancourt, the friend of Monsieur the Cardinal Balue. A good fellow, truly."

After the king had left, some despatches were laid upon the table. On his return he began to read them over diligently, one after another; motioned to Maître Olivier to take up a pen; and, without communicating to him the contents of the despatches, he began to dictate the replies, which the latter wrote down.

Guillaume Rym was looking on.

The king, however, spoke so low that the Flemings could hear little or nothing at all, except here and there isolated and scarcely intelligible words.

The last despatch of all seemed to upset Louis XI., who knit his brows. "What is this?" he exclaimed. "Complaints against our garrisons in Picardy! Olivier, write with all speed to the Martial de Rouault. That the gendarmes, the nobles, the

free archers, the Swiss, do infinite mischief to the inhabitants. That the military, dissatisfied with what they find in the houses of the husbandmen, compel them by force to go and fetch from the town, wine, fish, groceries, and other articles. That the king knows all that. That we mean to protect our people from annoyance and pillage. That such is our will. And furthermore, it does not please us, that any musician or servant-at-arms should go clad like a prince, in velvet, silk, and gold rings. Such vanities are hateful to God! That we, who are gentlemen, content ourselves with a doublet made of cloth. That the serving-men of the army must be more reasonable in their expenditure. Order and command must be maintained. To our friend, Monsieur de Rouault. Good."

He dictated this letter in a firm tone, and in short abrupt language. At the moment of his finishing it, the door opened, and admitted a person, who rushed into the chamber, crying, "Sire! sire! there is an outbreak of the populace in Paris!"

The countenance of Louis XI. was contracted for a moment; but all that was visible in his emotion soon passed away. He contented himself, however, by saying, with a tone and look of quiet severity, "Compère Jacques, you enter very abruptly."

"Sire, sire, there's a revolt!" resumed Compère Jacques, quite out of breath.

The king, who had risen from his seat, seized him by the arm, whispered in his ear, so as to be heard by no one else, and with an expression of internal anger, said "Speak low!"

This person had no sooner given the king some explanations, than Louis XI. exclaimed, with a burst of laughter: "Nay, in sooth, speak aloud, Compère Coictier. What occasion have you to whisper so? Our Lady knows we have no secrets with our good Flemish friends."

"But, sire—"

"Speak up!" said the king.

Compère Coictier was dumbfounded.

"Come, come," resumed the king; "speak out, sir. You say there's a riot of the people in our good city of Paris?"

"Yes, sire."

"And which is directed, you say, against Monsieur the Bailiff of the Palais de Justice?"

"That is so," said the compère, who still stammered out his words, quite confounded at the sudden change which had taken place in the mind of the king.

Louis XI. resumed: "Whereabouts did the watch fall in with the mob?"

"Coming along from the great Truandry toward the Pont-aux-Changeurs, sire. I met it myself as I was coming hither in obedience to your majesty's orders. I heard some of them crying, 'Down with the Bailiff of the Palais!'"

"And what complaint have they against the bailiff?"

"Why," said Compère Jacques, "that he is their seigneur."

"Is that really so?"

"Yes, sire. They are rascals from the Court of Miracles. They have long been complaining of the bailiff, whose vassals they are."

"So, so," said the king with a smile of satisfaction, which he strove in vain to disguise.

"In their petitions to the parliament," continued Compère Jacques, "they pretend that they have only two masters—your majesty, and their God, who I verily believe to be the Devil."

"Oh, oh," said the king.

He rubbed his hands, laughed, and was quite unable to dissemble his joy, though he now and then strove to compose himself. None of those present could understand his hilarity. At length his majesty remained silent, with a thoughtful but satisfied air.

Suddenly he asked, "Are they in force?"

"Yes, sire," answered Compère Jacques.

"How many?"

"Six thousand, at least."

The king could not help exclaiming, "Good!" He went on, "Are they armed?"

"Yes, sire, with all sorts of weapons."

The king appeared to be not at all disturbed by these details. Compère Jacques thought proper to add, "Unless your majesty sends speedy succour to the bailiff, he is lost!"

"Certainly we will send," said the king, with affected seriousness. "But we have few men about us to-night. It will be time enough to-morrow morning."

Compère Jacques could not help exclaiming: "Directly, sire. They'll have time to sack the bailiff's house twenty times over. For Heaven's sake, sire, send before the morning."

The king looked at him. "I have told you to-morrow morning." It was one of those looks to which there is no reply.

After a pause, Louis XI. again raised his voice. "My Compère Jacques, What is the bailiff's feudal jurisdiction?"

"Sire, the Bailiff of the Palais has the Rue de la Calandre, as far as the Rue de l'Herberie; the Place St. Michel, and the places commonly called Les Mureaux, situated near the church of Notre-Dame-des-Champs" (here the king lifted the brim of his hat), "which mansions amount to thirteen; besides the Court of Miracles, and the lazaretto called the Banlieue; and all the highway beginning at the lazaretto and ending at the Porte St. Jacques. Of those several places he is the keeper of the ways—chief, mean, and inferior justiciary—full and entire lord."

"Ho! ho!" said the king, "'tis a good slice of my town! So, monsieur the bailiff was king of all that, eh?"

He continued ruminating and as if talking to himself: "Softly, monsieur the bailiff, you had a very pretty slice of our Paris in your clutches, truly."

All at once he burst forth: "Pasque-Dieu! what are all these people that pretend to be highway-keepers, justiciaries, lords and masters along with us, that have their toll-gate at the corner of every field, their justice and their bourreau at every cross-way among our people? Par-Dieu! this thing is evil, and the confusion of it displeases me. I should like to be told, now, if it be God's pleasure that there should be at Paris any highway-keepers but the king—any justiciary but our parliament—any emperor but ourself in this empire. By the faith of my soul, but the day must come when there shall be in France but one king, one lord, one judge, one headsman, as there is but one God in heaven."

Again he lifted his cap, and continued, with the look and accent of a huntsman urging on his dogs: "Good, my people! Well done! Shatter those false seigneurs! Do your work! On, on! Pillage—hang—sack them! So, you want to be kings, messeigneurs? On, my people, on!"

Here he stopped himself; bit his lip, as if to recall his half-wandering thoughts; fixed his piercing eye in turn upon each of the five persons around him; and then, all at once taking his hat between both hands, and looking steadfastly at it, he said, "Oh, I would burn thee, if thou couldst know what I have in my head!"

Then once more casting around him the cautious look of a fox stealing back into his hole: "No matter," said he; "we will send succour to monsieur the bailiff. Unfortunately, we have very few troops here at present, against such a number of the populace. We must wait till to-morrow. Order shall be restored in the city."

"By-the-bye sire," said Compère Coictier; "I had forgotten

it in my first alarm. The watch seized two of the gang. If it be your majesty's pleasure to see them, they are here."

"Certainly!" exclaimed the king. "Go and fetch them in."

Maître Olivier went out, and presently returned with the two prisoners surrounded by archers. The first of the two had a wonder-struck visage. He was clothed in rags, and walked with one knee bent; the other had a pale, half-smiling countenance.

The king looked at them keenly for a moment, without speaking; then suddenly asked the first of the two prisoners, "What is thy name?"

"Geoffroy Pincebourde."

"What are you?"

"A reaper."

"What were you doing in that rabble?"

The Truand looking at the king, replied, "I don't know."

"Were you not going to attack the bailiff of the Palais?"

"I know they were going to do something—and that's all."

Thereupon a soldier showed the king a bill-hook, which had been found upon the man.

"What do you say to that?" asked the king.

"I own it is mine. I'm a reaper."

"Do you know anything of the other prisoner?" enquired the king.

"I don't know him."

"That will do," said the king; and motioning with his finger to the silent person standing motionless by the door, "Compère Tristan," said he, "there's a man for you."

Tristan bowed and then gave an order to a couple of archers, who thereupon carried away the poor Truand.

The king now addressed the second prisoner, who was perspiring profusely, "What is thy name?"

"Pierre Gringoire."

"How do you live?"

"I am a philosopher, sire."

"Then how comes it, that you are mixed up in this business?"

"My liege, I was not in it."

"What do you mean, were you not apprehended by the watch in that company?"

"Sire—there is a mistake somewhere. I implore your majesty to hear me. I am a poet. By mere chance I happened to be passing. They took me up without cause. I am innocent of this charge. Your majesty heard that the Truand did not know me."

"Silence!" said the king.

Tristan stepped forward, and said, pointing to Gringoire: "Sire, may we hang that one too?"

"Well," answered the king, carelessly, "I don't see any objection."

"But I do Sire," said Gringoire.

Our philosopher's countenance at this moment was livid. He saw the cool and indifferent manner of the king, and that his only hope was to create some excessively pathetic scene; and he threw himself at the feet of Louis XI.

"Oh, Sire! your majesty will surely vouchsafe to hear me. Sire, do not condemn so poor a thing as I. God is great. Strike not the lowly plant. Sire, you are an august and most noble monarch —have pity on a poor honest man, so incapable of fanning the flame of revolt. Gracious sire, gentleness is a virtue worthy of a great king. Alas! unkindness does but exasperate; the fierce blasts of the east wind makes the traveller protect himself with warmer clothing; but the sun darting his rays little by little, warms him so that at length he will be glad dispense with his cloak. Sire! I protest to you, my sovereign lord and master, that I am not a companion of Truands, I am no man to go and rush into those grievances which burst into seditious clamour. I am a faithful vassal of your majesty. The same jealousy which the husband has for the honour of his wife—the affection with which the son should requite his father's love—a good vassal should feel for the glory of his king. He should devote himself to the upholding of his house and the promoting of his service. Any other passion that should possess him would be madness. These, sire, are my maxims of state; do not, then, judge me to be seditious and plundering because of my dress. If you show me mercy, sire, I will pray for you morning and night. Alas! I am not rich, it is true—indeed I am rather poor; but I am not wicked for all that. It is no fault of mine. Everybody knows that great wealth is not to be acquired by all; and that the most accomplished writers have not always a great fire in winter time. The gentlemen of the law take all the wheat to themselves, and leave nothing but the chaff for the other learned professions. Oh, sire, clemency is the only light that can enlighten the interior of a great soul and which carries the torch before all other virtues. Without her they are but blind, and seek God in the dark. Mercy, which is the same thing as clemency, produces loving subjects, who are the most powerful body-guard of the prince. What can it signify to your majesty, that there should be one poor man more upon the earth? a poor innocent philosopher, creeping about in the

darkness of calamity, with empty pockets. Besides, sire, I am a man of learning. Great kings add a jewel to their crown by patronizing letters. Hercules did not disdain the title of Musagetes. Matthias Corvinus showed favour to Jean de Monroyal, the ornament of mathematics. Now, 'tis an ill way of patronizing letters, to hang up the lettered. What a stain to Alexander if he had had Aristoteles hanged! The act would not have been a small patch upon the face of his reputation to embellish it, but a virulent ulcer to disfigure it. Sire, I wrote a very appropriate epithalamium for Mademoiselle of Flanders and Monseigneur the most august Dauphin. That was not like a firebrand of rebellion. Your majesty sees that I am no dunce—that I have studied deeply—and that I have much natural eloquence. Have mercy sire. By so doing, you will do a grateful act and I assure you, sire, that I have a dread of being hanged!"

And after finishing his oration the disconsolate Gringoire kissed the king's feet; while Guillaume Rym whispered to Coppenole: "He does well to prostrate himself upon the floor; kings are like the Jupiter of Crete—they hear only through their feet." And, quite inattentive to the Cretan Jupiter, the hosier answered, with a heavy smile, and his eyes fixed upon Gringoire, "Ah, that's good! I could fancy I heard the Chancellor asking me for mercy."

When Gringoire stopped at length quite out of breath, he raised his eyes, trembling, toward the king, who was scratching with his finger-nail a spot which he saw upon his breeches' knee, after which his majesty took another draught from the goblet. But he uttered not a syllable—and this silence was torture to Gringoire. At last the king looked at him. "What a terrible talker." Then, turning towards Tristan: "Well let him go," said he.

Gringoire was thunderstruck with joy, and fell backwards.

"Let him go!" grumbled Tristan. "Is it not your majesty's pleasure that he should be caged for a little while?"

"Compère," replied Louis XI., "Let him go directly, but give him a good drubbing."

"Oh," exclaimed Gringoire, in ecstasy, "you are indeed a great king."

Then, fearing the king might change his mind he rushed toward the door, which Tristan opened for him. The soldiers drove him before them with blows of their fists, which Gringoire endured like a true philosopher.

The good humour of the king, since the revolt against the

bailiff had been announced to him, manifested itself in everything. This unusual clemency of his was no small sign of it. Tristan in his corner, was looking very surly.

Meanwhile the king was gaily beating with his fingers upon his chair arm, the Pont-Audemer march. Though a dissembling prince, he was much better able to conceal his sorrow than his rejoicing. These his external manifestations of joy on the receipt of any good news, sometimes carried him great lengths.

"Gracious sire!" suddenly exclaimed Jacques Coictier "what is become of the acute pains on account of which your majesty sent for me?"

"Ah!" said the king, "truly, my compère, I am suffering. I've a noise in my ears, and pains in my chest."

Coictier took the king's hand, and began to feel his pulse.

"Look, Coppenole," whispered Rym. "That's his whole court—a physician for himself, and a hangman for others."

While feeling the king's pulse, Coictier assumed a look of great alarm. Louis XI. looked at him with some anxiety; while the physician's countenance grew more and more solemn. The king's state of health was the only estate the good man had to cultivate, and he made the most of it.

At last he muttered, "this is serious, indeed!"

"Indeed?" said the king, uneasy.

"Yes," continued the physician.

"Pasque-Dieu!" exclaimed his majesty.

"This illness might carry you off at any moment!"

"Is that so!" cried the king. "And what is your remedy, compère?"

"I'm thinking, sire."

He made the king put out his tongue; shook his head; made a wry face; and in the midst of this grimacing, "Par-Dieu, sire," said he, all of a sudden, "I must inform you that there is an important post vacant, and that I have a nephew."

"I give the post to thy nephew, Compère Jacques," answered the king; "but take this fire out of my chest!"

"Since your majesty is so gracious," resumed the physician, "I am sure you will not refuse to assist me a little in the building of my house in the Rue St. André-des-Arcs."

"So, so!" said the king.

"I am hard pushed just now for cash," said the doctor, "and it would really be a pity that the house should be left unfinished—not for the sake of the house itself, which is quite plain and homely; but for the sake of the paintings."

"What art thou driving at?" grumbled Louis XI.

"I want the roof completed over these paintings, sire; and, although it is but a trifle, I have no money left."

"What will it cost?"

"Oh, not above two thousand livres."

"Ha!" cried the king. "He never draws me a tooth but he makes me pay dearly for it."

"Am I to have my roof?" said Coictier.

"Yes—the devil take you! but cure me."

Jacques Coictier made a low bow, and said: "Sire, it is a repellent that will save you. We shall apply the grand mixture, composed of cerate, bole armoniac, white of eggs, oil, and vinegar. You will continue your present medicine—and we will answer for your majesty's safety."

Now, Maître Olivier, seeing the king in a liberal mood, and deeming the moment propitious, approached in his turn:—"Sire!"

"What now?" said Louis XI.

"Sire, your majesty is aware that Maître Simon Radin is dead."

"What of that?"

"He was king's councillor for the jurisdiction of the treasury."

"Well?"

"Sire, his place has not yet been filled."

Speaking thus, Maître Olivier's countenance had exchanged arrogant for the fawning expression. The king looked at him and said, dryly, "I understand."

His majesty resumed: "Maître Olivier, Marshal de Boucicault used to say, 'There's no good gift but from a king; there's no good fishing but in the sea.' I see that you are of the marshal's opinion. Now, hear this. We have a good memory. In the year '68, we made you groom of our chamber; in '69 castellan of the bridge of St. Cloud, with a salary of a hundred livres tournois—you wanted them parisis. In November, '73, by letters given at Gergeaule, we appointed you keeper of the Bois de Vincennes, in lieu of Gilbert Acle, esquire; in '75, warden of the forest of Rouvray-les-Saint-Cloud, in the place of Jacques Le Maire; in '78, we graciously settled upon you, by letters-patent sealed on extra label with green wax, an annuity of ten livres parisis, to you and your wife, upon the Place-aux-Marchands, situated at the Ecole St. Germain. In '79, we made you warden of the forest of Senart, in room of that poor Jehan Daiz; then captain of the castle of Loches; then governor of St. Quentin; then captain of the bridge of Meulan, of which

you call yourself count. Out of the fine of five sols paid by every barber that shaves on a holiday, you get three, and we get what you leave. We were pleased to change your name of Le Mauvais, which was too much like your countenance. In '74, we granted you, to the great displeasure of our nobility, armorial bearings of a thousand colours, that make you a breast like a peacock. Pasque-Dieu! is this not sufficient? Is not the draught of fishes fine and miraculous enough? And are you not afraid lest a single salmon more should be enough to sink your boat? Your pride will ruin you, my compère. Pride is ever followed close behind by ruin and shame. Think of that, and be reasonable."

These words, uttered in severity, brought back the face of Maître Olivier to its former insolent expression. "Good!" muttered he, almost aloud. "It's plain enough that the king is ill to-day, for he gives all to his physician."

Louis XI., far from taking offence at this piece of presumption, resumed, with some mildness: "Stay—I forgot to add that I made you ambassador to Madame Marie at Ghent. Yes, gentlemen," added the king, turning to the Flemings; "this man has been an ambassador. There, my compère," continued he, again addressing Maître Olivier, "let us be good friends. It's getting late. We have done our work. Now shave me."

Our readers have doubtless already recognized in Maître Olivier that terrible Figaro whom Providence, the great dramatist of all, so artfully mixed up in the long and sanguinary play of Louis XI.'s reign. We shall not here undertake to develop, at full length, that singular character. This barber to the king had three names. At court he was called politely Olivier-le-Daim; and among the people Olivier-le-Diable. But, by his right name, he was Olivier-le-Mauvais, or the Bad.

Olivier-le-Mauvais then stood motionless, looking sulkily at the king, and enviously at Jacques Coictier. "Yes, yes—the physician!" muttered he.

"Oh, yes—the physician!" resumed Louis XI. with singular good humour; "the physician has yet more influence than thyself. It's a matter over which we have no control. He has got our whole body in his hands; and thou dost but hold us by the chin. Come, come, my poor barber, there's nothing amiss. What wouldst thou say, and what would become of thy office, if I were a king like King Chilperic, whose way it was to hold his beard with one hand. Come, my compère, perform thy office, and shave me."

Olivier, seeing that the king had resolved to treat the matter lightly, went out, grumbling, to execute his commands. The king rose from his seat, went to the window, and suddenly opening it in extraordinary agitation—"Oh, yes!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands; "there's a light in the sky over the city. It's the bailiff burning; it can not be anything else. Ha! my good people, so you help me, then, at last, to pull down the seigneuries!"

Then turning to the Flemings: "Gentlemen," said he, "come and see. Is not that a fire?"

The two came forward to look.

"It's a great fire," said Guillaume Rym.

"Oh," added Coppenole, "that reminds me of the burning of the house of the Seigneur d'Hymbercourt. There must be a stout revolt there."

"You think so, Maître Coppenole?" said the king, and he looked almost as much pleased as the hosier himself. "Don't you think it will be difficult to resist it?" he added.

"Sire! it may cost your majesty many a company of good soldiers."

"Ha! that's quite another thing," returned the king.

The hosier rejoined: "If that revolt be what I suppose, you would have great difficulty in quelling it, sire."

"Compère," said Louis XI., "two companies of my ordonnance, and the discharge of a serpentine, are quite sufficient to rout a mob."

The hosier, in spite of the signs that Guillaume Rym was making to him, seemed determined to contest the matter with the king. "Sire," said he, "the Swiss were common people, too. Monsieur the Duke of Burgundy was a great gentleman, and made no account of that canaille. At the battle of Grandson, sire, he called out, 'Cannoneers, fire upon those villains! and he swore by St. George. But the avoyer, Scharnactal, rushed upon the fine duke with his club and his people; and at the shock of the peasants, with their bull-hides, the shining Burgundian army was shattered like a pane of glass by a flint-stone. Many a knight was killed there by those base churls; and Monsieur de Château-Guyon, the greatest lord in Burgundy, was found dead, with his great gray horse in a little boggy field!"

"Friend," returned the king, "you're talking of a battle; but here it's only a riot, and I can put an end to it with a single frown, when I please." The other replied, unconcernedly, "That may be, sire. In that case the people's hour is not yet come."

Guillaume Rym thought it his turn to interfere.

"Maître Coppenole," said he, "you are talking to a mighty king."

"I am aware of it," answered the hosier.

"Let him proceed, Monsieur Rym," said the king; "I like plain speaking. My father, Charles VII., used to say that truth was sick! for my part I thought she was dead, and had found no confessor; but Maître Coppenole shows me to the contrary."

Then slapping his hand familiarly upon Coppenole's shoulder, "You were saying then, Maître Jacques—"

"I say, sire, that perhaps you are right—that the people's hour is not yet come with you."

Louis XI. looked at him with penetrating eye: "And when will that hour come, maître?"

"You will hear it strike."

"By what clock, pray?"

Coppenole, with his quiet self-possession, motioned to the king to approach the window. "Hark you, sire," said he; "here there are a donjon, an alarm-bell, cannon, townspeople, soldiers. When the alarm-bell shall sound—when the cannon shall roar—when, with great clamour the donjon walls shall be shattered—when townspeople and soldiers shall shout and kill each other—then the hour will strike."

The countenance of Louis XI. became gloomy and thoughtful. He remained pensive for a moment; then knocking his hand gently against the massive wall of the donjon, "No, no!" said he, "thou wilt not so easily be shattered, wilt thou, my good Bastile?"

Then, abruptly turning round to the bold Fleming, he said: "Have you ever seen a revolt, Maître Jacques?"

"I have made one," said the hosier.

"What did you do?" said the king.

"Well!" answered Coppenole, "it's not very hard. There are many ways. First of all, there must be dissatisfaction amongst the people. That's nothing uncommon. And then, one must consider the character of the inhabitants. Those of Ghent are prone to revolt. They always like the son of the prince, but never the prince himself. Well, suppose now, somebody comes into my shop one morning, and says, Father Coppenole, it's so and so—as that the Lady of Flanders wants to save her ministers—that the high bailiff is doubling the toll on vegetables—or what not—anything you like. Then I leave my work, go out into the street, and cry—*Sack!* I get upon an empty cask perhaps, and say with a loud voice, the first words that come into my head—what's uppermost in my heart—and when one

belongs to the people, sire, one has always something upon one's heart. Then a crowd assembles—they shout—they ring the alarm—the people get arms by disarming the soldiers—the market people join the rest—and then they go to work; and it will always be so, so long as there are seigneurs in the seigneuries, townspeople in the towns, and country-people in the country."

"And against whom did you rebel thus?" asked the king. "Against your bailiffs—against your lords?"

"Sometimes. That's as it may happen. Against the duke, too, sometimes."

Louis XI. returned to his seat, and said, with a smile, "Ah! but here they have not yet got farther than the bailiffs."

Shortly after Olivier-le-Daim re-entered, attended by two pages carrying the articles of toilet for dressing his majesty; but Louis XI. was surprised to see him also accompanied by the provost of Paris and the knight of the watch, who seemed both much confused. There was consternation, too, in the look of the hair dresser, though there was satisfaction lurking under it. He spoke first. "I beg pardon of your majesty for the bad news I bring."

The king turned sharply round. "What is the news?" said he.

"Your majesty," returned Olivier, with the wicked look of a man rejoicing in the opportunity of dealing a violent blow, "it is not against the bailiff of the Palais that this popular sedition is directed."

"Against whom, then?"

"Against yourself, sire."

The king rose upon his feet, suddenly, and with the energy of a young man. "Explain, Olivier, and look well to it, my compère—for I swear to thee, that if thou speakest false thy life shall be the penalty."

It was a formidable oath. Olivier opened his lips to reply. "Sire—"

"Down on thy knees!" said the king, with vehemence. "Tristan keep your eye upon this man."

Olivier fell upon his knees, and composedly said: "Sire, a sorceress has been condemned to death by your court of parliament. She has taken refuge in Notre-Dame. The people want to take her from thence by main force. Monsieur the provost and monsieur the knight of the watch who are come straight from the spot, are here to contradict me if I do not speak the truth."

"So, so," said the king, trembling with passion; "Notre-

Dame! They are besieging Our Lady, my good mistress, in her own cathedral! Rise, Olivier. Thou art right; I give to thee Simon Radin's post. It is myself they are assailing. The witch is under the safeguard of the church; the church is under my protection, and I verily believed all the while that it was only the bailiff they were attacking, 'tis against myself I find!"

Invigorated by his passion, he began to pace the floor hurriedly. He no longer laughed; he was terrible. The fox was turned into a tiger. He was choking with rage, and his withered hands were clenched. Suddenly he raised his head; his eye seemed full of light, and he thundered forth like a clarion. "Upon them, Tristan! Fall upon the knaves! Go, Tristan, my friend! Kill them!"

When this explosion of rage was over, he once more went to his seat, and said, with a cool and concentrated passion: "Here, Tristan! We have in this Bastile the fifty lances of the Viscount de Gif, making three hundred horse; take them. There's also Captain de Chateaupers's company of archers of our ordonnance; take them also. You are provost, and have your own men; you will include them also. At the Hôtel St. Pol, you'll find forty archers of Monsieur the Dauphin's new guard. And, with the whole, you will hasten to Notre-Dame. So! messieurs the commons of Paris—you presume to fly in the face of the crown of France, the sanctity of Our Lady, and the peace of this commonwealth. Exterminate, Tristan! exterminate! and let no one escape except for Montfaucon!"

Tristan bowed. "Your order shall be obeyed, sire. And what shall I do with the sorceress?" added he.

This last question set the king thinking. "Oh," said he, "the witch! What did the people want to do with her?"

"Sire," answered the provost of Paris, "I imagine they want to hang her."

The king seemed to be lost in thought; then turning to Tristan, he said: "Well, exterminate the people and hang the witch."

"Just as I was thinking," whispered Rym to Coppenole. "Punish the people for wishing, and carry that into effect."

"Sire," answered Tristan. "If the witch be still in Notre-Dame, is she to be removed in spite of the sanctuary?"

"The sanctuary!" ejaculated the king, rubbing his head; "and yet the woman must be hanged."

As if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, he knelt down before his chair, took off his hat, placed it upon the seat, and looked devoutly at one of the leaden figures with which it was

loaded: "Oh," said he, clasping his hands, "Our Lady of Paris, my gracious patroness, forgive me. The criminal must be punished. I assure you, Holy Virgin, that she is a witch, and unworthy of your protection. You know, Lady, that many pious princes have trespassed upon the privileges of churches, for the glory of God and the necessity of the state. St. Hugh, an English bishop, permitted King Edward to seize a magician in his church. My master, Saint Louis of France, transgressed for the like purpose in the church of Monsieur St. Paul, as did also Monsieur Alphonse, King of Jerusalem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Pardon me, then, for this once, Our Lady of Paris. I will never do so again; and I will give you a fine statue of silver."

He crossed himself, rose, put on his hat, and said to Tristan: "Make haste, my compère. Take Captain de Chateaupers with you. You will have the alarm bell rung. You will crush the populace. You will hang the witch. That is understood. You will bear the expenses of the execution, and bring me an account of them. Come, Olivier, I shall not go to bed to-night. Shave me."

Tristan bowed and departed. Then the king, motioning to Rym and Coppenole to retire: "God keep you, messieurs, my good Flemish friends!" said he. "Retire and take some repose. The night is far spent; we are nearer the morning than I thought."

Both accordingly withdrew, and reached their apartments, to which they had been conducted by the captain of the Bastile

CHAPTER VI.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

On leaving the Bastile, Gringoire made for the Rue St. Antoine with the swiftness of a runaway horse. When he had reached the gate, he walked straight up to the stone cross which stood in the middle of the open space, as though he had been able to discern in the dark the figure of a man in a black dress and cowl, seated on the steps of the cross. "Is it you, master?" said Gringoire.

The figure started up. "Perdition! You make my blood

boil, Gringoire. The warder on the tower of St. Gervais has just cried half past one."

"Why," replied Gringoire, "that is no fault of mine. I have had a narrow escape. I was on the point of being hanged."

"You are never in time for anything," said the other.

"To think, master—I have seen the king! I have just come from him. 'Tis quite an adventure!"

"Eternal prattler! What care I for thy adventure! Hast thou the watch-word of the Vagabonds?"

"I have. *Petite flambe en beguenaud!*"

"'Tis well. We should not else be able to reach the church. The rabble block up all the streets. Luckily, they seem to have met with resistance. We shall perhaps yet arrive in time."

"Yes, master, but how are we to get into the church?"

"I have a key to the towers."

"And how shall we get out?"

"Behind the cloisters there is a door opening upon the Terrain, and so to the river. I moored a boat there this morning."

"I have had a most lucky escape from hanging indeed!" said Gringoire again.

"Forget all about it now! come along, quick!" rejoined the other.

Then they both proceeded at a rapid pace towards the City.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN CHATEAUPERS TO THE RESCUE!

THE reader will probably remember the critical situation in which we left the brave hunchback. Assailed on all sides, and having lost, if not all courage, at least all hope of saving, not himself—he never once thought of himself—but the Egyptian. He ran wildly to and fro. The cathedral was on the point of being carried by the mob. All at once the tramp of horses in full gallop was heard in the neighbouring streets; and presently a column of horsemen riding at great speed was seen advancing and shouting, "Chateaupers to the rescue! Down with the rascals!" The affrighted Vagabonds faced about.

Quasimodo, who could not hear the din, saw the column of cavalry, at the head of which he recognised Captain Phœbus. He observed the confusion of the Truands, and mustered strength

enough to throw down the foremost of the assailants, who was already striding over into the gallery.

The Truands defended themselves with valour. The struggle was terrible. The king's troops amidst whom Chateaupers conducted himself valiantly, gave no quarter. The rabble, badly armed, were severely handicapped. Men, women, and children, darting at the flanks of the horses, clung to them tooth and nail. Some thrust torches into the faces of the archers; while others, catching them by the neck, with iron hooks, pulled them from their horses and cut them to pieces. One in particular was mowing away at the legs of the horses, he kept his scythe incessantly going. At each stroke he formed about him a large semicircle of dismembered limbs. In this manner he fought his way into the thickest of the cavalry. It was Clopin Trouillefou. A shot, however, laid him prostrate.

Meanwhile, windows were thrown open. The neighbours, hearing the shouts of the men-at-arms, took part in the affair. The Parvis was filled with a dense smoke, through which were faintly seen the façade of Notre-Dame, and the Hôtel-Dieu.

The Truands at length gave way against the furious onslaught of the king's troops. Forcing the line of their assailants, they fled in all directions, leaving the Parvis strewed with dead.

When Quasimodo perceived their defeat, he fell on his knees and lifted his hands to heaven; then, intoxicated with joy, he flew with the swiftness of a bird to the little cell, the access to which he had so gallantly defended. He had now but one thought—to throw himself at the feet of her whom he had saved for the second time. When he reached the cell, he found it empty.

BOOK X.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY A LITTLE SHOE.

WHILST the Truands were assailing the cathedral, Esmeralda still slept. But soon, the constantly increasing noise, and the plaintive bleating of her goat, disturbed her slumber. She then sat up in bed, and looked around her; then, frightened at the noise, she hurried out of the cell. The aspect of the Place; the strange crowd that was moving in it; the disorder; the tumult caused by the hoarse multitude; the few torches flitting backwards and forwards, seemed to her like some mysterious battle going on. Imbued from her infancy with the superstitions which at that day possessed the minds of many of her tribe, the thought that first suggested itself to her was, that she had come unawares upon the magic revels of the beings proper to the night. Then she returned in terror to her cell.

However, by degrees, the first fumes of terror had dispersed from her mind; and by the constantly increasing noise, together with other signs of reality, she discovered that she was beset, not by spectres, but by human beings. Then her fear, though it had not increased, had changed its nature. She had thought of the possibility of a popular rising to drag her from her asylum. The idea of once more losing her hopes, her Phœbus, who was ever present in her thoughts; her helplessness; her abandonment; these and other cruel thoughts overwhelmed her. She fell upon her knees, with her head upon the bed, and her hands clasped to her head, full of anxiety and trepidation; and sobbing, asked mercy of God, and prayed to the Holy Virgin.

She remained in this condition for some time; her blood freezing as the furious multitude approached nearer and nearer; ignorant of the nature of this popular storm, and feeling a presentiment of some dreadful result.

In the midst of this anguish, she heard footsteps approaching. She turned. Two men, one of whom carried a lantern, had just entered her cell. She uttered a feeble cry.

"Don't be alarmed," said a voice which she thought she recognised.

"Who are you?" asked she.

"Pierre Gringoire."

This name gave her courage. She raised her eyes, and saw that it was indeed the poet. But close by him there was a dark figure, closely veiled, the sight of which struck her mute.

"Ah!" resumed Gringoire, in a reproachful tone, "Djali knew me before you did."

The goat, in fact, had begun to rub herself affectionately against his knees. Gringoire returned the caresses with the greatest cordiality.

"Who is with you?" asked the gypsy girl.

"Don't be afraid," answered Gringoire; "it's a friend."

The philosopher, setting his lantern on the floor sat down upon the stones, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, clasping Djali in his arms: "Oh! it's a darling animal! Let us see, now, if thou rememberest all thy tricks. What does Maître Charmolue do?"

The man in black did not suffer Gringoire to finish. He pushed him by the shoulder. Gringoire got up again. "My pretty dear," said he, addressing the gypsy, "Your life's in danger. They want to hang you. We are friends and have come to save you."

"Is this true?" exclaimed she, agitated.

"Yes. Come, quick."

"I will follow you," faltered she; "but why does your friend remain silent."

"Oh!" said Gringoire; "that's his way."

She was obliged to content herself with this explanation. Gringoire took her by the hand. His companion took up the lantern from the floor, and walked first. Fear made the young girl passive; she allowed them to lead her. The goat ran after them, so delighted to see Gringoire again that she made him stumble at almost every step, by thrusting her horns against his legs.

They quickly descended the staircase of the towers, crossed the interior of the church, which was all dark and solitary, and went out by the Red Gate into the court of the cloisters. These were deserted, the canons having taken refuge in the bishop's house; only some terrified men remained in the darkest corners.

Proceeding towards the small door leading from that court to the Terrain, the man in black opened it. The noise of the assault by the Truands reached their ears; nevertheless, they were still very near the danger. The buildings nearest to them were the bishop's palace and the church. There was evidently great confusion within the residence of the bishop. Its dark mass was tracked in all directions by lights hurrying from one window to another; and close by, the huge towers of Notre-Dame, seen thus from behind, with the long nave over which they rear themselves, showed black upon the vast red light which glowed above the Parvis.

The man with the lantern proceeded directly to the projecting point of the Terrain; where, at the extreme edge of the water, were the decayed remains of a fence of stakes with laths nailed across, upon which a low vine spread out its few meagre branches like the fingers of an open hand. Behind, and in the shade cast by this trellis work, a small skiff lay hidden. The man motioned to Gringoire and the young woman to enter; and the goat jumped in after them. The man himself got in last of all. Then he cut the rope; pushed off with a long boat-hook; and laying hold of a pair of sculls, he seated himself in front, and rowed with all his might across the stream.

Gringoire placed himself in the hind part of the boat; and the young girl, whom the sight of the stranger filled with uneasiness, seated herself as close as possible to the poet.

"Ah!" cried he, "now we are all four saved!"

The boat was wending its way slowly toward the right bank. The young girl watched the movement of the unknown. He had carefully turned off the light of his dark lantern; and he was now discernible, like a spectre, at the head of the boat. His hood, which was constantly down, was a sort of mask over his face; and every time that, in rowing, he half opened his arms, upon which he had large black hanging sleeves, they looked like a pair of bat's wings. As yet he had not spoken. There was a perfect stillness in the boat, excepting only the regular splash of the oars, and the rippling of the water against the side of the boat.

"My word!" suddenly exclaimed Gringoire, "Here we go, gay and merry as owls. I should like somebody to talk to me. One word, my pretty dear—do just say one word to me, I beg. You must know, my dear, that the parliament has jurisdiction over all places of sanctuary, and that you were consequently in great peril whilst you were in Notre-Dame. Here's the moon coming out again. I hope they won't discover us. They would

hang us at once if they were to catch us. I have been on a visit to His Majesty. He is a mischievous old king. He all but had me hanged to-night. He's unfair to men of merit. He is very paltry in his dealings with men of letters—and that tends to barbarous cruelties. He spends all the money, and so complaints of the hardness of the times turn to murmurs against the prince. Under this mild and pious old lord the gallows are overloaded with carcasses, and streams with gore. He is a tyrannical old monarch. What say you, my master?"

The man in black did not answer. He was still struggling against the current.

"By-the-bye, master," resumed Gringoire, "just as we reached the Parvis through the enraged Truands, did your reverence notice the poor little devil, whose brains that deaf man of yours seemed in a fair way to knock out upon the balustrade of the gallery of the royal statues? I could not distinguish his features. Who do you think it was?"

The unknown still remained silent. But he suddenly left off rowing; his arms dropped; his head fell upon his breast; and Esmeralda could hear him sighing. She started—she had heard sounds like those before.

The boat, now left to itself, followed for some moments the impulse of the stream. But at length the man in black recovered himself; seized the oars, and again set himself to row, and made for the landing place at the Port-au-Foin.

"Oh!" said Gringoire, "over yonder is the Logis Barbeau. It is a fine place. You can see the turret above it. There's also a nice garden. And in it there's a rogue of a tree which favoured the pleasures of a famous princess and a certain noble of France. Alas! Human life is a mixture, master. I must tell you the story about the Logis Barbeau. It has a strange ending. It was in 1319, in the reign of Philip the Fifth. The moral of the story is, that the temptations of the flesh are pernicious and debasing. Let us not covet our neighbour's wife, no matter how much we may be struck with her beauty. But! the noise grows louder over there!"

The riot was in fact increasing around the Cathedral. They listened, and could distinctly hear shouts of victory. All at once, a hundred torches, the light of which glittered upon the helmets of the men-at-arms, spread themselves over the church at all elevations. Those torches seemed to be carried in search of something; and soon those distant clamours reached the ears of the

fugitives distinctly: "The gypsy!" they cried: "the witch! death to her!"

The unhappy girl dropped her head upon her hands, and the unknown began to row with more haste toward the shore.

Certain it is that Gringoire was in great perplexity. The goat was becoming a perfect nuisance, and he did not know what to do with it.

They eventually reached the shore. Fearful exclamations were still resounding through the city. The unknown rose, came up to the gypsy, and offered to take her arm in order to help her out of the boat. She repulsed him, and laid hold of Gringoire's sleeve, but he, in his turn, was fully occupied with the goat. Then she jumped ashore without any assistance. She was in such a state of mind that she knew not what she was doing. She remained thus for a few moments, quite stupefied, watching the water. When she recovered a little, she found herself alone upon the landing-place with the unknown. It appears that Gringoire had availed himself of the moment of their going ashore, to make off with the goat.

The poor gypsy girl shuddered to find herself situated thus. She strove to cry out, to call Gringoire; but her tongue refused her, and no sound issued from her lips. All at once she felt the hand of the stranger upon hers; and her teeth chattered. The man said not a word. He began to walk up the river side at a rapid pace, toward the Place de Grêve holding her by the hand. At that moment no muscular strength remained to her; she let him drag her along, running while he walked. No one was to be seen; the quay was deserted. She heard no sound, she perceived no one stirring, except in the glaring and tumultuous city, from which she was separated only by the river. Distant sounds reached her ear mingled with shouts of "Death!" and "Death to the Egyptian!"

Meantime the unknown was dragging her along. She had no recollection of any of the places through which she was passing. She made one effort, suddenly drew up, and cried out, "Help!" as they passed a window with a light.

The occupier of the house opened the window, looked out, muttered some words which she did not hear, and closed his shutter again.

The man in black uttered no sound. He still held her fast, and walked on quicker than before. She was now powerless, but she gathered just strength enough to say, with a voice interrupted by the rapidity of her motion, which had almost taken away her

breath, "Who are you? where are you taking me?" But he made no answer.

In this way, keeping constantly along the quay, they arrived at a large square. There was a little moonlight. It was the Grève. A black cross was discernible, standing in the middle of it; that was the gibbet. She observed all this, and then knew where she was.

The man stopped, turned towards her, and lifted his hood. "Oh!" faltered she, almost petrified, "I knew it was you!"

It was the priest. "Listen," said he; and she shuddered at the sound of his voice, which it was a long time since she had heard. He continued, speaking with a short and gasping utterance. "We are here," said he, "and I have to talk to thee. This is the Grève. This is our last place of meeting. Fate gives us up to each other. I am going to dispose of thy life—thou, of my soul. Listen then. Talk not to me of thy Phœbus." So saying, he paced backwards and forwards, like a maniac, dragging her after him and repeating "Talk not of him. Mark me, if thou utter his name, I will do something terrible!"

Then, like a body recovering its centre of gravity, he once more became motionless; but his voice grew lower and lower. "Don't turn away. Speak to me. First of all, I'll tell thee what has happened. What was I saying? remind me—Ah! it is that there's a decree of the parliament, delivering thee over to execution again. I've just now taken thee out of their hands. But they are pursuing thee."

He pointed towards the City; where, indeed, the search seemed to be eagerly continued. The clamour came nearer. The tower of the lieutenant's house, situated near to the Grève, was full of noise; and soldiers were running along the quay opposite, with torches in their hands, shouting: "The gypsy woman! where is she? Death!"

"Now you can see plain enough," resumed the priest, "that they are pursuing thee, and that I tell no lie. I worship thee. Do not shun me. Do not speak, if it be to tell me that thou hatest me. I am determined to possess thee. I have just now saved thee. Let me finish. I can save thee. I have made all things ready. Thou hast only to consent. As thou wilt, I can do,"—but here he violently checked himself. "No, that is not what I mean. I do not know what I am saying."

And with a hurried step—making her hurry too, for he never let go her arm—he went straight up to the gibbet, and pointing to it: "Now," said he, with determination.

She tore herself from his grasp, fell at the foot of the gibbet and, clasped that dismal supporter; then she half turned her beautiful head, and looked at him over her shoulder. The priest had remained quite still, his finger raised toward the gibbet, and his gesture unchanged like a statue.

At length the gypsy girl said to him, "It is less horrible to me than you are."

Then his arm dropped slowly, and he cast his eyes upon the ground in deep dejection. "If these stones could only speak," muttered he.

The young girl, kneeling before the gibbet, enveloped in her long flowing hair, let him speak without interruption. His accent was now mild and plaintive, contrasting mournfully with the haughty harshness of his features:

"I do love you! Oh, 'tis true I do! And is nothing, then, perceivable without, of that fire which consumes my heart night and day! does that deserve no pity? Oh, I suffer too much, my poor child—it is an agony worthy of compassion, I do assure you. I would speak gently to thee. Will you never forgive me, then? will you hate me always? and is it all over? 'Tis that which makes me wicked and horrible to myself. You do not so much as look at me. You are thinking of something else, perhaps, while I stand talking to you and shuddering on the brink of eternity! At any rate talk not to me of the officer! What! I might throw myself at your knees! I might kiss—not your feet—you would not permit it—but the ground under your feet. I might sob like a child—I might heave my heart from my breast to tell you that I love you! and yet all would be in vain! And yet there is nothing in your soul but what is kind and tender. You are charming! but to me alone thou art unfeeling!"

He buried his face in his hands. The gypsy girl heard him weep, but it was the first time. Standing thus erect, and convulsed by sobbing, he looked even more wretched and suppliant than on his knees. He continued weeping for some time.

"But, Oh" hecontinued, as soon as these first tears were over—"I find no words. And yet I had well meditated what I had to say to you. Now I tremble and shiver—I stagger at the decisive moment—I shall fall to the ground if you do not take pity on me. If you only knew how I love you! What a heart is mine! Oh, what desertion of all virtue! what desperate abandonment of myself! A doctor, I mock at science—a gentleman I tarnish my name—a priest, I make my missal a pillow of desire, I perjure my soul! All this for thy sake, enchantress! and yet thou reject

me! Oh, I must tell thee all—something horrible!"

As he uttered the concluding words, his look became wild. He kept silent for a moment; then, as if talking to himself, and in a loud voice, "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?"

Again he paused; and then continued: "What have I done with him, Lord? I have taken him to myself—fed him, brought him up, loved him, idolized him—I have slain him! Yes, Lord, before my eyes, have they dashed his head upon the stones of Thy temple—and it was because of me—because of this female—because of her!"

His voice was sinking—he repeated several times over, at considerable intervals, "Because of her." Tho' his tongue articulated no perceptible sound, his lips continued to move. All at once, he sank down, and remained upon the ground with his head bowed.

A slight movement made by the young girl, brought him to himself. He passed his hand over his cheeks, and looked vacantly for some moments, in stupor, at his fingers, which were wet. "Have I been weeping?" murmured he.

Turning abruptly to the gypsy, with inexpressible anguish, he said: "Alas! you have seen me weep, unmoved! Dost thou know that those tears are of fire? Is it true, then, that thou wouldst see me die, and laugh all the while. Oh, I wish not to see thee die! One word—one single word! Oh, the time flies! I would save thee! I hold both our destinies in my hand—I am maddened—it is terrible! Oh for one word of kindness—but one word!"

She opened her lips as tho' to answer him. He fell on his knees, to receive with adoration the word, perhaps of forgiveness, which was about to fall from those lips. "You are an assassin!" she suddenly exclaimed.

The priest clasped her in his arms by force, and laughed. "Yes—an assassin," said he—"but I will possess thee. Thou shalt have me for thy master. I will drag thee to my den—Thou shalt follow me—thou must follow me, or I delievr thee over! You must die, or be mine—the assassin's—this very night—dost hear? Come—joy! Come, I decide, silly girl; for I can exist no longer without thee."

His eyes sparkled with rage and passion; and his lips were covering the young girl with kisses. She struggled in his arms, but he would not release her.

"Release me, monster!" she cried. "Oh, the hateful poisonous monk! Away, or I will pull off thy vile grey hair, and dash it in thy face!"

He turned pale—then left hold of her, and gazed upon her with

a dismal look. She now thought herself victorious, and continued: "I tell thee, I belong to my Phœbus—that it is he I love! Thou priest, art old! Get thee gone!"

He uttered a violent cry, "Die, then!" said he grinding his teeth. She saw his frightful look, and attempted to escape, but he seized her again, threw her upon the ground, and walked rapidly towards the angle of the Tour-Roland, dragging her along after him.

On reaching the corner of the square, he turned and said: "Once more, wilt thou be mine?"

She replied with emphasis, "No!"

He then called out in a loud voice, "Gudule! here is the gypsy woman! revenge thyself!"

Esmeralda felt herself seized by the arm. She looked; it was a skeleton arm extended through a hole in the wall, and grasping her with a hand of iron.

"Hold fast!" said the priest, "it's the Egyptian escaped. I'm going to fetch the soldiers. You shall see her hanged."

The priest hurried away toward the Pont Notre-Dame, in which direction a trampling of horses was heard.

The girl had recognized the malicious recluse. Panting with terror, she strove to release herself. She twisted herself about, but the other held her with supernatural strength. The bony fingers met round her flesh; it seemed as if the hand was riveted to her arm.

Utterly exhausted, she fell back against the wall, and then the fear of death came over her. She thought of all the beauties of life—of the aspect of nature—of love—of Phœbus—of all that was to come; and then, of the priest betraying her. Then she felt terror mounting even to the roots of her hair—and she heard the sinister laugh of the recluse, saying in a low tone: "Ha! ha! ha! Thou shalt hang!"

She turned with a dying look towards the window of the cell, and saw the wild countenance of the recluse. "What harm have I done to you?" said she.

The other made no answer, but began to mutter, in a mocking tone, "Gypsy! daughter of Egypt!"

Esmeralda let her head droop, conceiving that it was no human being she had to deal with.

Suddenly the recluse exclaimed: "What hast thou done to me, dost thou say? Well listen! I had a child—dost hear—I had a child, I tell thee—a pretty little girl—my Agnès!" she continued wildly, kissing something in the dark. "Well, they took

my child from me! That is the harm thou hast done to me!"

The young gypsy answered: "Alas! perhaps I was not then born!"

"Yes," rejoined the recluse; "thou must have been born then. Thou wert one of them—she would have been exactly thy age. I have been here fifteen years—fifteen years have I been suffering within these four walls. I tell thee, they were gypsy women that stole her from me—dost hear? Hast thou a heart? Well, that's what they have taken from me. God knows it well. Now, it's my turn. Ah! you gypsy mothers—ye ate my child—now come and see how I will serve yours!"

She laughed, and ground her teeth. The day was beginning to dawn, and the gibbet was distinctly visible in the centre of the Place, and the poor girl thought she heard the noise of the horsemen approaching.

"Woman!" cried she, falling on her knees, "have pity! I have done nothing to you. Do you wish me to die in this horrible manner before your eyes? Let me go for mercy's sake!"

"Give me back my girl!" said the recluse.

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Give me back my Agnès!"

"Let me go for heaven's sake!"

"Give me back my child!"

And now the young girl sank completely exhausted. "Alas!" faltered she, "you seek your child—I seek my parents!"

"Give me back my little Agnès!" continued the recluse. "Thou knowest where she is! I'll tell thee! I was once a gay and happy girl; I had a sweet pretty child; they took it from me—it was the gypsy woman. Thou seest then that thou must die. When the gypsy mother comes to ask for thee, I shall say to her 'Mother, look at that gibbet.' Oh, give me back my child! Here—let me show thee—here is her shoe, all that's left me. Dost thou know where the other is? If thou dost, tell me; and if it's at the other end of the globe, I'll go thither to fetch it!"

So saying, with her other arm extended through the window-place, she showed the gypsy girl the little embroidered shoe.

Esmeralda, starting, said, "Let me see that shoe. Oh, heavens!" And at the same time, with the hand she had at liberty, she eagerly opened the little bag with green glass ornaments which she wore about her neck.

"Ha, there!" muttered the recluse, "mock me not thou foul fiend—" She suddenly stopped short, her whole frame trembling, and she cried in a low voice, "My daughter!"

The gypsy girl had taken out of the bag a little shoe exactly matching the other. To the little shoe was attached a piece of parchment, upon which was written:

"When thou the like to this shalt see,
Thy mother will stretch her arms to thee."

Quick as lightning the recluse had compared the two shoes, read the inscription on the parchment, and then put close to the window bars her face all beaming with a celestial joy, exclaiming, "My Agnès! my daughter!"

"Mother!" responded the gypsy girl.

"The wall and the iron bars were between them."

The young girl put her arm through the bars. The recluse threw herself upon that hand, pressed it to her lips, giving no sign of life but a sob now and again. The poor mother was pouring out in floods upon that adored hand that deep dark well of tears into which all her grief had filtered, drop by drop, for fifteen years.

All at once she rose up, threw her long gray hair from off her forehead, and without saying a word, strove with both hands, and with the fury of a tigress to shake the bars of her window hole. But the bars held firm. She then went and fetched from one corner of her cell a large stone, and hurled it with such violence that one of the bars broke, another stroke and the old iron cross that barricaded the window-place, was smashed. She then managed to remove the rusty stumps of the bars.

The passage thus cleared—she clutched her daughter with frenzy, and drew her into the cell. "Come," murmured she, 'let me save thee from the abyss!"

As soon as she had her within the cell, she took her up and carried her in her arms as tho' she were still her little Agnès, and passed to and fro in her narrow lodge frantic with joy.

"My daughter! my daughter!" said she, "I have found my daughter! God has given her back to me! Ha!—come all of you—see how beautiful she is! You have made me wait fifteen years, O my God, but it was that you might give her back to me so beautiful. Ah! how I love thee! Forgive me, my Agnès—forgive me! Hast thou the mark on thy neck yet? Let me see. Yes: it is here. I've wept for fifteen years.

She ran on in this way saying other extravagant things, and her frantic embraces disordered the poor girl's apparel, even till she made her blush; she kissed her foot, her knee, her forehead, her

eyelids; and was enraptured with everything. The young girl was quite passive the while, only repeating at intervals, and with infinite sweetness, "My mother! My dear mother!"

"Listen, my little girl," resumed the recluse, "I shall love you so dearly. We will go away from here. We shall be so happy. You know Reims. No, you were too young, but we will go there. We shall have a field and a house. Thou shalt sleep in my own bed. Oh, my God? I have found my daughter again!"

"My poor mother!" said the young girl, gathering strength at last to speak, "the gypsy woman had told me so. There was a good gypsy among our people that died last year, and that had always taken care of me like a foster-mother. It was she that had put this little bag on my neck. She used always to say to me: 'Little girl, take care of this trinket—it's a treasure—it will make thee find thy mother again.'"

The recluse again clasped her daughter in her arms. "Come," said she, let us go.

At that moment the cell resounded with a clattering of arms and galloping of horses, which seemed to be issuing from the Pont Notre-Dame, and approaching nearer and nearer along the quay. The gypsy girl threw herself in agony into the arms of the recluse. "Save me! my mother—they are coming!"

The recluse turned pale again. "Oh, Heaven! I'd forgotten: They're pursuing thee. What hast thou done?"

"I don't know," answered the unfortunate girl, "but I am condemned to die."

"What!" exclaimed Gudule, tottering as if struck by a thunderbolt. "To die!" she repeated slowly, looking upon her daughter with her fixed eye.

"Yes, my mother," repeated the young girl, with wild despair. "They are going to hang me. That gibbet is for me. Save me! save me!"

The recluse remained for a few moments motionless, then shook her head doubtingly, and, suddenly burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh, no!" said she, "it's a dream thou art telling me. Ah! what!—that I should have lost her for fifteen years; and that then I should find her—that they should take her from me again,—that she loves me,— that now they should come and hang her before my very eyes. Oh no! such things can not be."

Now the cavalcade seemed to stop, and a voice at a distance was heard saying: "This way, Tristan. The priest says we shall find her here."

The recluse started up with a cry of terror: "Fly my child.

I remember it well. Thou art right 'Tis thy death! Oh, horror!"

She put her head to the loophole, and drew it back again hastily. "Stay," said she, in an accent low, brief, and dismal, pressing convulsively the hand of the gypsy girl, who was already more dead than alive. "Stay, don't breathe. There are soldiers all about. You can't go out. Hide there in that corner."

All at once she said: "They're coming near. I'll speak to them. They'll not see thee. I'll tell them thou art run away."

She made her daughter squat down in an angle of the cell; unbound her black hair, and spread it over her white gown, and set before her a pitcher and a large stone—thinking that the pitcher and the stone would conceal her. When all was finished she knelt down and prayed. As the dawn was only just breaking, there was still darkness in the cell.

At that moment, the voice of the priest was heard crying, "This way. Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name, Esmeralda, squatted in her corner, started. "Don't stir," said the recluse.

She had scarcely said this, before a crowd of men surrounded the cell. The mother, rising quickly from her knees, went and posted herself before her loophole, to cover the aperture. She beheld a strong body of armed men, horse and foot, drawn up on the Grève: Their commander dismounted and walked up to her. "Old woman," said this man, whose features had an atrocious expression, "we're seeking a witch, to hang her. We've been told that you had got her."

The poor mother, assuming as indifferent an air as she was able, replied, "I don't very well understand."

"Old mad woman," resumed the commander, "don't tell any lies. What have you done with the witch?"

The recluse answered, "If you mean a tall young girl that was given to me to hold just now, I can tell you she has gone."

The countenance of the commander betrayed a look of disappointment. "Let me have no lying, old woman," he resumed. "My name is Tristan l'Hermite, and I am the king's compère, he added, casting his eyes around the Place de Grève."

"Well," rejoined Gudule, gaining hope, "I have nothing else to tell you; neither am I afraid of you."

"By Jove," said Tristan, "here's a hag. So the witch-girl has gone away. And which way did she go?"

Gudule answered, in a low tone of unconcern, "By the Rue du Mouton, I believe."

Tristan turned his head, and motioned to his men to make

ready for resuming their march. The recluse began to breathe again.

"Monseigneur," said an archer all at once, "just look at the window-bars, they are all broken."

This question was asked and plunged the heart of the wretched mother in anguish once more. Still she did not lose all presence of mind. "They were always so," said she.

"Nonsense!" returned the archer; "they were all right yesterday."

The unfortunate woman felt that everything depended upon keeping her self-possession; and so she began to jeer at them. "Bah!" said she, "that man's mad. It's over a year ago that the back of a cart ran against my window, and burst out the bars."

"That is so," said another archer; "I was there when it happened."

This unlooked-for testimony of the archer's revived the spirits of the recluse.

"If a cart had done it," resumed the first soldier, "the bars must have been forced inwards; but you see that it is not so."

"So, so!" said Tristan, "what hast thou to say to that old woman?"

"My God!" exclaimed she, reduced to the last extremity, and bursting into tears in spite of herself, "I assure you, monseigneur, that it was a cart that broke those bars. That man saw it. And besides, what has that to do with the gypsy girl you talk of?"

But Tristan shook his head. She turned pale. "How long is it, do you say, since this was done?" he asked.

"Perhaps a fortnight, monseigneur. I don't recollect exactly."

"At first she said above a year," said the soldier.

"That looks awkward!" said the provost.

"Monseigneur," cried she, still standing up close to the window, and trembling lest suspicion should prompt them to put their heads through and look round the cell. "If it was not done by a cart I wish I may go to everlasting perdition."

"Thou art very earnest in that oath of thine," said Tristan with his searching glance.

The poor woman felt her courage deserting her. She was already making blunders, and saying what she should not have said.

Another soldier came up, crying: "Monseigneur, the old woman lies. The witch has not run away by the Rue du Mouton; the chain of that street has been stretched across all night, and the chain-keeper has seen nobody go by."

Tristan, the expression of whose face was every moment growing

more sinister, again interrogated the recluse: "What do you say to that?"

She still strove to bear up against this fresh incident. "I don't know, monseigneur," she replied. "I may have been mistaken. I fancy she went across the water."

"That's on the side opposite," said the provost. "And yet it's not very likely that she should have wanted to go into the City again, where they were making search for her. I am afraid you lie old woman."

"And what is more," added the first soldier, "there's no boat."

"She might swim across," replied the recluse.

"By my faith! old woman! you lie! you lie!" replied Tristan angrily; "I've a good mind to leave the witch and take thee. Come—thou shalt go along with us."

"Just as you please, monseigneur. Do as you say. I'm quite willing." In the meantime, she thought, her daughter would make her escape.

"This mad woman's quite past my comprehension," said the provost.

A sergeant of the watch now addressed the provost; "Mad, in truth, monseigneur! If she let the gypsy go, it's not her fault, for she's no liking for gypsy women. For fifteen years have I been on this duty, and every night I hear her cursing against them. If the one we are seeking be, as I believe she is, the little dancing-girl with the goat, she detests her above all the rest."

Gudule made a supreme effort, and repeated, "Her above all the rest."

The unanimous testimony of the men of the watch confirmed to the provost what the old sergeant had said. Tristan, despairing of getting anything more out of the recluse, turned his back upon her; and she, with anxiety, watched him pace slowly back toward his horse. "Come," said he, grumblingly, "forward! we must continue the search. I will not sleep until the gypsy woman be hanged."

Still he hesitated for a while before mounting. Gudule was palpitating between life and death while she noticed him throwing around the place a restless look. At last he shook his head, and sprang into his saddle.

Gudule's heart, which had been so terribly pressed, now dilated. "Saved!" she said in a whisper, casting a glance upon her daughter.

The poor girl had remained all this time in her corner, without stirring. She had heard all. At that moment she heard a man

saying to the provost—"The rout of the populace is put down. I leave you to do the rest of the work by yourself. You'll allow me to go back to my company." The voice, as the reader will have divined, was that of Phœbus de Chateaupers. What passed in the breast of the gypsy girl, it is not easy to describe. She suddenly started up; and, before her mother could prevent her, she had sprung to the loophole, crying out, "Phœbus! my Phœbus!"

Phœbus was now no longer there; but Tristan was not yet gone away.

The recluse rushed upon her daughter and threw her back; but it was too late, however—Tristan had seen Esmeralda.

"Ha, ha," he cried, "So you are here!"

"I thought so," said a soldier.

Tristan slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Thou art a good fellow! Come," he added, "where is Henriet Cousin?"

A man who was not wearing the dress of a soldier, now stepped out of their ranks. He wore a suit half gray, half brown—with leathern sleeves—and carried a bundle of ropes.

"Friend," said Tristan, "this is the witch we are seeking. Thou wilt hang her. Hast thou thy ladder?"

"There is one under the shed of the Maison-aux-Piliers," answered the man. "Is it at that stone gibbet where it is to be done?"

"Yes."

"So, so!" said the man, with a laugh, more brutal still than that of the provost, "we shall not have far to go!"

"Make haste," said Tristan, "and let us get the job done."

Meanwhile, the recluse had not uttered a word. She had placed the poor gypsy girl, half dead, into the corner of the cell, and resumed her post at the loophole, her two hands resting upon the bottom of the stone window case. In this position she was seen by the soldiers. At the moment that Henriet Cousin approached the place, she looked at him so savagely that he shrank back.

"Monseigneur," said he, turning back to the provost, "which must I take?"

"The young one."

"So much the better, for the old one seems half mad."

"Poor little gypsy girl with the goat!" said the old sergeant of the watch.

Henriet Cousin again approached the window-place. "Madame—" said he.

She interrupted him in a savage voice. "Whom do you want?"

"Not you," said he, "but the other."

"What other?"

"Esmeralda."

She shook her head, crying, "There's nobody! there's nobody! there's nobody!"

"Yes, there is somebody, you know it well enough," returned the hangman. "Let me take the young one. I won't harm you."

She answered, with a strange expression, "Ha! you don't want to do me any harm!"

"Let me have the other, madame," said the man.

She replied, with a demented look, "There's nobody!"

"I tell you there is," rejoined the hangman. "We have seen that there were two of you."

"You'd better look!" said the recluse, with her strange sneer. "Thrust your head through the window."

The man observed the threatening nails of the mother, and did not venture.

"Make haste!" cried Tristan, who had just drawn up his troops in a circle, and had stationed himself on horseback near the gibbet.

Henriet once more went back to the provost. He had laid his ropes upon the ground. "Monseigneur," he asked, "how must I get in?"

"By the door."

"There is none."

"Through the window, then."

"It's too small."

"Make it bigger, then," said Tristan, angrily. "Hast thou no crowbars?"

The mother, from the interior of the cave, was still steadfastly watching them.

Henriet Cousin went and fetched a box of tools from the shed of Maison-aux-Piliers. He also brought the double ladder, which he immediately set up against the gibbet. Five or six of the provost's men provided themselves with pickaxes and crowbars, and Tristan went up with them to the window of the cell.

"Woman," said the provost, in a tone of severity, "give up the girl quietly."

She looked at him vacantly

"Tête-Dieu!" resumed Tristan; "What good can it do thee

to hinder that witch from being hanged? It is the order of the king."

The wretched woman fell to laughing with her wild laugh. "What good can it do me? She's my daughter!"

The tone in which this was uttered produced a shudder amongst the soldiery.

"I'm sorry for it," returned the provost; "but I must carry out my orders."

She cried, with redoubled energy, "What's thy king to me? I tell thee it's my daughter!"

"Make an entrance through the wall," said Tristan.

To make an opening sufficiently large, it was necessary to loosen one layer of stone under the window-place. When the mother heard the picks and the levers at work, she uttered a dreadful cry. The soldiers felt their blood chilled to the very heart.

All at once she took up her paving-stone, laughed, and threw it with both hands at the workmen. The stone, ill-thrown (for her hands were trembling), touched no one, but fell quite harmless at Tristan's feet.

Meanwhile, it was becoming daylight. It was the hour when the earliest risers opened their windows. Some fruit-sellers, going to the Halles upon their mules, were commencing to cross the Grève, but stopped for a moment before the group of soldiers gathered about the Trou-aux-Rats, and gazing with looks of astonishment, passed on.

The recluse had seated herself close to her daughter, covering her with her own figure—her eyes fixed—listening to the poor girl, was was murmuring, "Phœbus! Phœbus!" As the work of the demolishers advanced, the mother shrunk farther away, pressing the young girl closer and closer against the wall. She suddenly exclaimed, "Ho, ho, ho! You are robbers! Do you mean to take my daughter from me? I tell you she's my daughter! Oh, you cowards!"

Addressing herself to Tristan, with foaming lips, she said, "You'd better come and take my daughter."

"Down with the stone!" said Tristan; "it is quite loose now."

The crowbars were now at work on the heavy stones. It was, as we have said, the mother's last bulwark. She cast herself upon it—she tried to hold it in its place; but the heavy mass, now thoroughly loosened, fell down to the ground.

Seeing the breach effected, the recluse threw herself across the opening, barricading it with her body, writhing her arms, beating

her head against the flag-stones, and crying in a hoarse voice, nearly inarticulate with exhaustion, "Help, help!—fire, fire!"

"Now, seize the girl," said Tristan to his men.

The mother looked at the soldiers in so fierce a manner, that they seemed disposed to retreat.

"Advance!" resumed the provost.

But nobody advanced a step.

The provost swore. "My fighting men afraid of a woman!" said he.

"Monseigneur," said Henriet, "do you call this a woman?"

"She is a maniac," said another.

"Come!" continued the provost; "the gap is now sufficiently large. Enter three abreast. Let us get done with it! The man who refuses to obey, I will cut him in two."

Placed between the provost and the mother, the soldiers hesitated a moment; then advanced towards the Trou-aux-Rats.

When the recluse saw this, she suddenly raised herself upon her knees, and threw back her hair from her face. Big tears issued from her eyes, coursing each other down her furrowed cheeks. At the same time she began to speak, but in a voice so suppliant, so gentle, so subdued, that more than one hardened old trooper wiped tears from his eyes.

"Gentlemen," said she, "messieurs, sergeants! one word! There's something I must tell you. It is my daughter—my dear little daughter—whom I had lost. Listen; 'tis quite a history. Consider that I'm no stranger to messieurs the sergeants. They were always kind to me in those times when the little boys used to torment me. You'll leave me my child, will you not? It was the gypsy woman that stole her away from me. I've kept her shoe these fifteen years. Look, here it is! You'll have pity on me, won't you, messeigneurs? They hid her for fifteen years. I thought she was dead! Only think, my good men; I've passed fifteen years here—in seclusion—without any fire in the winter. It's hard, that! The poor dear little shoe! I cried so much that at last God heard me. This night he has given me back my child. It's a miracle. She was not dead. What has she done to you? If you did but know, now, that I have but her—that I am old—that's it's a blessing the holy Virgin sends me! And then, you're all of you so kind. You didn't know it was my child—but you know now. Oh, I love her so. Oh, if you have had a mother, monseigneur! I am from Reims, gentlemen—I've a little land there that was left me by a relative. I am no beggar. I want nothing but my child. God, who is master of

all, has not given her back to me for nothing. The king—you say, the king. How can it be any great pleasure to him that they should kill my child? I want to go away from here—we both want to go. Let us go quietly. Oh, you're so kind and good, messieurs—I love you all. You'll not take my darling away from me. My child! my child! my dear Agnès!"

We shall not attempt to convey any idea of her gestures, her tone—the tears which she drank in while speaking—the clasping and the writhing of her hands, the agonizing smiles, the moans, the sighs, the piercing cries which she blended with these wild and incoherent words. When she had finished, Tristan knit his brows, but it was to conceal a tear. Overcoming this weakness, however, he said, briefly, "The king must be obeyed."

Then he whispered in the ear of Henriet Cousin, "finish quickly." The redoubtable provost felt his own heart failing him.

The hangman and the sergeants entered the cell. The mother made no resistance; she only crept up to her daughter, and threw herself madly upon her. When the gypsy girl saw the soldiers approaching, the horror of death gave her strength again. "My mother," cried she, in a tone of inexpressible distress; "oh, my mother! they are coming; defend me!" "Yes, my love, I will defend you!" answered the mother, in a faint voice; and clasping her closely in her arms, she covered her with kisses. Mother and daughter presented a truly piteous sight.

Henriet Cousin laid hold of the gypsy girl. When she felt his hands touching her, she fainted. The executioner, from whose eye tears were falling, endeavoured to carry her away in his arms. He strove to unclasp the embrace of the mother, who clung desperately to her daughter's waist; but the grasp was so powerful that he found it impossible to unloose it. Henriet Cousin then dragged both out of the cell.

The sun was just rising; and already there was a considerable collection of people upon the Place, looking from a distance to see what the executioner was dragging along the ground toward the gibbet. But the Provost ordered his men not to allow the crowd to come near.

Nobody was to be seen at the windows, but at a distance, on the top of one of the towers of Notre-Dame, two figures stood darkly out against the clear sky.

Henriet Cousin stopped with what he was dragging along, at the foot of the fatal ladder; and, scarcely breathing—he passed the rope round the young girl's neck. The unfortunate creature felt the horrible contact of the cord. She raised her eyes and

beheld the hideous arm of the gibbet extended over her head. Then she shook herself, and cried, in a low and agonizing voice, "No! no! I will not!" The mother, said not a word; but a long shudder was seen to run through her whole frame, and she was heard fervently kissing the form of her child. The executioner seized the opportunity to unfasten by a strong and sudden effort, the arms with which she held fast the condemned girl. Then he lifted the young girl upon his shoulder, and set his foot upon the ladder.

At that moment, the mother, who was crouching upon the ground, opened her eyes. Without uttering any cry, she sprang up with a terrific expression more like a beast rushing upon its prey, she threw herself upon the executioner's hand, and bit it with her teeth. The executioner howled with pain. They came to his relief, and with difficulty liberated his bleeding hand. They pushed her away with brutal force, and her head fell back heavily upon the ground. They raised her up—she fell back again—She was dead.

The executioner, who had kept his hold of the young girl, began again to mount the ladder.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXECUTION OF ESMERALDA.

WHEN Quasimodo saw that the cell was empty and that the gypsy girl was gone he tore his hair with both hands, and stamped with grief; he went running over the whole church, seeking the gypsy and strewing his red hair upon the pavement. It was the very moment when the king's archers were entering victorious into the Cathedral also in search of the gypsy girl. The poor deaf ringer assisted their search without in the least suspecting their intentions; he imagined that the enemies of the gypsy girl were the Truands. He showed Tristan every possible nook of concealment; and opened the secret doors. Had the girl been still there, it would have been he himself that would have put her in their hands. At length, when he had made himself sure, that she was gone—that they had stolen her from him—he slowly reascended the tower staircase—that staircase which he had mounted so triumphantly on the day that he had rescued her. He now passed by the same spots, with drooping head, and hardly drawing

breath. The Cathedral had become solitary and silent. The archers had quitted it to pursue the gypsy into the City. Quasimodo, left alone, made his way once more towards the cell in which the gypsy girl had slept. As he neared it, he could not help fancying to himself that perhaps, on arriving, he should find her there again. On reaching that bend of the gallery which looks upon the roof of the side aisle, he could see the narrow receptacle, with its little window and door. The poor fellow's heart failed him, and he leaned against a pillar to keep himself from falling. He imagined to himself that she might have come back,—that a good genius had no doubt brought her back—that this little cell was too quiet, too safe, and too charming for her not to be there—and he durst not advance a step farther, for fear of destroying the illusion. "Yes," said he to himself, "perhaps she's sleeping,—or praying—I must not disturb her." At length he summoned up courage, advanced on tip-toe, and looked in. Empty! the cell was empty! The unhappy man slowly paced round it, lifted up her couch, and looked underneath, as if she could have been hidden between the mattress and the floor; then he shook his head, and stood stupefied. All at once he stamped furiously and without uttering a word or a sigh, he rushed with all his force head-foremost against the wall, and fell upon the floor senseless.

When his senses returned, he threw himself upon the bed, rolling about, and frantically kissing the place where the young girl had slept! then he remained for some minutes motionless, at length, he rose again, streaming with perspiration, panting, frenzied; and fell to beating the walls with his head. At length he sank exhausted a second time. Then he crawled to the outside of the cell, and remained crouching in an attitude of astonishment in front of the door, with his eye fixed upon the solitary dwelling-place. He uttered no sound; but at intervals, a violent sob agitated his whole frame.

Wondering who it was that had carried off the gypsy girl, he thought of the archdeacon. He recollected that he possessed a key of the staircase leading to the cell. He called to his mind the nocturnal attempts upon Esmeralda—the first of which he, Quasimodo, had aided—the second of which he had prevented. He thought of a thousand different things; and soon he felt quite convinced that it was the archdeacon that had taken the gypsy girl from him. Yet such was his reverence for the priest—his gratitude, his devotedness, his love for that man were so deeply

rooted in his heart—that they resisted, even at this dire moment, the pangs of jealousy and despair.

He considered that the archdeacon had done it; and that sanguinary, deadly resentment which he would have felt for it against any other individual, was turned in the poor ringer's breast, the moment that Claude Frollo was concerned, simply into an increase of sorrow.

At the moment that his thoughts were thus fixing themselves upon the priest, he beheld a figure walking on the upper story of Notre-Dame. It was coming towards him. He recognized the person. It was that of the archdeacon. Claude was pacing along grave and deliberate. He looked not before him as he walked towards the north tower; his face was turned toward the right bank of the river; and he carried his head erect, as if striving to obtain a view of something over the roofs. In this way the priest passed above Quasimodo without seeing him.

The ringer, whom this sudden apparition had confounded, saw the figure disappear through the door of the staircase of the north tower. Quasimodo rose and ascended the staircase to learn why the priest was there, what he was going to do, what he wanted. He was full of rage and dread. The archdeacon and the gypsy girl clashed together in his heart.

When he had reached the top of the tower, before he issued from the darkness of the staircase upon the open platform, he cautiously observed the whereabouts of the priest. The latter had his back to him.

Quasimodo stole up behind him to see what he was looking at so, and the priest's attention was so completely absorbed that he did not hear the step of the hunchback.

It is a grand spectacle to look down upon Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn. On the day in question, the sky was serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions, and eastward there was one very brilliant, in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was just rising, and Paris began to be astir. A very white, pure light, showed conspicuously to the eye the endless varieties of outline which its buildings presented towards the east. The giant shadows of the steeples traversed building after building from one end of the city to the other. Already voices were to be heard from several parts of the town. Here was heard the blacksmiths hammer—and yonder again the noise of the carpenters at work. Already smoke was issuing from the chimneys. The river began to present an animated appearance.

Around the city, beyond the ramparts, the view was lost in a wide circle of fleecy vapours, through which were indistinctly seen the graceful swelling of the heights. All sorts of sounds were scattered over this half-awakened city. Towards the east, the morning breeze drove across the sky a few white flakes, plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills.

In the Parvis the good housewives, with their milk-pots in their hands, pointed out to one another, in astonishment, the shattered state of the great door of Notre-Dame, and the two streams of lead which had flowed down the crevices of the front. It was all that remained of the tumult of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct. Tristan had cleared the ground of the Place, and had the dead thrown into the river.

Outside the balustrade of the tower, was one of those stone gutters, fantastically carved, while over the towers were heard the voices of the early birds.

The priest neither saw nor heard anything of all this. His attention seemed to be rooted upon one single point.

Quasimodo burned with impatience to ask him what had become of the gypsy girl, but the archdeacon seemed at that moment to be lost to the world. His eyes invariably fixed upon one spot, he remained silent; and in that silence there was something so formidable that the hunchback dared not intrude upon them. All that he did was to follow the direction of his vision, which thus guided the view of the ringer to the Place de Grève.

He suddenly discovered what the priest was looking at. The ladder was erected against the gibbet. There were a few people in the Place, and many soldiers. A man was dragging along the ground something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet. Here something took place which Quasimodo could not clearly discern—not that his only eye had not preserved its long reach—but there was a party of soldiers in the way, which prevented him from distinguishing what was really going on. Moreover, at that instant the sun burst forth, and was throwing such a flood of light over the horizon, that it seemed as if every point of Paris was taking fire at the same moment.

Meantime, the man began to mount the ladder. Then Quasimodo saw him distinctly again. He was carrying a female figure upon his shoulder—a young girl clad in white. A rope was round the young girl's neck. Quasimodo recognized her. It was Esmeralda.

The man arrived with his burden at the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose. And now the priest, upon the balustrade, set himself on his knees to get a better view.

All at once the man kicked the ladder away with his heel; and Quasimodo, who for some minutes had not drawn his breath, saw quivering at the end of the rope, a little above the ground, the form of the gypsy girl, with that of the man crouched upon her shoulders. The cord made several turns, and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions agitating the body of the gypsy girl. The priest, on his part, with outstretched neck and starting eyeballs, was contemplating that frightful group of the man and the girl—the spider and the fly!

At this awful moment, when it looked the most horrible, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human—burst from the livid visage of the priest. Quasimodo did not hear that laugh, but he saw it. The ringer made a few steps backward from behind the archdeacon, and then rushing furiously upon him, thrusting both his large hands against his back, he pushed Dom Claude over into the abyss toward which he had been leaning. The gutter-head over which he had been leaning arrested his fall. He clung to it with desperate gripe; but, at the moment that he was opening his lips to cry out again, he saw passing along the verge of the balustrade above him the formidable and avenging countenance of Quasimodo, and was silent.

The abyss was beneath him—a fall of more than two hundred feet. In this awful situation the archdeacon uttered no cry. He writhed upon the gutter, making terrible and frantic efforts to re-ascend; but his hands had no hold of the granite, his feet constantly slid away upon the wall.

Quasimodo might have stretched out his hand to draw him from the gulf, but he did not even look at him. He was looking on the Grève—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gypsy girl. The poor ringer had leaned his elbows on the balustrade in the very place where the archdeacon had been the moment before, and there, keeping his eye fixed upon the only object of which at that moment he was conscious, he was mute and motionless, and a stream of tears flowed from that eye which until then had never shed a tear.

The archdeacon, meanwhile, was panting; his bald forehead was streaming with perspiration; his nails were bleeding; and his knees grazed against the wall. The gutter began to give

under the weight of his body, and terror now froze his vitals. He looked down bewildered into the Place below him, but when he turned his head upward again, it was with closing eyes and hair erect.

There was something frightful in the silence of those two persons. While the archdeacon, but a few feet from him was suffering the most horrible agonies, Quasimodo was weeping and looking upon the Grève.

The archdeacon, perceiving that all his efforts to raise himself served only to warp the one feeble point of support, remained quite still. There he was—clasping the gutter—scarcely breathing, and motionless. His fixed eyes glared in a ghastly manner. Meanwhile he felt himself becoming weaker; his fingers slipped upon the gutter; he felt more and more the weight of his body; the bending piece of lead that supported him inclined more and more downward. He beheld beneath him, frightful to look upon, the sharp roof of the church of Saint-Jean-de-Rond, small as a card bent in two. He looked, one after another, at the sculptures of the tower, suspended like himself over the abyss. All about him was stone—before his eyes, the gaping monsters; in the Place below, the pavement; over his head, Quasimodo weeping.

In the Parvis there were groups of spectators, quietly striving to guess what madman it could be that was amusing himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying —for their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill—"Why, he'll surely break his neck."

Quasimodo still wept.

At length the archdeacon, foaming with rage and dread, felt that he could hold on no longer. However, he made one last effort. He drew himself up on the gutter, sprung from against the wall with both knees, caught his hands in a cleft of the stonework, and succeeded, perhaps, in climbing up with one foot; but the force which he was obliged to use gave a sudden bend to the leaden pipe that supported him; and the same effort rent his cassock asunder. Then, finding everything giving way—having only his benumbed and powerless hands by which to cling to anything—the unhappy man closed his eyes, left hold of the gutter and fell.

Quasimodo watched him falling.

The archdeacon, launched wildly through the void, fell at first with his head downward and his arms extended—then turned round several times. His frame was dashed against the top

one of the houses, but he was not dead when he reached it. The ringer could perceive him still make an effort to cling to the gable with his hands, but the slope was too great, and he had no strength left. He glided rapidly down the roof, was then dashed upon the pavement, where he lay quite motionless and with every bone in his body smashed.

Quasimodo then lifted his eye to look upon the gypsy girl, whose body, suspended from the gibbet, he beheld quivering afar, under its white robe, in the last struggles of death; then again he looked down upon the archdeacon, stretched a shapeless mass at the foot of the tower, and heaving a deep sigh, said, with a sob: "Oh!—all that I've ever loved!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN PHŒBUS.

TOWARDS the evening of that day, when the judicial officers of the bishop came to remove the shattered body of the archdeacon, Quasimodo had disappeared from Notre-Dame.

This gave rise to various rumours. It was considered that the day had at length arrived when, according to agreement, Quasimodo was to carry away Claude Frollo, the sorcerer. It was presumed likewise that he had smashed the body in taking the soul, just as a monkey cracks the shell of a nut to get at the kernel. For this reason, the archdeacon was not buried in consecrated ground.

Louis XI. died in the month of August, 1483, of the following year.

As for Pierre Gringoire, he not only succeeded in saving the goat, but obtained considerable success as a writer of plays, several of which were accepted by influential authors and dramatists. He also studied astronomy, and dabbled in astrology, architecture, philosophy and alchemy, attaining great proficiency in these pursuits. This was what he called "coming to a tragical end;" tho' he treated very lightly his avocation as a writer of fiction and tragedy, the latter of which he termed the most senseless of them all. In the "Registry" for the year 1483, which has reference to dramatic triumphs and successes, there is written in the ordinary book the following paragraph: "Pierre Gringoire, (author), and Jehan Marchand, (carpenter), who composed and dramatised the

play performed in the city of Paris, at the Châtelet, on the occ sion of the entry of Monsieur the Cardinal, and arranged t stage arrangements, dresses, scenery, and habited and equipp the principal characters as became the requirements of the s piece, and for generally superintending the whole of the arrang ments necessary to its proper and successful production, th sum of one hundred livres is hereby awarded to the two goc people as aforesaid.

Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers also "came to a tragic end;" he married.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE OF QUASIMODO.

On the day when Esmeralda and the archdeacon died, Quasimodo was not to be found in Notre-Dame. He was never afterwards seen, nor was it ever known what had become of him.

On the night following the execution of Esmeralda, the executioner and his assistants took down her body from the gibbet, and conveyed it, according to custom, to the vault of Montfaucon.

Montfaucon, as we are told by Sauval, was "the most ancient gallows in the kingdom." Between the faubourgs of the Temple and St. Martin, about one hundred and sixty fathoms from th walls of Paris, was seen at the top of a gentle rise, yet suffi ciently elevated to be seen for several leagues round, a buildin of peculiar form.

On the top of a mound of chalk a clumsy mass of masonry fifteen feet high, forty long, and thirty wide, with a door, a outer railing, and a platform; upon this platform, massiv pillars of unhewn stone, thirty feet high, ranged in form of colonnade round three of the four sides of the masonry whic supported them, connected at the top by strong beams, fro which at certain distances hang chains, each having a skeleto dangling at the end of it; round about it in the plain a stone cross and two gibbets of secondary rank, above all these in the atmosphere crows were flying. Such was Montfaucon.

This gibbet, which dated from the year 1328, was already very rotten; the chains eaten with rust; the pillars green with moss there were wide interstices between the courses of the stone; an grass grew upon the platform. The profile of this edifice upc

o sky was a horrible one, especially at night, when the faint
nlight fell upon those bleached skulls, or when the night-
ze shaking the chains and the skeletons, made them rattle
ie dark. In this charnel-house, countless human carcases
e rotted.

Referring to the mysterious disappearance of Quasimodo, all
we have been able to ascertain is that:—

year and some months after the concluding events, a search
being made in the vaults of Montfaucon, and among the
eous carcases were found two skeletons, in a singular pos-
ire. One of these, which was that of a female, had still upon
er some fragments of dress that had once been white; and
pout the neck was a little silk bag braided with green beads,
pen and empty. The other, by which this first was closely em-
raced, was the skeleton of a male. The spine was crooked, and
ne leg shorter than the other. There was however no rupture
the vertebræ, and it was evident that the person to whom it
elonged had not come by his end at the hands of the hangman.
n attempt was made to separate the two skeletons, but they fell
o dust.

THE END.

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